OLD WEST

Fall, 1964

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FIRST EDITION!

Published by **TRUE WEST** and **FRONTIER TIMES**

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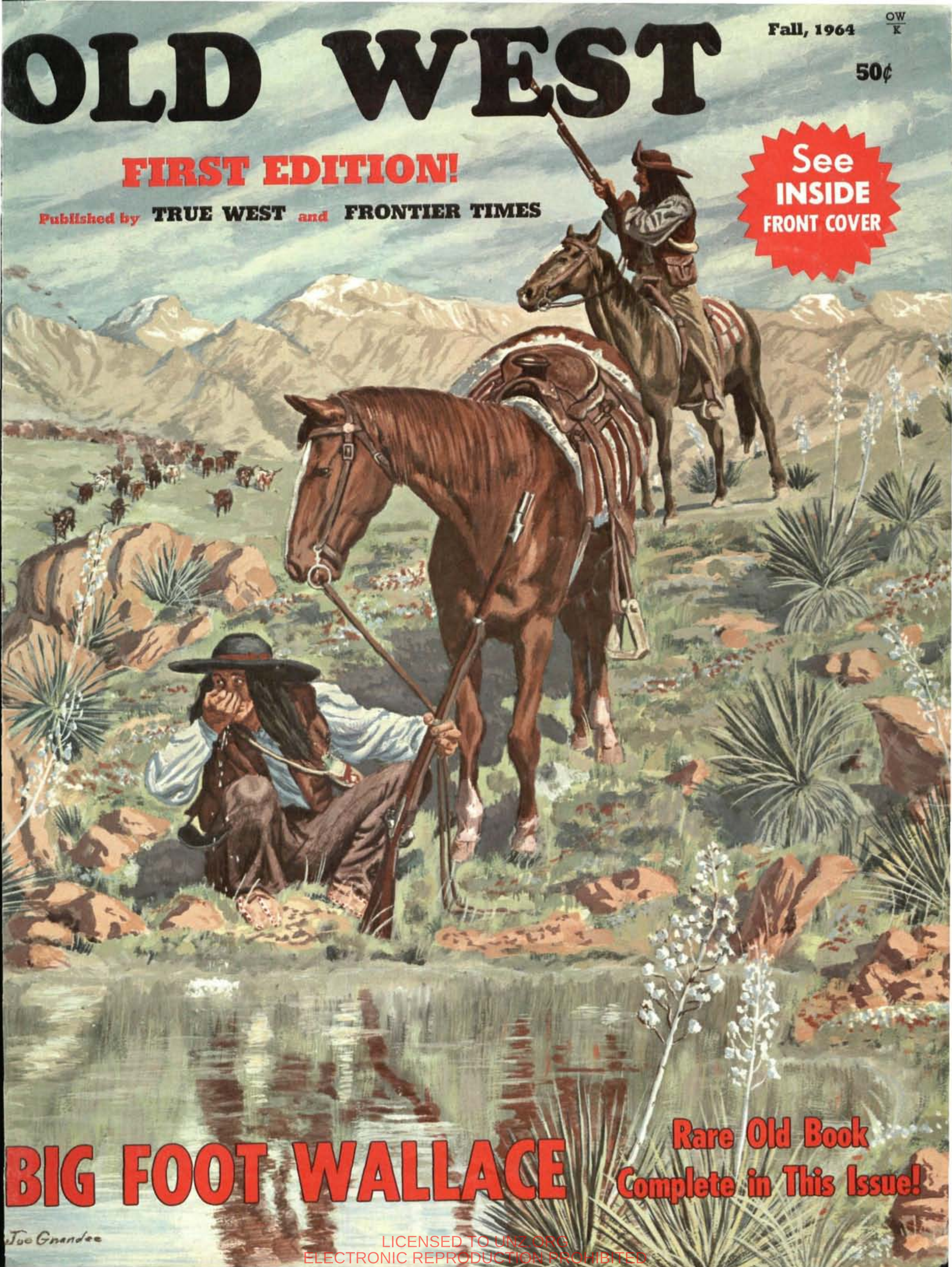
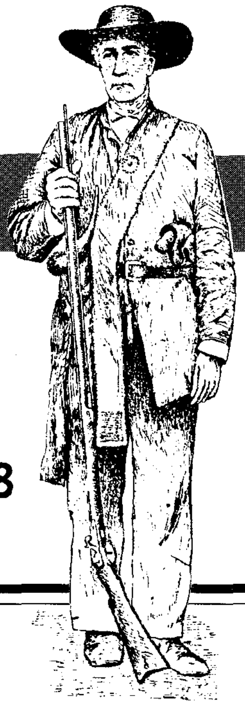


BIG FOOT WALLACE

Rare Old Book Complete in This Issue!

OLD WEST

FALL 1964
VOL. 1, NO. 1



BOOK BONUS!

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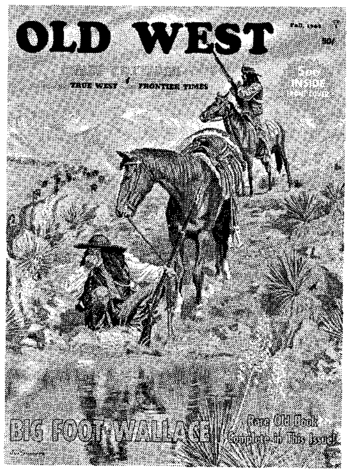

OLD WEST
TRUE WEST · FRONTIER TIMES
BIG FOOT WALLACE
Rare Old Book Complete in This Issue!

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HERE IS BIG FOOT WALLACE!

ALSO, here is "The Haunted Corral," one of the best stories that has come into our office in a long, long time.

Then, of course, within these covers are a "full magazine's worth" of those stories you have been asking for so long—some of the ones from the very first issues of TRUE WEST, copies of which are nearly impossible to get now, having become collector's items.

Then I suppose we better mention this new magazine, OLD WEST, also. However, why don't we take these things one at a time?

We are especially glad to bring you the life of Big Foot Wallace *in full.* This is no condensation but the complete book. If you could get it in its rarer form, you would have to pay several hundred times the price of this magazine.

Six foot tall, Big Foot Wallace came from Virginia to Texas. He was bent on avenging the killing of his kinsmen at Goliad. He arrived too late but remained to become one of the first citizens of the young Republic, and later the State. He won great fame as a frontiersman, a fighter, a Ranger and a hunter. Hatred for his enemies was a consuming passion but he was a jovial soul who loved to laugh as well as fight. His courage was unlimited, his loyalty eternal, and faith in his fellow Texans sincere.

Two of the well known biographies of Big Foot Wallace are those of John C. Duval, published in 1871 and called *The Adventures of Big Foot Wallace.* The other is the book we are presenting here—A. J. Sowell's *Life of Big Foot Wallace.* Frank Dobie, in *Life and Literature of the Southwest,* writes that Duval's "narrative of Big Foot's adventures is the rollickest and most flavorsome that any American frontiersman has yet inspired."

However, Big Foot did not like the Duval book even though he and Duval had served together as Texans Rangers. Wallace saw a little too much "souping up" in this version. At the time, there lived in Texas another historian by the name of A. J. Sowell who was a stickler for facts. His *Life of Big Foot Wallace* records the story exactly as Wallace told it to him. It was published by the *Devine News* in Devine, Texas, in 1899. The original edition of Sowell's biography has long been out of print and has become a very rare collector's item. Marvin Hunter, who knew both Wallace and Sowell, reprinted the Sowell biography in 1927 as a serial in FRONTIER TIMES. When it was completed, Mr. Hunter printed it in pamphlet form. That edition has long been out of print and is also a collector's item. He used Sowell's biography because Wallace had told a number of people that it was the only authentic and accurate record of his life ever written.

Sowell was born in Seguin, Texas, in 1848. In 1850, his family moved to Sowell's Valley on the Blanco River in Hays County. On reaching manhood he joined the Texas Rangers and took part in Indian fighting. He wrote a number of books about his experiences. All of them are out of print. Among them there are *Rangers and Pioneers,* 1884; *Early Settlers and Indian Fighters of Southwest Texas,* 1890; *Life of Big Foot Wallace,* 1899; *History of Fort Bend County,* 1904; and *Incidents Connected With the Early History of Guadalupe County, Texas.*

Readers of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES have shown overwhelmingly that they go for these rare and valuable old books. In most cases (like old Hosstail) you folks simply couldn't afford one collector's item after another—even if you could get them. They bring all the way from $25 on up to whoever you can find with that much money! One hundred dollars to $200 isn't unusual at all to pay for one. Some of these are pretty lengthy and we simply find that we need more pages in a magazine to handle the longer ones. So here is the biggest magazine we have ever published in our history! Maybe we will lose our pants but we are trying to fill your needs according to your letters so we'll see how she rolls.

"THE HAUNTED CORRAL" will speak for itself—don't miss it! Personally, I think it alone is worth the price of this magazine several times over.

Now about OLD WEST. For years, on reviewing your letters, we have wondered about a third title and whether or not we had the guts to come out with one! You see, there has been a *tremendous* demand for us to reprint those first issues of TRUE WEST which are practically unobtainable. Of course, if you can find a collector who will part with one for $30 and you think it is worth the price, then that is your business—but there are only a few copies in existence and the price keeps going up.

Well, we knew if we reprinted these collector's items absolutely without change—we'd get strung up. It would be that simple!

In short, if you had just paid $30 or $40 for one copy of an early edition and we came out with the newsstands full of the same thing at 50c — you wouldn't feel too good toward us! Also, we couldn't come out on the newsstands with two titles that are the very same. We could publish a few copies and offer them for sale but the price for doing this is prohibitive.

Therefore, the answer seemed to be to us (and to everyone of you who wrote)—why not put out one of these valuable editions, add a rare old book, and come out with a $50 to $100 value for 50c? Nobody seemed to be interested in the advertising in the old issues so we could cut that out and run an old book instead.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS? This first issue of OLD WEST is sort of a testing issue. It has some of the best articles from a number of the old-time issues (which you have all requested) but is not an actual bringing back of that issue. After reading this edition, if you want us to bring back those old issues of TRUE WEST, under the title OLD WEST, and have everything the same other than cutting out the advertising, perhaps adding pages, and bringing out a valuable and *rare* old book in each issue—NOW IS THE TIME TO LET US KNOW.

If you show no interest, durned if we lose our hunkuses again on a project you care little about! But if we know anything from your past correspondence you'll want those old issues (at a price you can afford to pay), especially with the addition of a valuable old book which you would have to pay from $20 to $100 for, perhaps more, if you were buying it on your own. It's a lot of value for a little money and that's what most people are looking for—and we are going to be careful to see that only the *very best* of the old books and other rare writings get into OLD WEST—along with the full contents of the old editions as well.

TELL US! Our future plans will depend upon your letters. *Hope* I see you later.—Joe

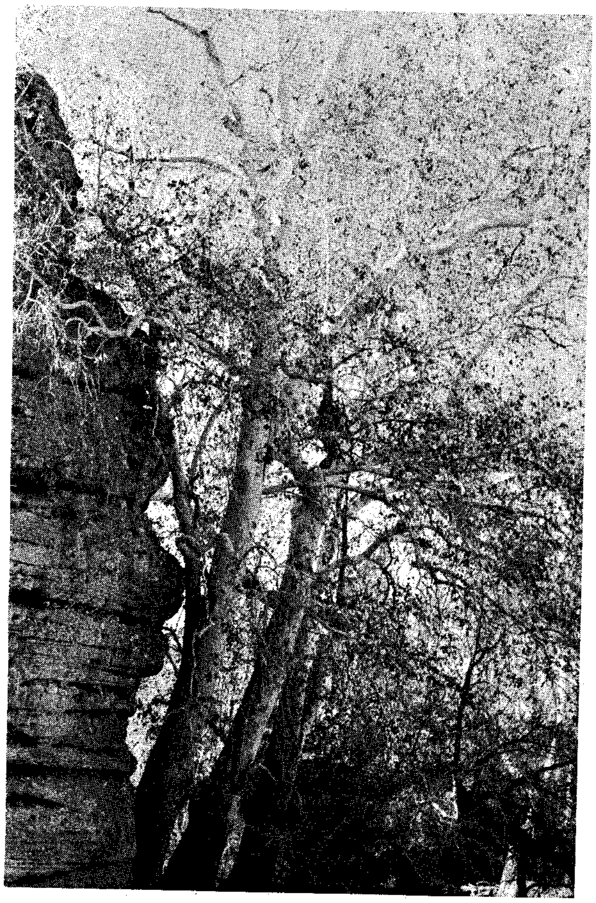
Bulwark of a bloody trail of gold, it sheltered the Aravaipa Apaches, gave asylum to the murderous George Apsey and the Apache Kid, and finally became the site of a range feud that shook all Arizona

By A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Photos Courtesy Author

The HAUNTED

Below is the sycamore tree that rubbed against El Capitan and even today "scares the hell out of you."



DOWN THROUGH the centuries one tribe of the Apache Nation had lived in the caves in the sheer walls of Aravaipa Canyon, Arizona. There were hundreds of caves along the vast canyon and its complex of tributaries, all eroded into the yellowstone strata of the Pleistocene Period. Many of the caves were small and served only as storage bins in which to hide treasure, some were dens for the javelina and cougar. Others were large enough to shelter from one to ten families.

The Aravaipa Apaches had a good life. In season the women and old men tilled the fertile strips of loam and pumice bordering the rushing creek. They raised corn, squash, filaria, and some livestock; they harvested mesquite beans and mescal pods from the hills. The prime men hunted game and occasionally rode on raids with their neighboring Pinaleros and Coyoteros and, when invited, with the mighty Chiricahuas.

These raids kept the Apache supplied with cattle, mules and horses—especially horses, as the Indian was not a horse raiser; he spurned the scrubby mustangs that ranged the hills from the San Pedro to the San Simon. Why bother with the wild ones when a warrior could raid the *caballadas* of some *rico haciendado* and run off a bunch of Barbs and Andalusians? Besides, raiding meant glory and proved one's prowess in battle. The main drawback was in keeping the prize horses from breaking loose and joining the wild herds.

The Apaches therefore, built corrals to contain their horses but they never were strong enough. They were built of brush and rocks and often flash-floods of summer would tear them down. Also wild stallions would frequently stage raids of their own; during full moon nights they would charge down from their hills and entice captive mares to join them with the wild and free. On many occasions the entire herd of captive horses escaped to the hills—and the dejected Aravaipas had to beg and borrow mounts from neighboring tribes in order to ride on another raid to rebuild a herd from the Mexican ranchos.

This condition went on and on until America acquired the region from Mexico by virtue of the Gadsden Purchase in 1853. This treaty stipulated, among other conditions, that American forces stop the raiding by Apaches below the new border with Mexico. The Indian didn't know where the border was and didn't care. They had been there before the Mexicans or Americans.

The Apaches, past masters at the art of observation and of concealment in their native hills, watched the coming and going of the U.S. troops. Occasionally there was a brief skirmish between the Indians and the White Eyes—with both sides losing men—but the Apaches soon learned to improve their own methods of warfare as well as to copy those of their enemies.

One of the things they learned was how to build a corral that would hold their own horses and keep out the wild ones. Midway up the canyon gorge, beyond the foot of Red Mountain (now Brandenburg Mountain), was the location they chose in which to build an escape-proof corral. Here a wide shelf sloped above the creek bottom, where a high spur named El Capitan jutted out from the sheer canyon wall and thereby formed natural surroundings for one half of the required security. For the other two sides the Indians chopped a mass of logs from nearby sycamores, cottonwoods and cedars and, copying the soldiers' method, split the logs into equal sizes. They built a log barrier eight feet

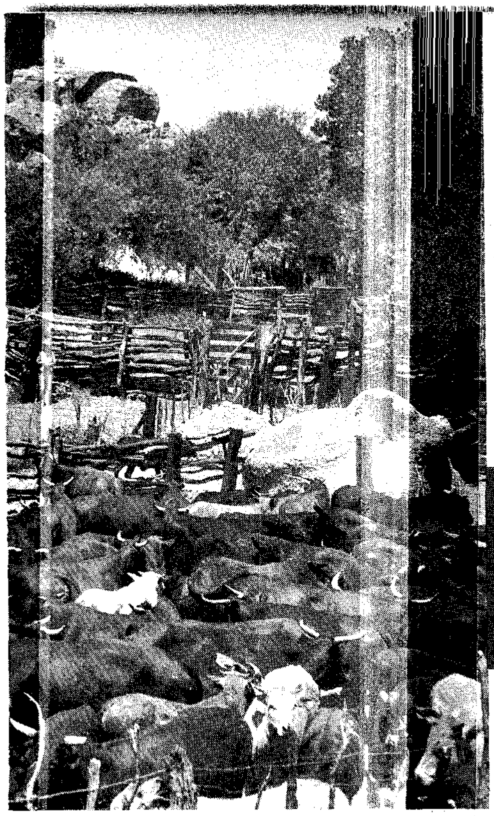
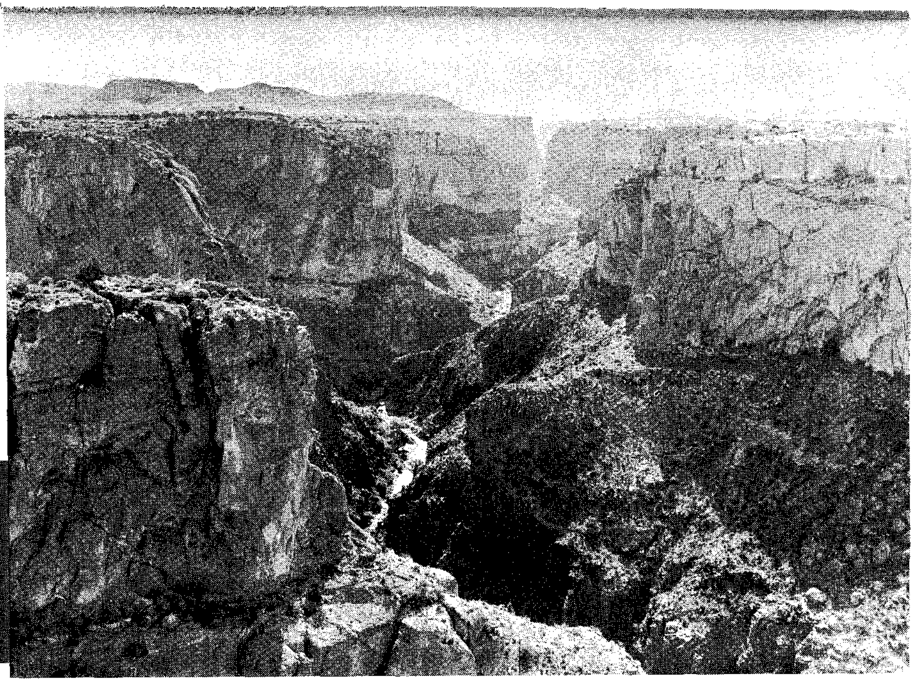


Photo by Balestrero of Western Ways



At left is the old Painted Cave house and corrals. Pictured above is the Aravaipa Canyon . . . rugged, desolate, mysterious.

CORRAL

high, leaving only a gate of cedar poles covered with rawhides. The enclosure was strong enough to hold a thousand horses, wild or domesticated.

This fortress-like corral, modified at times down through the years, served its purpose well, although several warriors had died defending it. In 1870 when General George Crook made his big effort to round up all the Apaches, the Aravaipa tribe made a last ditch stand at the big corral and many were killed before the soldiers rounded them up and temporarily placed them on the Camp Grant Reservation, twenty miles to the west. For a time the old corral stood abandoned, grim and foreboding under El Capitan and the enormous sycamores that rimmed two sides of the structure. It became a place to be shunned; white men and red men alike called it "The Haunted Corral."

THE following year a motley band of frontiersmen pulled a sneak raid on Camp Grant (to be distinguished from new Camp Grant). They struck at a time when the U.S. Cavalry troops were gone to recapture the Aravaipa warriors who had escaped the reservation. The Indian-hating frontiersmen thereupon massacred over a hundred squaws, children and old bucks. When the cavalry returned they buried the dead in two common graves and removed the living to the San Carlos Reservation.

Before long the vengeful young bucks began to escape the San Carlos. In small groups they would just simply vanish. For centuries a wide war trail wound across the mesas and canyons to El Capitan, below which the trail led south into Mexico. The rallying point now became the Haunted Corral in Aravaipa Canyon; later the warriors would appear with Victorio or Geronimo in their hit and run raids that lasted until 1886.

In 1888, The Apache Kid, born with the instinct for violence of his savage ancestors and imbued with the white man's cunning which he had learned while serving as a scout under General Nelson Miles, became a renegade and made the Haunted Corral and its nearby cave his hideout. From there he would visit the nearby San Carlos Reservation to take another squaw, to kill a hated white man, to steal provisions from the Agency storerooms, to rustle a fresh horse, again to disappear. In October 1889, by sheer chance, he was captured by a sheriff's posse from Globe.

"On November 1, 1889," Jess G. Hayes, Arizona pioneer rancher, wrote in his book *Apache Vengeance*: "The Apache Kid and six other Apache renegades and one Mexican were being transported by stagecoach, under heavy guard, from Globe to the Territorial Penitentiary in Yuma. Enroute, at Riverside Station [now Kelvin], The Kid and his cohorts killed three of their guards and escaped into the wild Aravaipa country. General Miles immediately ordered troops from five nearby forts and the San Carlos Reservation to join in the greatest manhunt in the history of the Territory of Arizona."

One detachment of scouts under Al Sieber, chief of scouts, arrived two days later at the Haunted Corral, hoping to ambush the Apache Kid at this hideout. The scouts saw that their chances were nil, however, when they found a strange white man and his Indian squaw and their small children living in the corral cave. The man said his name was Apsey, that he had been there unnoticed for several months until dawn of the previous day, when a few wild Indians rode in but immediately vanished when they saw him. The scouts took up the trail, leading over the old war trail south toward Sonora. They returned empty-handed.

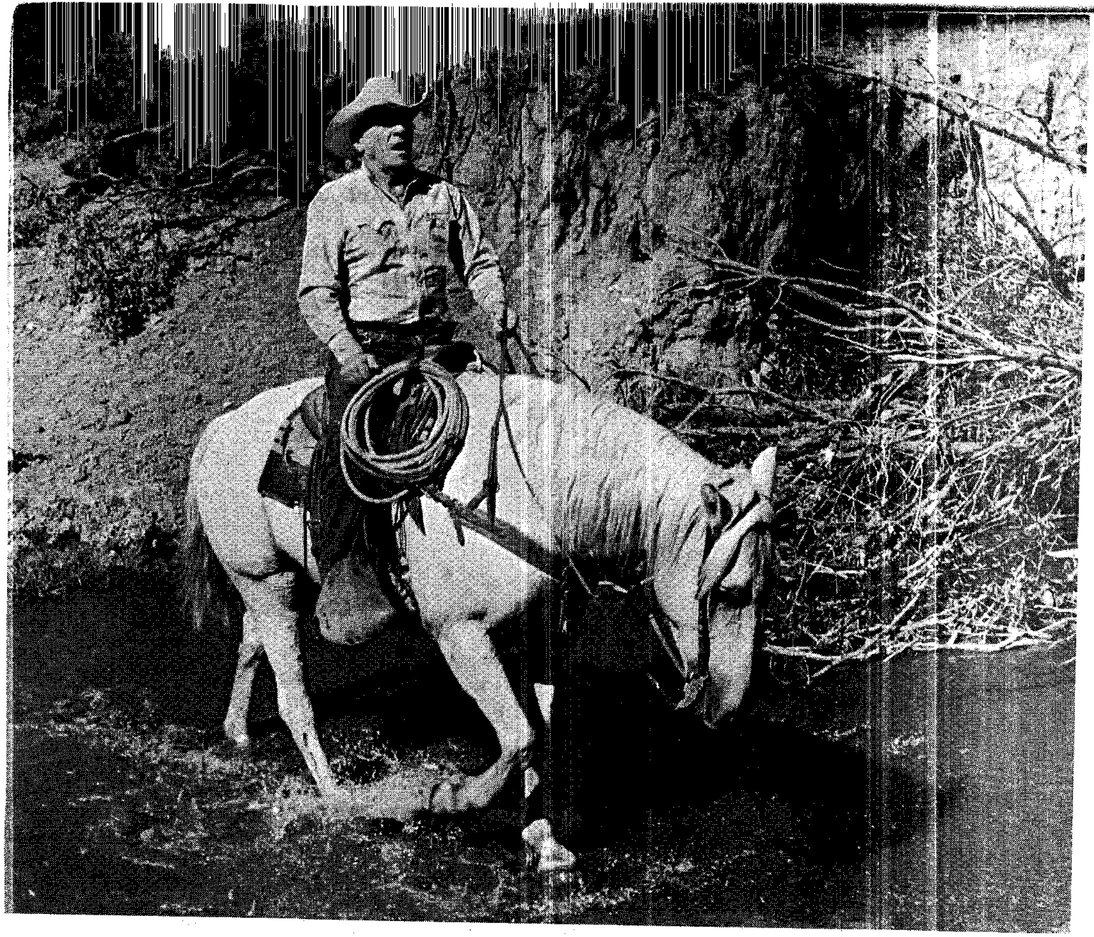
The Apache Kid's fiendishly clever raids continued in Arizona and Sonora. Rewards for his capture dead or alive grew from $5,000 to $10,000. Colonel Kosterlitsky of the Mexican *rurales* claimed to have killed him in 1890, but he did not apply for the reward.

Trailing The Kid for years, careerman Walapai Clark, and three scouts almost cornered him and two squaws in Holy Joe Canyon within a few miles of the Haunted Corral, in 1893. In the running battle two of the scouts and one squaw were killed, but The Kid escaped. Although Indian scouts and white soldiers repeatedly combed the region, the Apache Kid rampaged throughout Southeastern Arizona and Northern Mexico, looting and killing until 1894 when, with a $15,000 reward offered for his head, he again made the Haunted Corral his headquarters. From there he slipped across the Aravaipa hills into the San Carlos Reservation where friends gave him a new rifle and a fresh horse, and he wooed a new squaw.

And from there The Apache Kid passed into legendry. People, including San Carlos Apaches, claimed he lived to a ripe old age in the Sierra Madre of Mexico and, as late as 1935, had come back to the San Carlos after a stop-over at the Haunted Corral. To bear this out moccasin tracks were seen on numerous occasions in the dirt of the corral and in the moist sands along the creek bank. The weird chants of a wild Indian mingled on full moon nights with the moaning sounds of others, alive or dead, so that the wandering cowboy might hear and tell his own version of the lonely place in the rugged canyon of the Aravaipa.

"In the records of the Gila County Courthouse at Globe, the last official entry in the case of The Apache Kid stands: Whereabouts unknown," according to Jess G. Hayes.

R. G. APSEY, eventually to become known as "George" or just plain "Apsey," rode into the Aravaipa country in the autumn of 1888. He was a stalwart, middle-aged man with tattoos on his arms, and had the tight lips and dead stare in his eyes of a man who craved to be left alone. It became known that he was a former sea captain and had been born in England. Some folks said he spoke with a German accent. What-



Jo Flieger and one of his famed quarterhorses

ever his nationality, he had the unhealthy aura of the killer about him, and people generally left him alone.

In the first six months he'd had a glimpse of The Apache Kid, infamous killer—and a brief encounter with Al Sieber, professional manhunter. Living with him were his Mexican-Indian "wife" and three small children, all of whom were very shy of strangers. The family had arrived in the Aravaipa Canyon with forty horses, a small herd of goats, and some hand tools such as picks, shovels, axes and blasting powder. Although obviously a stranger in these parts, he seemed to know of the Haunted Corral and had no trouble finding it. He ran his livestock into the corral, then moved right into the old Apache cave. He hung out a "No Trespassing" sign. He filed a mineral rights claim and placed the notice on the old walnut tree. That he was sure of himself was apparent to the occasional scout who came near the place, also that his wife was not necessarily Mexican, but an Aravaipa Apache woman who had been born and reared in the area, possibly in this very same cave in back of the old corral.

Unlike most small ranchers struggling to establish a ranch on the wide-open range, his livestock holdings grew far faster during the first year than the laws of nature provided. The laws of man, being scarce in these parts, permitted many liberties for an enterprising newcomer to enlarge his holdings and improve his status in life. Apsey soon had to hire help. The help, of course, was the itinerant cowboy who was willing to work until he got the wrinkles out of his belly before drifting on. None stayed for long. Some were spooked by the weird moans that seemed to come from nowhere at night around the Haunted Corral, envisioning macabre deaths that had occurred down through the centuries of Indian and now white man occupation. Others just plumb disappeared.

Bud Ming, a wild horse hunter (and still living at the age of ninety-six) was Apsey's first employee and the only man definitely known to have lived to tell of it. Ming's tales of Apsey and his squaw riding two pale horses, silently cutting through the shadowy trees on moonlit nights, are awesome to hear. There was talk that Apsey had unearthed a rich gold vein known only to the Aravaipa Apaches; that he had found a cache of Spanish gold in the Dragoon Mountains; the amounts varied from one thousand *reales oro* to one hundred thousand *pesos oro*.

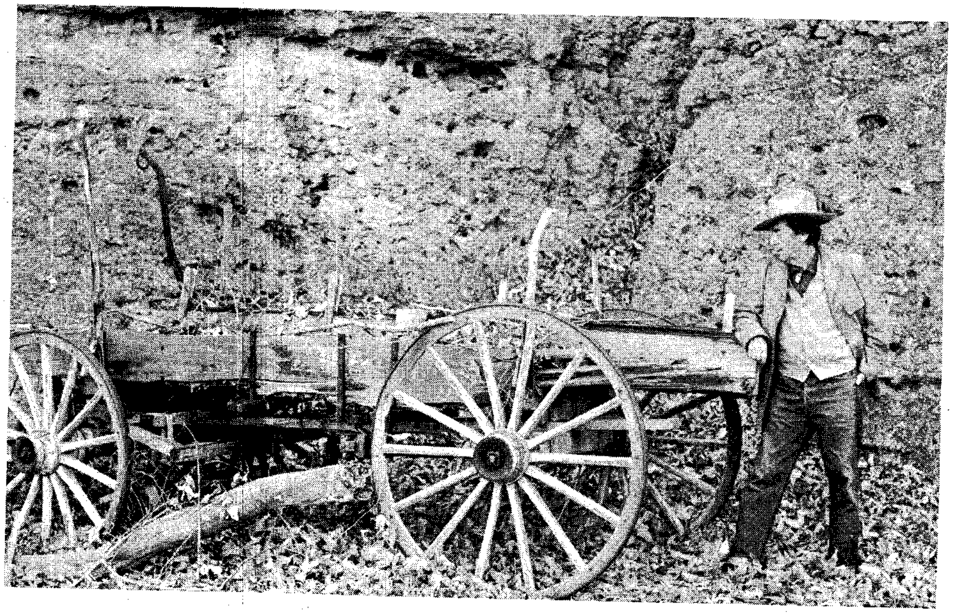
The repugnant reputation of the Haunted Corral grew with the occupation of Apsey. The sordid guiding motive of his life was a barbaric atavism that will never be forgotten. Ming's tales have taken their place in the early history and legendry of the Aravaipa Canyon when a man ruled by his wits and his gun. Probably no section of the Territory of Arizona was as mysterious and as remote or as difficult of access as the Apsey hideout in the country south of the Gila River and below what is now San Carlos Lake (Coolidge Dam), completed in 1928.

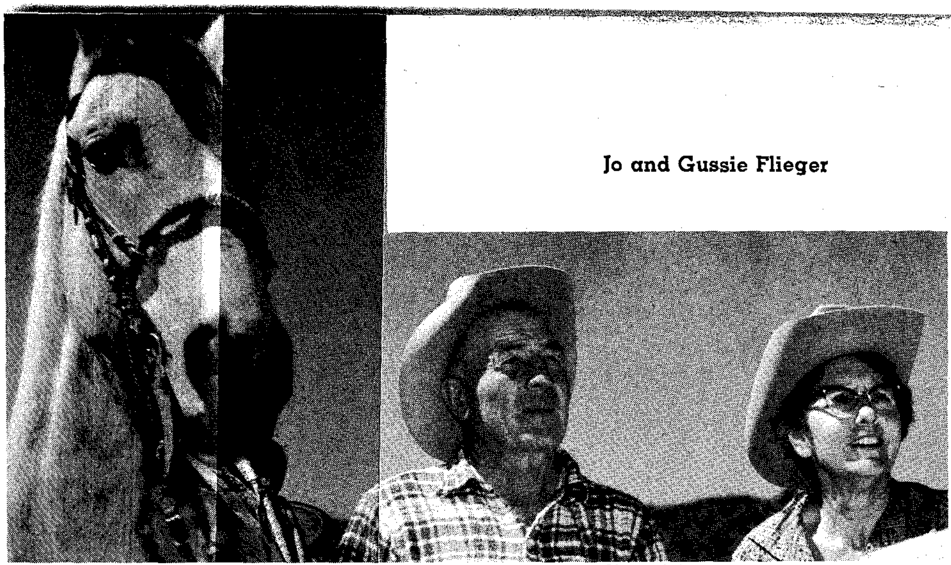
IN 1889 there were few neighbors and these were many miles away. Restless young bucks frequently escaped the San Carlos Reservation, made swift and deadly raids on ranches to obtain weapons and horses; and the dreaded Apache Kid was always somewhere around—like a ghost, never to be seen until too late. Twenty miles to the west was old Camp Grant, the scene of massacre where over a hundred Apache non-combatants were wantonly slain in 1871.

In the late '80s their two common graves had been uncovered and the skeletons had obviously been stripped. A detail of three troopers was sent on the trail of the grave robbers. It has never been revealed what, if anything, the troopers found, but it was known that they had lost the trail at the Apsey ranch.

Soon, however, more weird tales spread from Mammoth to Riverside that Apsey had a cache of two sacks full of Indian jewelry in one of the small caves of El Capitan. The district U.S. Marshal took a posse and rode in on the Apsey ranch to investigate. The posse saw charred bones of what appeared to be a dozen men scattered about the Haunted Corral area, and the remains of one whom they partially identified. The posse arrested Apsey for the murder of one John Doe. They bound him on a horse and took him to the jail in Florence, county seat of Pinal County, on September 16, 1890. His wife and children promptly disappeared and were never seen or heard from again.

Below, the author stands beside the wagon which had been packed in by mules, piece by piece, by the Towner brothers, then reassembled at the Haunted Corral and abandoned when they found they could not use it after all.





Jo and Gussie Flieger

Photo Arizona Photographic Association

On October 16, 1890, Apsey was brought to trial in the Territorial District Court. Joseph H. Kibbey (appointed Governor of Arizona Territory in 1905) was the presiding judge. The jury consisted of Gila Valley and San Pedro Valley ranchers. Jere Fryer was sheriff; Hinson Thomas was chief deputy; Granville H. Oury was prosecuting attorney. Al Sieber, famed chief of Indian scouts, surprisingly, was a character witness for the defendant as well as defense counsel.

Rowdy, an Apache Indian scout, was put on the witness stand by the prosecution; his testimony, in part, was as follows: "We looking for Apache Kid . . . we get close . . . I smell smoke . . . see fire . . . see boot . . ask white man what he burn . . . he say *coche* (javelina) . . . I say *coche* no wear boot. . . . "

Frank, the other of a pair of Indian scouts under the command of Lt. James W. Watson, was the next witness and he corroborated Rowdy's testimony, adding: ". . . White man heap mad at us . . . we ride away . . . no Apache Kid here."

Further questioning by Attorney Oury revealed that the two scouts and Watson had noticed the obnoxious odor of burning flesh from a mile away. They had ridden close to investigate and from a distance had seen Apsey making frantic efforts to cover up and smother the fire. The scout detail later reported to U.S. Deputy Marshal Kane. This officer, along with Hinson Thomas, deputy sheriff, led a posse up the canyon, investigated, and made the arrest.

C. R. Gooding and Thomas Durand, ranchers, were called next. Their testimony lasted several days and established the fact that Aravaipa ranchers had seen many charred human bones scattered around in the two years Apsey had squatted at the Haunted Corral.

Physical evidence presented at the trial of George Apsey indicated that John Doe was not the first white man to fall victim to his greed. This, and the testimony of others, brought on the conclusion that few, if any, of Apsey's employees ever appeared alive in the settlements along the San Pedro Valley. Although never brought to trial to answer for other deaths, it was stated that Apsey would employ a cowboy and work him until he began to demand his pay once too often and then murder him. After disposing of the body either by secret burial or by burning, Apsey would then appear in the settlements looking for another helper.

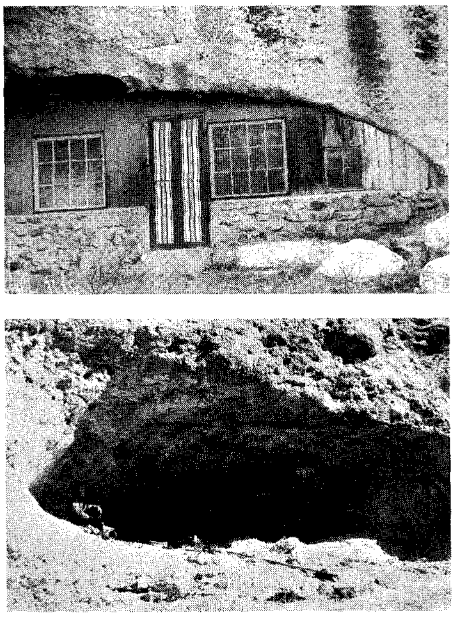
The final employee, John Doe, is said to have worked seven months. Having decided to quit Apsey's employ, he demanded his money—only to be called into the cave and shot down. Apsey, then, according to Frank's testimony, dragged the body into the yard, placed it on a fire of dry mesquite and cottonwood, and was burning it when the Indian scouts appeared on the scene.

Apsey himself was put in the witness chair to testify in his own defense, but under questioning became so violent that he had to be forcibly restrained.

The jury found Apsey guilty in record time, and Judge Kibbey sentenced him to serve ten years in the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma. He was given the Number 695 at the grim old prison. On April 10, 1897, he was pardoned by Governor Benjamin J. Franklin and immediately disappeared, a man sick in mind and body from the ordeal of penal servitude.

IN the meanwhile, some sections of Southeastern Arizona were growing up. Gold, silver and copper mining was big business; the big cattlemen and horse ranchers were the elite of the Territory.

Squatters and sodbusters, with the law behind them, were pre-empting the rich little valleys, yet an ambitious man with a small herd was finding it hard to get ahead. He began scouting farther into the hills, looking for good range and dependable water. He eyed the western slopes of the Galiuro Mountains from Ash Creek south to Redfield Canyon; he looked from the sheep infested foothills of the mighty Chiricahua Range to the grim Dragoons, but nowhere did he find anything to compare with the rugged country of the Aravaipa with its rolling hills billowing with filaria, and canyons deep with creeks that never ran dry.



Top photo shows walled front of Old Painted Cave. Below is Apsey's cave in back of Haunted Corral—Jo's first "home" in Aravaipa Canyon. The Indian maid and the old horsecollar gives one an idea of the size of the cave.

Yet it was a rough land. The colorful hills were studded with giant saguaro, yucca and mescal, and the mesas with cedars. Javelina grunted and scampered through the prickly pear and vast herds of feral mustangs roamed the upland range. Wild burros and wilder longhorn cattle were seen in the lonely arroyos. The weather was wonderful, invigorating; the sun beamed from a big sky that seemed eternally blue. It turned out what it appeared to be—a cattleman's dream of a home on the range where the longhorns roamed and a cowboy never dies.

A different breed of man came to the same conclusion. The saddle tramp on his way from Texas to California or Montana—or vice versa—saw easy pickin's along the lonely road when a stagecoach rattled around the bend, or at a whistle-stop of the S-P trains at Bowie, Cochise, or Willcox. Also, every town had a bank, a Wells Fargo Office or a safe in the railway station. The mining companies had large payrolls.

The Maricopa stage was held up at Morgan's Ferry and the driver and guard were shot down; Goldwater's store in Bisbee was robbed on Christmas Eve and five people were killed. From Galeyville to Tombstone to Globe, the drifter turned gunman and took his chances, and more times than not reaped a golden reward. And where to hide until the fervor of the posse cooled off? The Haunted Corral, of course!

FAR from the ominous environment of the Haunted Corral a baby boy was born at Chatham, New Brunswick, Canada, in 1901. The happy parents named their lusty offspring Jo—Jo Flieger. He, too, had the heritage of struggle, and soon developed into a robust lad ready to take on all comers.

At the age of fifteen he was already fed up with choking on herring, playing hockey for free, skating to school and to his chores instead of riding a horse like a he-man should. Without more than an "adieu" he grabbed a handful of rods on a westbound freight of the Canadian-Pacific and, in due time, wound up on the other side of the Dominion in British Columbia. He liked the looks of spurs better than hockey skates and went to work for the Cariboo Cattle Company. From this occupation it was but a buck n' jump to the rodeos.

By the time he was twenty-five, he had thrice won the Mountain Race at Williams Lake, and participated in the bronc riding contests at the Quesnel Stampede and Vancouver Exhibition. It was easy money and it paid off with a minimum of spills and bruises. The following year he became arena director.

In 1928 Jo signed up with California Frank's Wild West Show for one season as a trick rider. Riding his famous stallion, Grey Eagle, he performed from Calgary to Atlantic City. By now Jo was getting nationwide publicity in magazines and newspapers and he was looking for new worlds to conquer.

His most momentous contact came at

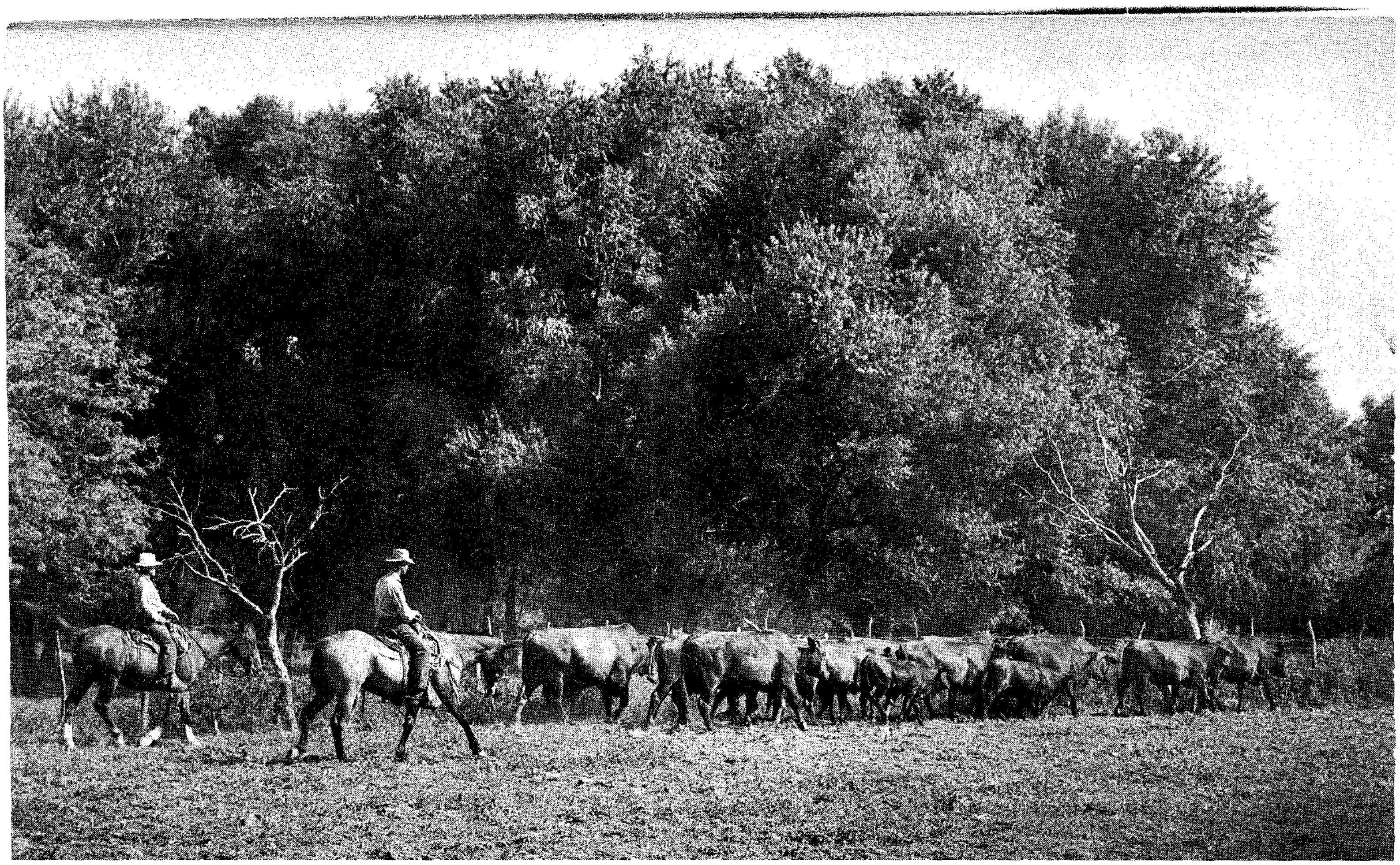


Photo by Balestrero of Western Ways

Cowboys working Santa Gertrudis cattle on Painted Cave Ranch

Quesnel, B.C., in the form of one Joe Towner, alias Williams, a man on the dodge from Texas and New Mexico. It was one of those cases where two men take an instant liking to each other; and this attraction was to play a big part in Jo's later life. During their association at the ranch and the rodeos, Towner fascinated Jo with glowing tales of life on the open ranges of sun-swept Southeastern Arizona.

Riding under the show-name of "Canadian Joe," Jo Flieger headed south into the U.S.A.; Towner, for the time being, remained behind in Canada. The Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Show signed Jo up and he became a star trick rider and bronc rider for the famous Wild West outfit which traveled from San Francisco to New York's Madison Square Garden. When the show closed for the season of 1929 Jo drifted into the Frontier Days rodeos and performed at Cheyenne, Monte Vista, Prescott, Flagstaff and Phoenix, to name a few.

During the off-season he became restless and decided to look for something that would improve his status in life. He began to recall what Joe Towner had told him of a rangeland that was warm and sunny all year around—of a wild country in Southeastern Arizona. So he headed that way.

Jo rode into Winkelman—just a day's ride from the Haunted Corral—reined buckskin Cariboo at the hitchrack and headed into a saloon for a beer. He soon got friendly with several natives, one of whom was Spike Shartgier who offered him a job hunting wild horses. Jo accepted, mainly on the premise that he'd have a job and would not be classed as a drifter. He then was invited to attend the local rodeo to be held the following day, a Sunday.

Jo overslept that morning and by the time he had breakfast and got Cariboo saddled up, half of the events were over. The first thing he heard as he neared the rodeo grounds was from the announcer: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we need a good man to ride Trigger in the main event."

"There ain't a good man in this whole damn crowd!" a loudmouth bawled.

Jo felt that was a reflection on him personally. He strode over to the heckler who was a dark, ornery-looking cuss in a fancy store suit, smoking a black cigar and needing a shave.

He introduced himself: "I'm Jo Flieger."

"Yeah?" said loudmouth around his cigar, and not offering to shake hands. "You must be a stranger in these parts, or you'd know me. I'm Joe Buzan." He motioned to a squinty-eyed, average sized character in black cowboy garb with a gun strapped to his hip. "This is 'Nig' Mendosa; he ramrods my outfit when I ain't around. What's on your mind?"

"Never heard of you," Jo said flatly. "But I can ride Trigger."

Buzan looked Jo up and down, so did Mendosa; they saw a broad-shouldered, tight-lipped man whose rodeo dress bore the stamp of a man who has been around.

"How 'bout puttin' some money where yore mouth is?"

At the moment Jo had been fingering three double-eagles in the front pocket of his Levis so he drew them out.

"Can you cover this much?"

Buzan. a compulsive gambler, took one look, blinked, and ordered Mendosa to lead Trigger out. He then put up $60 of his own and they turned their stakes over to the arena manager. Soon Mendosa led a hammer-head bay out into the flats and people began gathering around. This was a big day for Winkelman (population 500) and the surrounding San Pedro Valley. To see Trigger perform would be a treat in any part of the horse and cattle country.

Jo wasted no time uncinching his silver-mounted saddle from Cariboo and slapping it on the bay who was being held by two grinning cowboys. Trigger seemed to be docile and made no fuss as Jo tightened the cinches and rechecked them. To further make sure there were no shenanigans, Jo peeled off his beaded elkskin show jacket and placed it over Trigger's head, blindfolding him. Jo then told the men holding the bronco to yank the jacket off when he gave the word. He eased up into the saddle, said, "let's dance," and the ball opened. When the jacket was jerked off, everybody scattered.

Trigger reared straight up and hung poised as if he were coming over backwards. If the rider had pulled the reins a little he would have toppled over on his back. Jo recognized then one of the

Author at Haunted Corral gate

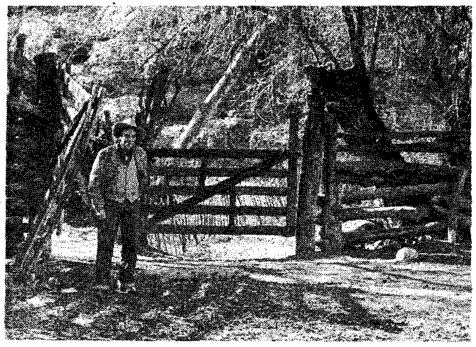


Photo by Balestrero of Western Ways

Santa Gertrudis cattle in one of corrals below original Painted Cave house. It is kept in good condition and used during roundups and some special occasions.

tricks this horse had used to throw all former riders. As the bronc lunged forward from the vertical, any rider with a tight rein would be thrown over his head. Trigger came down on his forefeet with a jarring crunch and in the next second his hindfeet lashed out high and hard. This stunt too was calculated to help sail a rider headlong into the cactus and dirt. Jo figured it was coming and came forward with a loose rein and stiff legs and rode with the bounce.

Trigger was just another buckin' horse now as far as Jo was concerned. He had seen others just like him from Canada to Texas. The next three or four bucks were pretty wicked, but Jo started using his Crocket-type spurs, made to his specifications off the Paddy Ryan design while he was world champion. They had two-inch turned-in shanks with notched star rowels. Trigger got them in the ribs from east and west. He bucked, snorted and roared. The crowd too began to roar, and Jo had time to notice that there were cheers mingled with the exclamations of surprise.

"Ride 'im, cowboy!"

"Hold 'er, Newt!"

Some cowboy flapped his hat to enrage Trigger. Another cowboy, named Sam Kali, a locoweed smoker whom Jo remembered from the saloon, fired a 30-30 carbine under Trigger's legs every other jump as fast as he could work the lever. Trigger began to sunfish.

"Pitch th' Wild West so-and-so off, Trigger!" some one yelled. "Yeehooh!"

Jo got the berserk bronc under some control with a few more timely jabs with the star rowels and, after a few more fish-tail bucks, Trigger settled down to bucking straight away. Jo unsnapped his quirt and played a tune on the bronc's heaving ribs. After about a dozen long leaps Trigger gave up and began to run. Jo reined up in front of the main group of spectators and leaped off as the horse plunged to a stop. The crowd had gone quiet.

Joe said: "How's that?"

Someone replied: "That was the best ride I ever saw."

When Buzan said nothing from behind his tight-clamped cigar, Jo turned to the stakes holder and put out his hand. The arena manager paid him off. Jo immediately proceeded to unsaddle. By chance he saw Buzan make a stealthy signal to a man nearby.

This cowboy, named Gale Jennings, then sounded off: "You're just a smart-aleck showoff. You couldn't have rode Trigger so you hada quirt him an' make him run."

"I won my bet, didn't I? You a sore-headed loser?"

Jennings lunged forward and swung a haymaker, wild as a March hare, at Jo's jaw. Jo ducked and from the crouch swung a right which caught Jennings on the jaw and set him back on his Sunday-go-to-meeting pants. Jo stood there, waiting for the man to get up. Jennings got up, scrambling sideways to his feet, then took off and ran to his buggy which stood hitched nearby. He reached in on the cushion and came up with a Colt six-gun, aimed at Jo's belly.

Springhouse and corrals at Painted Cave

"I'll kill you, you s.o.b."

Jo stared at him and replied, "You haven't got the guts to shoot me—not in front of all these people."

Several men wrenched the gun away from Jennings; he then yanked a switch-blade knife from his pocket and lunged at Joe, roaring obscenities. Again the crowd intervened. Stock Inspector Holland stepped in between.

After some arguing the arena manager shouted: "Shut up, you *hombres*! This man made a damn good ride. The show's over. Let's head for the Wagon Wheel. I'm buying the drinks!"

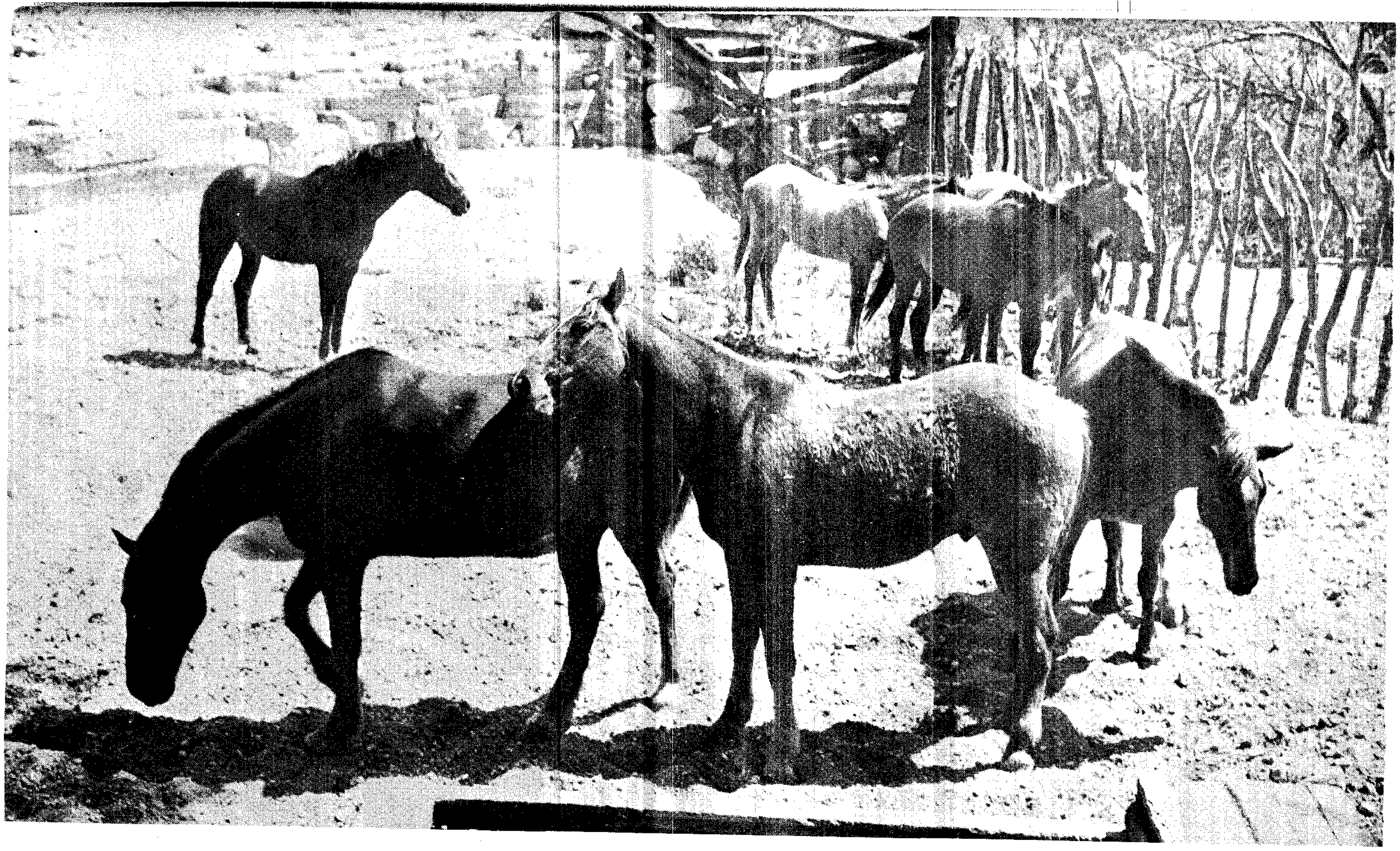
The bootleg stuff was flowing freely when a drunk named Cotten Evans snarled something at Jo and came at him with a bung-starter. Jo ducked low, but not low enough. The weapon smashed through his Stetson and laid a long gash across his head. Blood squirted down over his face and into his eyes as he fell; he could barely see Evans lunging for another lick at him. Mendosa and two other rowdies were hollering for Evans to kill the "Wild West" bastard. Jo took a quick swipe at the blood and made a lunge of his own. His shoulder struck Evans in the midriff and knocked the suds out of him. Jo swung a right and left, knocking his man down, then Mendosa and his cohorts closed in.

Again came the commanding voice of Inspector Holland: "Hold it! Five against one don't go . . . not when I'm around."

Other men stepped in and that ended the affair. Holland drove Jo up to Hayden where Doctor Hustis took fifteen stitches in his scalp and bandaged him up. Holland filled Jo in on local history on the way back.

JO found out to his surprise that his owl-hoot friend in British Columbia, Joe Towner, had preceded him to Arizona. Joe and his brother Henry were now local ranchers; they were the kind of people who never attended rodeos as that was too good a time to miss having a look at the herds belonging to those ranchers who did attend social doings! The Towner brothers also were now owners of The Haunted Corral, having bought it from Dave Campbell of the T-Rail Ranch, who had acquired the property from the Government as a mining claim after Apsey had been sent to the Yuma pen.

Jo was also informed that Joe Buzan,



Range horses in lower corral at old Painted Cave Ranch

Nig Mendosa, One-Lamp Bill Wheeler, and the Towner Brothers were king-pin ranchers in the Aravaipa-San Pedro Valley area and were bad men to mess with if you didn't belong. There were about twenty riders in the combined gangs. They had several ranches in the back country and were known to use the Haunted Corral at times to bunch up their stock, some of which was sold locally. The rest were trail herded across Eagle Pass in the Galiuros to Willcox where they were sold.

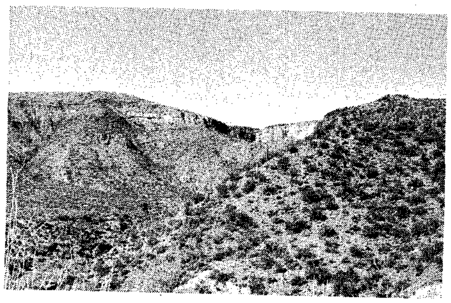
The Towners seemed to be prosperous, with Hank, the younger brother, the most active. He was big and mean, with a young woman half his age for a wife. He was also a moonshiner, a horse thief and a cattle rustler, although none of this had been proven in court. The main staple of their food supply was beef—their neighbors' beef. They not only used it themselves, but sold it or traded it for anything they could use.

The Towners kept a herd of their best cattle in plain sight, all of which had been mavericks they'd rounded up and branded with their own I-Bar-Open-A on the left shoulder. Buzan's brand was the Reverse C-B. Their trail herds to Willcox and other points always were much bigger than the herd on the ranch. Other ranchers were always complaining and watching the goings on, but they were unorganized and uncertain as to what to do about it.

Joe Towner, as Jo Flieger knew, was heavy-set, blond, icy-eyed, taciturn and always wore a gun, in defiance of local town-laws. (There was no Arizona State law against wearing weapons in plain view.) Joe, the oldest and with the worst reputation as a gunslinger, was slow to get on the prod, but was dangerous as a rattlesnake when riled. He was frequently seen with his guns out, twirling them forward, backward in quick spinning motions, flipping the road agent's spin, and was often seen pot-shooting beer bottles, jackrabbits and birds, while afoot or horseback. This, too, reminded Jo of his Wild West Show days in Canada. Joe Towner was even then the trick gun artist.

Another badman was One-Lamp Bill Wheeler, tall and hungry looking, no teeth in front, with one eye that had a dead look about it and might have been glass. He mixed powdered locoweed with his Bull Durham whenever he rolled a smoke, and was seldom seen without a gun. Mean and treacherous, he would stop at nothing, would rather shoot a man in the back than any other place—if the price was right—and he, too, couldn't go back to Texas any more.

Nig Mendosa, Buzan's right-bower, was a swarthy Mexican halfbreed born in Arizona. He had acquired the reputation of being a knifeman, and had cut up several people around Winkelman in some of his drunken sprees. (Later Mendosa disappeared and the news came that he had been arrested in California for murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin.)



Wild horse range of Painted Cave Ranch

RETURNING to the hotel in Winkelman, Jo took several days to rest up and look around, then saddled up old Cariboo, rode east and headed for the hills. The main trail led up the Aravaipa Canyon and he saw that the surrounding country teemed with herds of wild horses and equally wild cattle.

Jo came upon the Haunted Corral rather unexpectedly. His first impression of the infamous corral was not auspicious. It was located in a wide sweep of the canyon and the walls were high on both sides and within rifle range for any gunman lurking in the caves or along the rimrock. The corral was overshadowed by four giant sycamore trees, the largest of which grew along the perpendicular spur, known to the natives as El Capitan. The tree grew against it about a hundred feet up as if trying to rise above the sordidness below.

Jo had arrived on one of those rare, partly cloudy days, and there weren't even birds around to chirp up the place. Only a lonesome squirrel. He was about to ride on when he had a hunch. True, it was spooky, and he knew very little about the history of the corral, but a touch of extrasensory perception told him to hold on. He was not the type who gives up easy, so he dismounted and took a longer look.

Here was a big corral, made to order, and although it had the appearance of having been abandoned, it was in good shape. It was stout enough to hold all the wild horses or "broomtails" he could round up from the surrounding hills.

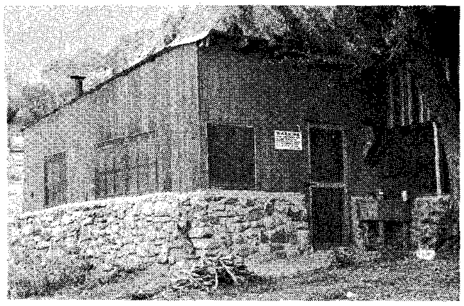
Further investigation revealed a habitable cave hidden by a profusion of scrubby trees in back of the corral; the cave was black with the smoke of countless fires and judging from the conglomeration of objects lying around, had been occupied by many people for many generations. Jo could understand the litter. Any man who had seen the seamy side of life could; people had lived here and moved on—both Indian and white—and probably had left in a hurry. What got to puzzling him was the smell of the cave. He finally recognized it: sour mash whiskey, "Mountain Dew." Further exploration in and around the cave revealed what was left of the still. So, a moonshiners' hideout!

Jo reasoned that if he stayed here in the cave he would have one, possibly two, sets of built-in enemies. Either the moonshiners or the Prohis might trouble his sleep but the place looked inviting, so he decided to stay the night. Why not? Here was a man of thirty with no worries, who had drifted into this rugged Aravaipa country looking for a home on the range where the skies were not cloudy all day!

Jo led Cariboo into the corral, then carried his saddle, saddlebags and bedroll into the cave. He kicked some of the junk aside to clear a place on which to bed down—and uncovered a human skull. It had a hole in front and back that obviously had been made by a rifle bullet. Further rooting around revealed the thighbone of what must have come from a tall man. Neither skull nor legbone seemed to be very old. He got to wondering how come? He looked around some more and when darkness fell he made himself a makeshift supper from his saddlebags, without lighting a fire.

It was a restless night, partly because of Jo's somber surroundings and partly because his horse had twice awakened him by kicking up a fuss in the corral. Something—either man or beast—had been prowling around in the dark. Jo kept his carbine handy and wondered if it were a cougar, an Indian, or a white man of the type who would frequent lonely places like the Haunted Corral at night.

Daylight finally came and he was out looking around. There was no cougar sign, but he did find boot tracks of two sizes where there had been none the evening before. Jo watered and fed his horse, made some coffee and biscuits, and rode back downstream, looking for a side canyon he'd noticed the day before.



One of the buildings on Jo's ranch

After scouting around all forenoon he found a large cave and a spring about five miles from the Haunted Corral; a small signboard said, "McPeter's Tank."

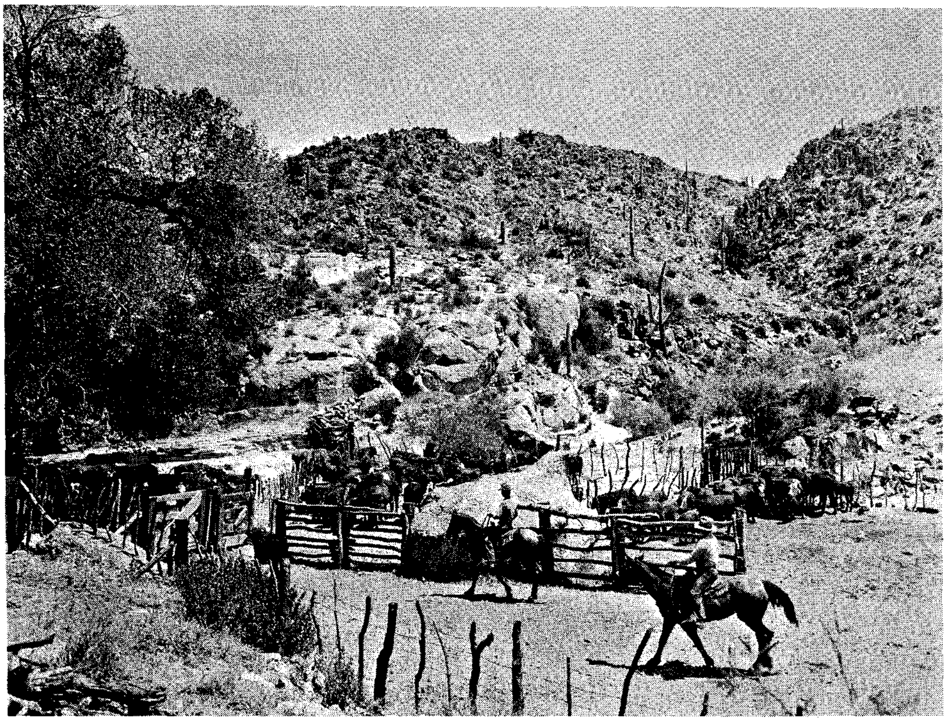
After watering, he rode on, saw cattle branded with the T-Rail, and by mid-afternoon came to a large cave which he judged was only a mile or so around a jog of the Aravaipa from the Haunted Corral. This cave was in the north wall of a cul-de-sac and located on a shelf about ten feet higher than a small meadow which also was about ten feet above the creek rushing down the canyon.

Although partially hidden by several large oak trees, the cave was easily spotted by the wide black smudge of smoke that curled above it along the yellowstone face of the canyon wall. Jo climbed up and found it obviously had housed many large families back through the years. Half of the cave was black with smoke, caked so thick his Barlow knife could hardly cut it. The other half, divided from the living quarters by a rock spur, had a clean white ceiling and red walls. Along the back wall, which was a natural yellow, was a shelf with scores of small regularly spaced holes in the smooth rock, and Jo recognized them as the kind ancient Indians had made to mould, shape and sharpen their arrow heads. There were other holes, a little wider and much deeper that had been used to shape lance points. On the floor a row of basin-like holes were found in which metates and other household utensils were moulded. This then was the communal workshop. A maze of hieroglyphics etched here and there must have been directions for use of the holes.

The whole cave had been left clean and in order by its last inhabitants. Several gray marks on the ceiling and one wall evidently had been made by ricocheting lead bullets. At one corner of the floor was a wide stain of brownish-red, where someone had bled and died. Jo thought it all over and decided to make this his temporary headquarters. A cave of this type would never get cold in winter or hot in summer. He hobbled Cariboo in the lush grass of the meadow, took his trail gear into the cave, and made his first meal in this new home which he decided to call the Painted Cave.

Within a week he had finished a large strong corral to pen the broomtails he planned to round up from the hills. In another week he was in business and considered himself a rancher. Jo had a half-dozen better than average mustangs corraled, including a fine two-year-old pinto stallion he intended to train as old Cariboo's replacement. He gelded the pinto colt, and an hour or so each day devoted to his care and training soon paid off. The pinto developed into a classy single-footer and Jo named him Rainbow. He then turned old Cariboo out to grass. That weekend he rode down to Winkelman to pick up salt, sugar and coffee, and tried to hire a man to help ride the Haunted Corral range. But here his luck ran out; the homefolks vowed the place was a jinx and a hoodoo.

Working cattle at Flieger's ranch



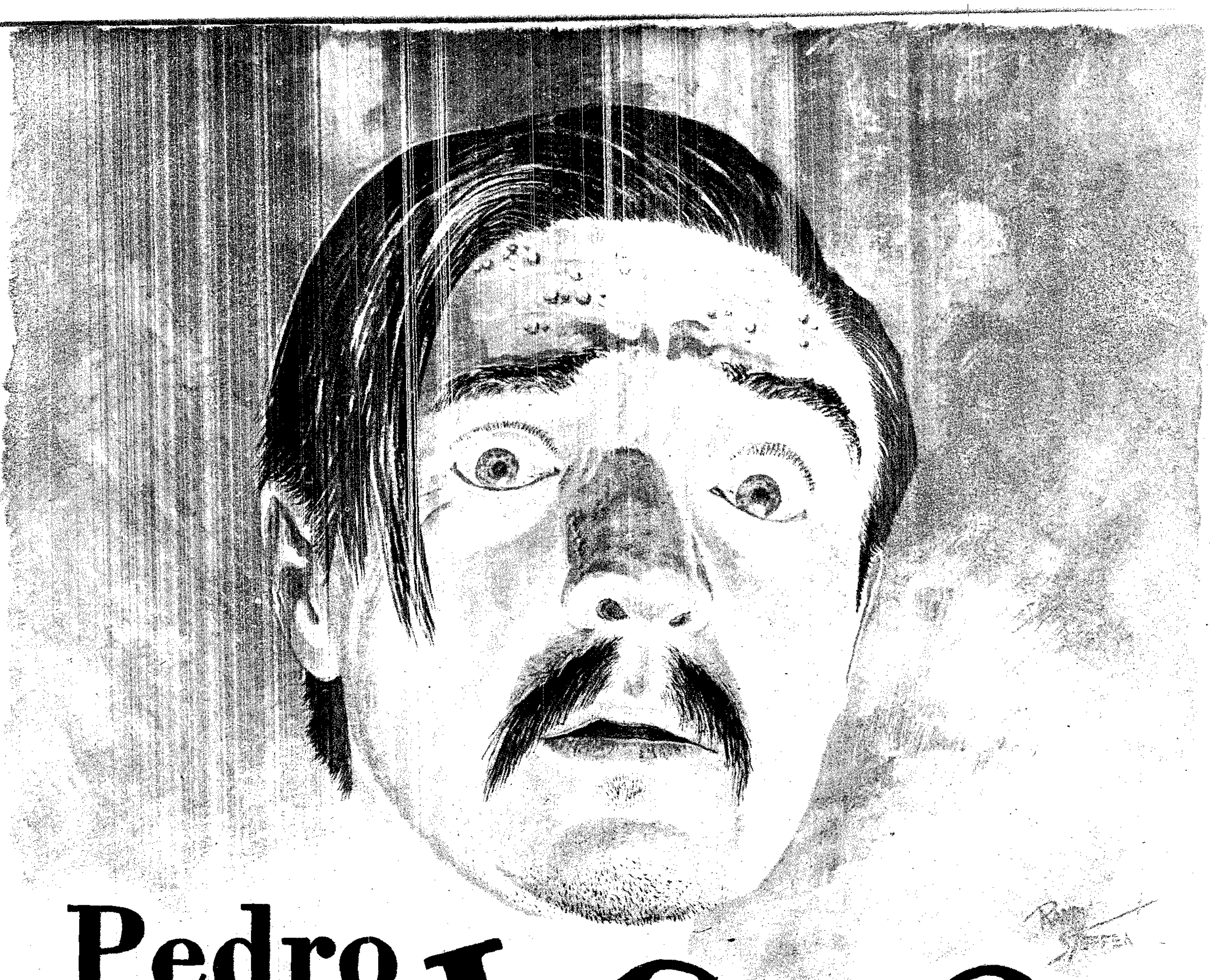
THIS was during the Depression and things were bad all over. Many people were moving around, restive—what with the Dust Bowl and all—and many moved westward toward California. One of these migrants was a fair and sprightly lass from Ballinger, Texas, who had studied to become a schoolteacher. When so many folks moved away and took their children with them, she moved too. During the bus stop-over in Phoenix, Arizona, she checked the bulletin board at the courthouse and noticed a "Schoolteacher Wanted" note. A clerk told her the position was at Florence, county seat of Pinal County, eighty miles to the south.

Determined to follow through with her quest, Gussie Burris got an interview with John J. Bugg, Pinal County Superintendent, and got the position. The assignment was in Winkelman, a dusty little cattle town barely out of the frontier ways of Territorial times. She arrived at her little red schoolhouse about the same time Jo Flieger arrived at the Haunted Corral.

Several months went by—and Jo was diligently rounding up more wild horses and wild cattle—before he saw his first people in the Aravaipa hills. It was a young woman riding a large piebald gelding with three half-grown children on the saddle with her, two in back and one in front. They were crossing Aravaipa Creek and in mid-stream had got into trouble. The horse was belly deep in the ford, had slipped into a pothole, and was having a rough time of it.

Jo, for the first time in his life, saw his chance to become a real life hero. Rainbow was spurred down the shale bank and into the creek. Catching up with the four on the piebald, Jo began pulling the youngsters off their floundering mount from behind before the woman

(Continued on page 60)



Pedro LOCO

by J. FRANK DOBIE

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

They said he was crazy, this Pedro—but he was rich, too. Maybe that combination is what made him so hard to trail . . .

From Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver
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PEDRO LOCO, some say, was one of old Victorio's Apaches before a Mexican woman cut him off. Others say he was as Mexican as anybody, a descendant of the peon that the Conde de Majalca left to guard his property when the War of Mexican Independence ran all the Spaniards out of the country.

Whatever his antecedents no particular interest or property had been attached to his person until one day in 1890 when he appeared at the Banco Nacional de Mexico in Chihuahua City with a few flat-cut emeralds, some jewelry that might have adorned a holy churchman or a holy image, a small chunk of crude gold and one of the old-time bars of silver weighing 2000 ounces—twice as much as the regulation bar has weighed since Spain lost Mexico. The banker struck a bargain and was curious; Pedro took the money and was silent. Within a few months he was back again with another parcel of treasure stuff. The banker paid for it, was more curious, and set spies to watch Pedro.

Pedro did not come to him again, but there were other buyers and Pedro sold to them. Traffic in bullion and stuff out of old hoards is still common enough in Chihuahua City. The banker's spies learned nothing. Before long, people began calling Pedro "Don." He set up an establishment. It was not so magnificent as it was ample, its adobe walls and patios squandering over a whole square of ground. It had to be ample to accommodate all the uncles, aunts, cousins unto the remotest degree and even the kin of godfathers and godmothers that settled down on Don Pedro and his wife. It took money to keep such a household in corn and frijoles, and during the dark of the moon at irregular intervals Don Pedro continued to bring in modest amounts of silver to barter.

His movements were more and more watched. It was daylight knowledge that when he left Chihuahua City, he went northwest to Sacramento. Thence his movements blurred and faded out, as if he had turned into a "fool" (Mearns) quail that squats unseen against a rock in open view. All interested parties, however, were sure that Don Pedro went on from Sacramento into the mountain region not far distant called the "Victorino," a name that memorializes one of the strongholds of Victorio of the Apaches. In the Victorino, Conde de Majalca had his mine, enormously rich in silver output, before the War of Independence ended him. It is told that he used to make a trip to Mexico City once a year, carrying four hundred bars of silver, his guard, servants, and muleteers numbering four hundred persons. The little village of Majalca, in the Victorino, bears his name. Before he was killed on the long road to a ship that would sail him over the sea, he had hidden not only his own fine possessions but the riches of the Chihuahua Cathedral in a cave near his mine, or in a chamber of the mine itself.

NOW, among those who dogged Don Pedro, trying to find the store from which he got his silver, was one Carlos Avalos, a "tiger" of political notoriety. By many ways he brought pressure to bear against Don Pedro. He persecuted him through other politicians. He cajoled him, set traps for him, played the bloodhound himself. One time he waylaid Don Pedro in the Sacramento Canyon and there attempted by brute force to make him talk. Don Pedro remained calm and silent. Avalos tied him and tortured him, but the Indian in him was adamant.

"Then, damn you," concluded Avalos, "I'll fix you so you can't talk even if you want to."

Pedro was pinioned arms and legs, helpless. His torturer had two forty-penny nails. He drove them into the jaws of the silent man, one on either side of his face, nailing the upper to the lower jaw. He rode off leaving Pedro tied and nailed.

A wood-carrier came along with his burro and rescued Pedro. He recovered, but to the end of his days he carried deep scars in his face and was *"un poco loco"*—a little crazy. Henceforth he was Pedro Loco. But he was not too *loco* still to go in secret and come back in secret with gold and silver and jewelry and the flat-cut emeralds. And he was not too *loco* to keep his jaws closed.

Once, however—once only—he relented. He had a very dear friend who was in desperate need and who was very deferential. This friend was Felipe Jimenez.

"The first day," Felipe used to tell, "we rode our mules up the canyon a way from Sacramento and camped. When we ate our supper, the wild turkeys were gobbling around us in every direction. About dark Pedro Loco turned his mule loose, saying that it would go home by itself and that from now on he would go afoot and guide my mule. We rode on for three hours maybe, and I knew we were getting into the mountains of the Rancho Guerachic"—another name for Majalca.

"At a certain place Pedro Loco blindfolded me fast and hard. On foot he followed behind my mule, driving it. Of course, the canyon twists and the wind in it shifts and changes, too. But I was keeping very alert and noted every change of direction. I was sure that we left the Sacramento Canyon and turned up a canyon that cuts in from the north. We did not ride more than an hour before we stopped. I heard the sounds of rocks. Then Pedro Loco told me to get down. He led me over some boulders. For a short distance we crawled. When he took the blindfold off me, we were in a cave and two sotol stalks were burning to light it. It was not the light that almost blinded me; it was the heap of precious stones, of gold, most of all, of silver bullion, and also of jewelry. There were beautiful crosses and fine plate, candlesticks, and holy vessels.

" 'Help yourself,' Pedro Loco said. I did. Then when my pockets were full, he put the blind on me, tighter than before. I crawled again. I heard the sound of loose rocks—very, very dim the sound was. My mule went forward. I knew we were not returning over the same route. My brain was not blind like my eyes. I began fraying the blanket I wore and dropping the shreds. I was marking the trail to come back over. I felt on my face the cold breeze of dawn. We kept traveling, Pedro Loco close at my mule's heels and I dropping here and there a shred of the blanket.

"At length we halted. I heard a dog bark. It must have been a dog at the Rancho Guerachic, for there is no other ranch in that part of the Victorino.

" 'Get down,' Pedro Loco said. These were the first words he had spoken since leaving the cave. I did not like their tone. I obeyed. I could smell the dawn. When the blind came off, I saw that we were on a mountain. Pedro Loco was standing there with his hands full of woolen shreds.

" 'Here is your blanket,' he said. 'Your wife can weave it back together.' Then he gave me a kick. I felt too cheap to kick back. 'You cannot betray me,' he said. 'Go home!'

"I left him standing there and rode back to Chihuahua City. I sent to San Antonio, Texas, for my brothers to come and help me get the wealth. For five years we sought. All I know is that Pedro Loco showed me the treasure. He told me he had located it while he was a warrior with Victorio."

IN the fall of 1908 Victor Lieb and Bill Adams, two American mining men who had been in Chihuahua for years and were familiar with the facts and traditions connected with Pedro Loco and his secret treasure, determined to exert superior Anglo-American intelligence and find the wealth. They disguised their purpose by getting permits to prospect for minerals in the Victorino. Lieb sent for a bloodhound out of the stock employed by the state penitentiary in Texas. He engaged as a helper a Pima Indian noted for his trailing ability. The dog proved to be marvelously keen of scent and was soon taught to trail silently on the leash.

November passed and December was passing. Without doubt Pedro Loco would make a trip out before Christmas. Lieb and Adams had their camp above Sacramento in the mouth of the canyon gorge. On the evening of December 20, Pedro Loco rode up on his mule, saluted the two Americans in a friendly manner, drank some coffee, and rode on. At dark they followed, the bloodhound silently straining on the leash. The trail turned out of the main canyon and up a box canyon cutting in from the north—the route that the blindfolded Felipe was so sure of.

It was pitch-dark. About half a mile up this side canyon the bloodhound suddenly ceased to trail, whined in fear, bolted back the way he had come, and jerked with such violence on the thong (which Lieb for safety's sake had tied around his waist) that he broke it. Among the rocks and trees, hidden in the pitchy darkness, the winds were howling. Lieb and Adams turned back, also. They found the dog in camp. Impatiently they awaited daylight.

When light dawned, they took the bloodhound and the expert Pima trailer and set out. At the mouth of the box canyon, the bloodhound refused to go farther. The Pima proceeded, but soon it was apparent that instead of trailing he was merely going ahead. He could "trail a hummingbird almost," but he could not follow Pedro Loco's tracks. In places the steep slopes of the canyon wall were covered with talus. It seemed likely that Pedro Loco's cave had an entrance hidden by the talus, but not one sign of it could be found.

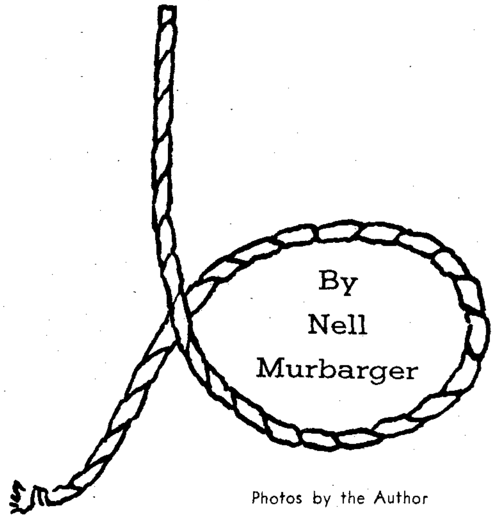
ON Christmas Eve Lieb and Adams were back in Chihuahua City. The cold norther and bright sun were keeping most

(Continued on page 56)

Lust for the treasure provoked varied attempts to follow the sly one. They traveled light over rough terrain, living off the country, trying to keep on Pedro Loco's trail.

For a few brief, lurid months, Rawhide flared up as the richest and gaudiest of all Nevada's boom gold camps. Then came the Big Fire and disillusionment for the

RING-TAILED ROARER



By Nell Murbarger

Photos by the Author

IT was 1907 — and the State of Nevada was worried.

After nearly a half century of intensive mining operations, of camps that had risen out of the sage to boom and bust before again reverting to sage, the natural factors of Time and depleted surface ore were so changing that the Silver State's whole pattern of existence was changing.

It was not only that more Nevada mining camps were being "worked out" after briefer lives, but few ore discoveries of major importance had been made in the State since the strikes that launched Rhyolite and Goldfield, now several years in the past. As a result, no lusty new camps had arisen to replace those playing out.

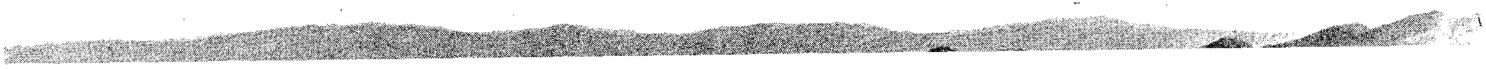
Maybe the ore's all gone, old-time Nevadans feared. Maybe there won't be any more big strikes, any more great camps. What then, pardner, what then?

To a state born and bred in the mining tradition, it was a horrible thought to contemplate.

Then came Rawhide, the ring-tailed roarer that burst over the sagelands in the closing weeks of 1907.

Within a few hours after news of the strike had been made public, half the state's citizens were talking of little but those rich stringers of gold at the foot of the Sand Springs range, one hundred miles northwest of Tonopah. And, despite the fact that winter in that high

Rawhide, Nevada, from Grutt Hill, 1908.



desert country is a time of icy winds, deep snow, and sub-zero temperature, every trail leading toward Rawhide was soon black with traffic.

First comers found the site of discovery marked by a post, to which had been wired a tin box and a cow's tail. To the box had been affixed a crude sign:

DEPOSIT MAIL HERE FOR RAWHIDE

Three months after her birth, the new camp's population had leaped to 5,000 milling boomers. Another three months and the 5,000 had increased to 10,000, and all roads to the desert rendezvous were jammed with crawling vehicles and men and animals — foot packers and pack-mule trains, freight wagons and horsebackers. Fifty private autos and half-a-dozen horse-drawn stages were shuttling passengers over the rough, dusty roads from outside points. In a single day, four hundred men and women sought to book passage to the new camp from Schurz, closest point on the railroad.

Nevada was having her last big fling in old-time boom camp style.

ARRIVING at Rawhide in his chauffeur-driven Thomas Flyer, sports promotor Tex Rickard paid $10,000 for a corner "business lot," grubbed away the sagebrush, and launched construction of a fabulous hot-spot modeled along lines of his ultra-successful Northern Saloon, at Goldfield. Rushed to completion in ten days, the Rawhide Northern rang up bar receipts of $2,000 on its opening night. Its gambling tables were soon yielding to the house an average of $25,000 per day!

By February, 1908, newspapers of Tonopah and Goldfield were giving more space to the new camp than to their own communities.

The Rawhide Coalition Company had been purchased by E. W. King for half a million dollars, and shares in Rawhide Consolidated were bringing ten times their par value. A half-inch seam of gold in the Grutt Hill mine was running $300,000 to the ton—$150 a pound!—and a single water-bucketful of ore from another Grutt mine had yielded $2800 in gold.

Midsummer, 1908, found Rawhide boasting 1500 wooden and stone buildings, one thousand tent houses, and a greater number of hotels and rooming houses than any other city in Nevada. Still accommodations fell short of the demand, and every night men slept in the streets and on the sawdust-covered floors of saloons.

Citizens of Rawhide had a choice of three local daily newspapers—*The Rustler*, *The News*, and *The Times*. The last mentioned a 20-pager, was composed on a Mergenthaler typesetting machine and printed on the largest Miehle press in the state; but it was W. W. Booth's little *Rustler* that claimed honors as the pioneer news medium of the camp. At the top of his editorial column, Editor Booth observed: "This paper is different from other newspapers, and I thank the Gods of Verse and Prose that it *is* different."

During that same summer of 1908, three banks operated in Rawhide, open daily until midnight. There were half a dozen theaters and variety houses, telephone and telegraph service, an electric light plant, and a mammoth refrigera-

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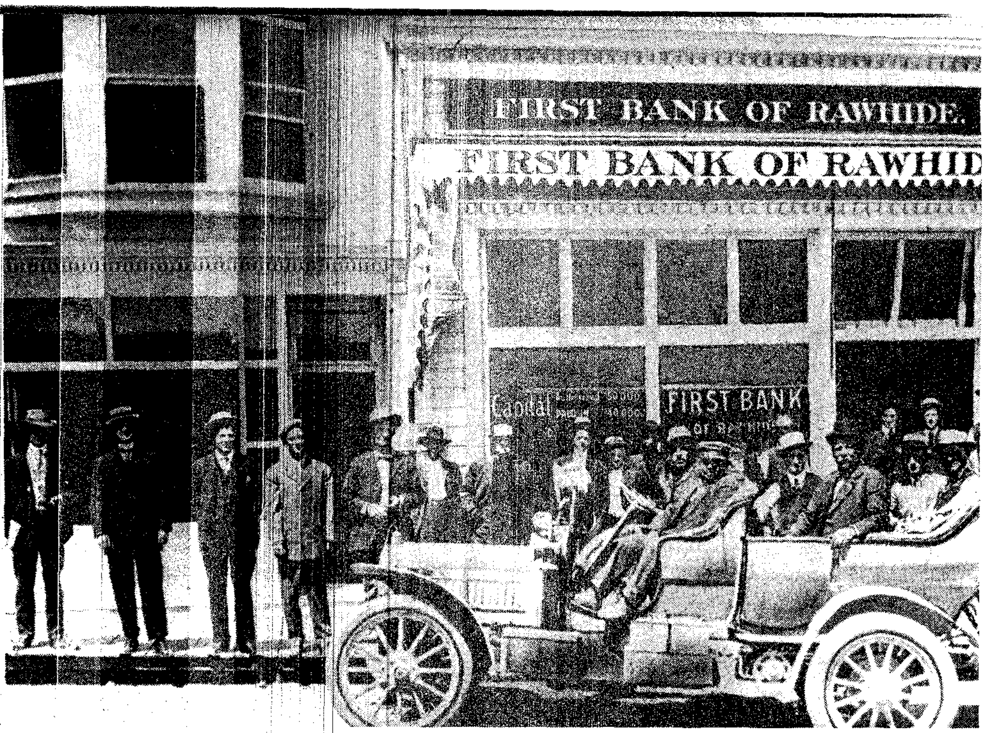
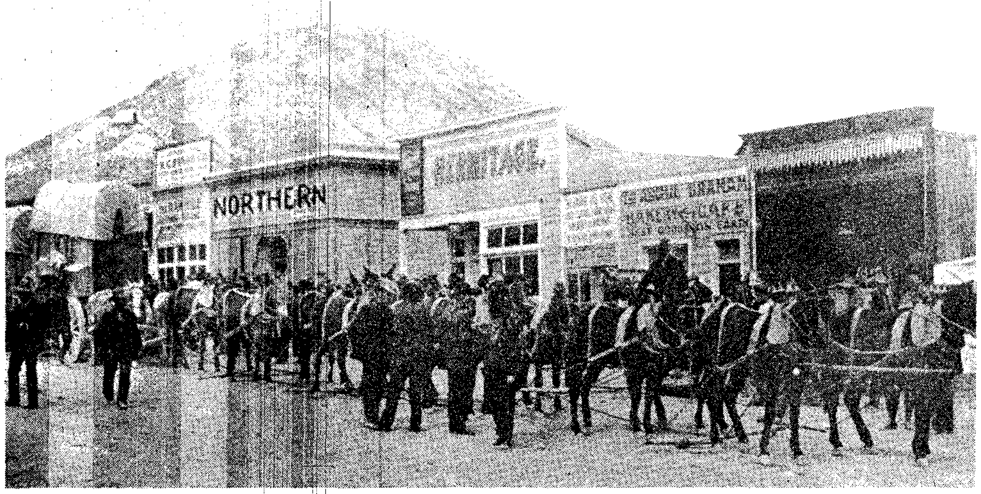
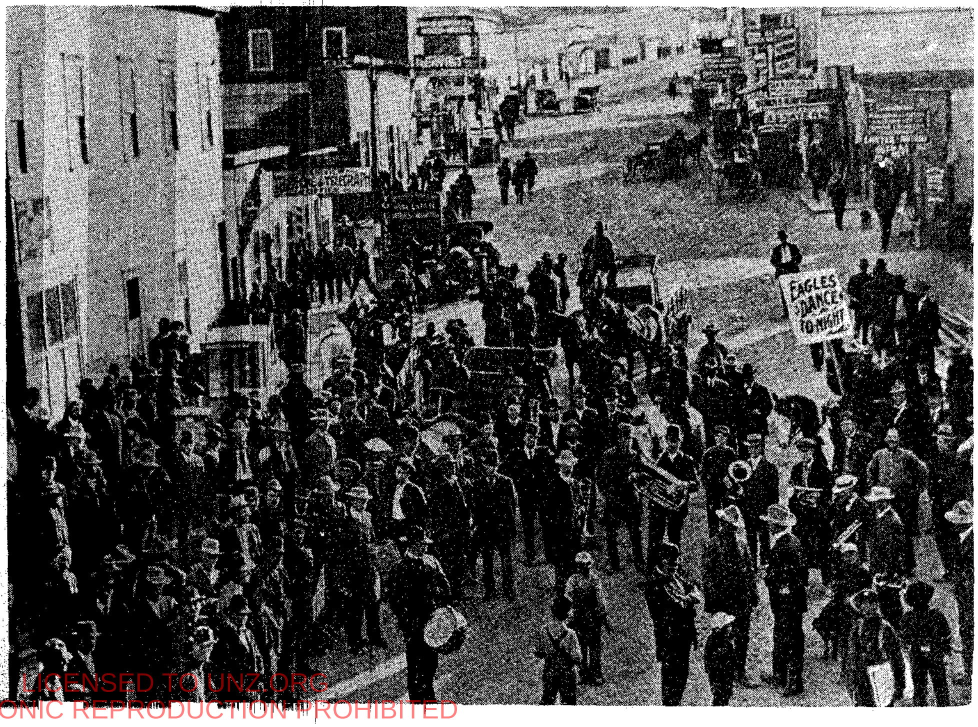


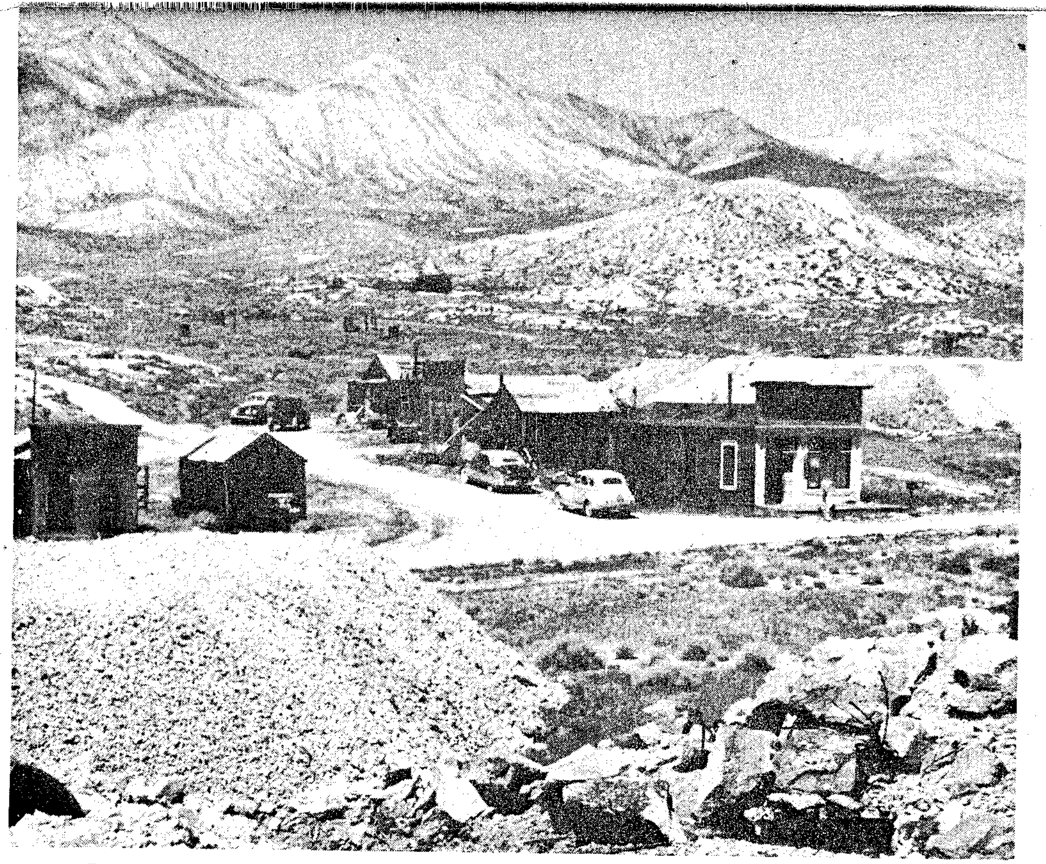
Arrival of loaded "auto stage" at First Bank of Rawhide, 1908.



Twenty-one thousand pounds of freight arriving at Tex Rickard's Northern Saloon, in Rawhide, via 16 mule team, 1908.

Band concert advertising Eagles' Dance, Rawhide Avenue looking west, April 17, 1908. Rawhide, Nevada.





A few battered shacks and endless mine dumps are about all that remain of Rawhide, Nevada, once a roaring camp of 10,000 persons.

tion plant to cool champagne and beer—but there was no water save that freighted across the desert from Dead Horse Well and sold by the gallon. The standard price of a hot bath was five dollars.

In Stingaree Gulch flourished a sporting district rivaling San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast. Orchestras, playing loudly if not well, provided music all night in flimsy dancehalls that reeked of smoke, sweat, Florida Water, and whiskey, and too much human brawn in too little space. Flanking both sides of a twisting street for half a mile were the bawdy houses, with five hundred women of all races and colors working the line.

There were ninety saloons that never closed their doors—and there was one church.

FEW Western mining camps have been favored with a more accomplished set of promotors than was Rawhide—particularly after the arrival of that Terrific Trio, George Graham Rice, Tex Rickard, and Nathaniel C. Goodwin.

Nat Goodwin, famous Broadway comedian, had received his first taste of mining camp life when he was brought West to appear on the opening night program at Goldfield Theater. He liked the life so well he decided to remain in Nevada.

Later, when the popular showman followed the boom to Rawhide, *The Weekly Miner*, of Bullfrog, took occasion to remark editorially: "We trust that Nat's exalted opinion of Nevadans will not be too abruptly shattered by running afoul of countless wildcat promotors who sell worthless mining stocks . . ."

That, chances are, was the last time anyone ever doubted Nat's ability to hold his own in the sinful and wicked world of commerce. Joining the Rice combine, the Broadway thespian not only bought worthless mining stocks, right and left, but proved himself exceptionally adept in the art of unloading them at a handsome profit.

Elinor Glyn—whose sensational novel, *Three Weeks,* had been but recently suppressed as indecent, thereby assuring its unqualified success—telegraphed to Nat that she was entraining for Rawhide to procure additional first-hand knowledge of life in the raw.

Determined that there should be no muffing of this priceless opportunity to gain international renown, the Rice-Rickard-Goodwin triumvirate swung into action. In short order, arrangements were perfected for a dozen saloon brawls and street fights, complete with flying steel, popping pistols, and clobbered corpses. Super-lurid touches were added to Stingaree Gulch, and every beef-eater in town was enlisted in the task of making Miss Glyn's sojourn one to be remembered.

Elinor came and saw, and was properly palpitated—and galloped home rejoicing, to write another best seller.

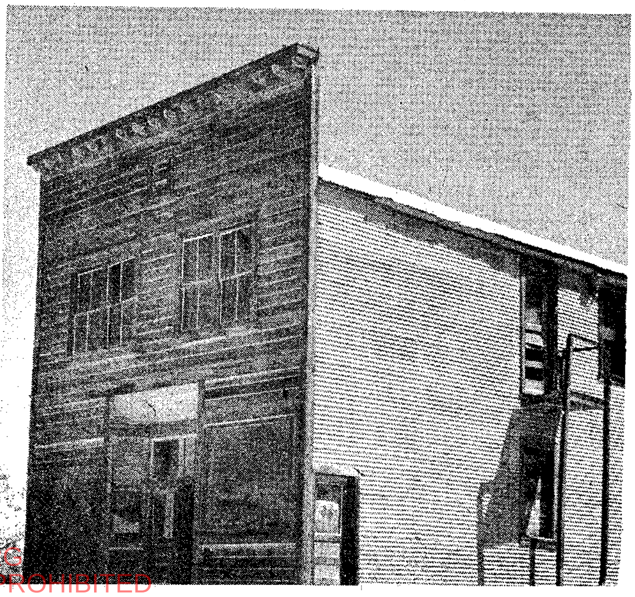
As the last mad camp of a mad decade, Rawhide crowded into her brief months a larger measure of excitement and color than most mining camps experience in an equal number of years.

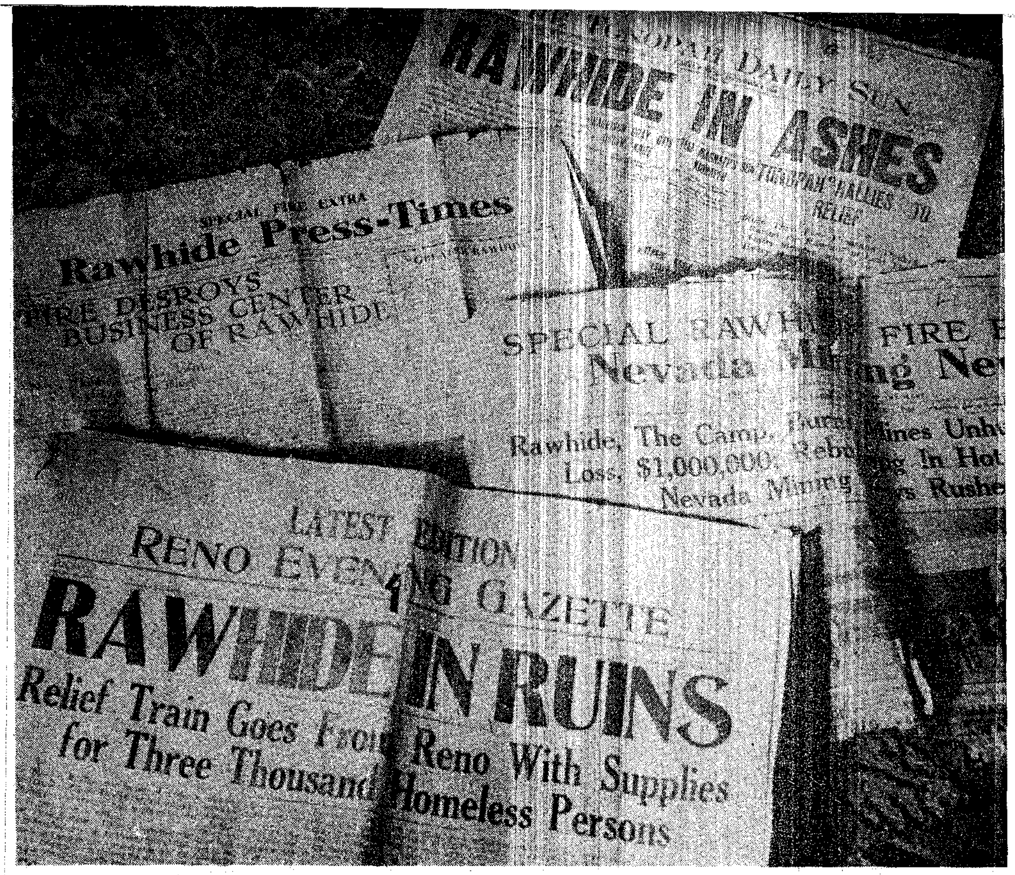
Ex-Rawhiders still chuckle over memories of the Gum-shoe Kid, Rawhide Jack Davis, Gold Tooth Bess, and other local celebrities. One of their favorite yarns concerns the time Gold Tooth Bess found a man drunk enough to marry her. Bess, naturally, was determined to clinch the deal before her victim had time to sober up; but it was then past midnight. Rawhide's single sky-pilot refused to tie the knot before morning, and the justice of the peace could not be found.

In desperation, Bess and her tipsy beloved turned in at the office of the

Some of the founders of Rawhide. Top row (l to r) C. C. Dunning, Eugene Grutt, known as the Daddy of Rawhide; Charlie McLeod. Bottom row, A. W. Drew, Joe Alexander, Z. T. Carson. Photo made in 1908.

One of the few buildings still standing at Rawhide is the former Variety Show House. In a back room of this building, says legend, Riley Grannan, internationally famous gambler, was "laid out" prior to his history-making funeral sermon preached by an unfrocked sky-pilot, Herman W. Knickerbocker, in April, 1908.





Souvenirs of the great Rawhide Fire of Sept. 4, 1908. Nine square blocks in the heart of the business district were destroyed in only two hours time.

mining claims recorder where a junior clerk still worked over his books. As the only public official available at that hour, Bess demanded that he pronounce the marriage ceremony.

"Me? *Marry you?*" Good heavens! cried the bespectacled little pencil pusher. "I have no authority to perform a *marriage* ceremony!"

"Authority, hell!" boomed Bess, whipping a six-shooter from her handbag. "What better authority do you want than this?"

With the yawning muzzle of the gun never straying far from his belly, the jittery clerk filled out a mining location notice—altering the particulars to embrace human elements rather than geographic—affixed to the document his official hand and notary's seal, and pronounced the beaming couple man and wife.

With the location notice clutched in her fist, and her snub-nosed Colt neatly reholstered in her handbag, Gold Tooth Bess and her gallant cavalier took off happily into the night.

FOR a camp so thoroughly geared to sensual pleasure, there is something ironic in the circumstances that the most imperishable of Rawhide legends should concern the death of a gambler, and a funeral sermon preached by an unfrocked minister.

When Riley Grannan clattered into Rawhide in a horse-drawn stage, he was already known as one of the greatest plungers the world had ever produced. Among his more notable accomplishments was that of having laid what was then known as the largest wager in track history—$275,000 on the outcome of a single horse race. Whether Riley was betting on a war in Europe, or the number of beans in a bag, the sky was always the limit. In short, Riley Grannan was a man after Rawhide's own heart.

Paying $40,000 for a building lot on the camp's principal corner—a lot any squatter might have had for the taking only a few months before—Riley began making plans to erect there the queen of all pleasure palaces. Pending consummation of those plans, he was dealing farobank in Tex Rickard's Northern when stricken by pneumonia in April, 1908. A prominent Reno physician was rushed to the isolated camp at a cost of $500, but his arrival there found Riley already dead.

As befitted a man of his estate, the internationally-known gambler was "laid out" in a satin-lined $2,000 casket; and, as befitted the frontier camp of Rawhide, that two-grand casket with the silver handles was mounted on a pair of rough pine sawhorses set in the back room of the Variety Show House—a gambling hall and saloon on Nevada Street, near the entrance to Stingaree Gulch.

It was only natural that Riley's Nevada friends should wish to give him a handsome sendoff, with a fine sermon and all the assorted props—floral, vocal, and instrumental. But there were difficulties in the accomplishment of that ambition.

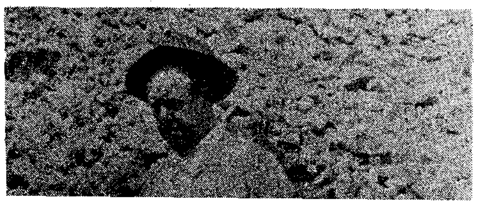
Any minister capable of preaching a sermon thought worthy of the departed might very logically take a dim view of this wayward son who had looked too seldom on the altar cloth and too often on the black-and-red pasteboards, the tote boards, and the galloping dominoes.

In her determination to do the right thing by Good Ol' Riley, Rawhide grasped at the only straw that appeared available. Leading citizens of the camp enlisted the aid of Herman W. Knickerbocker.

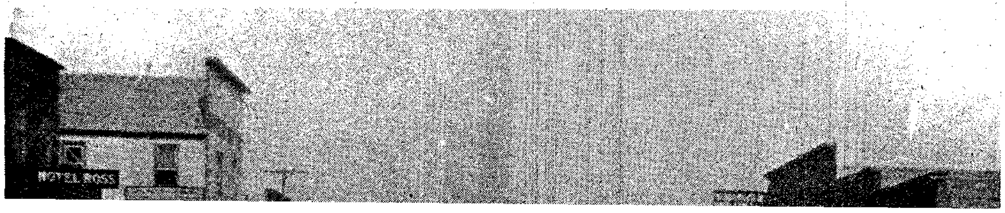
Knickerbocker was something of an enigma. According to barroom gossip, he formerly had been pastor of a large Methodist congregation in Los Angeles,

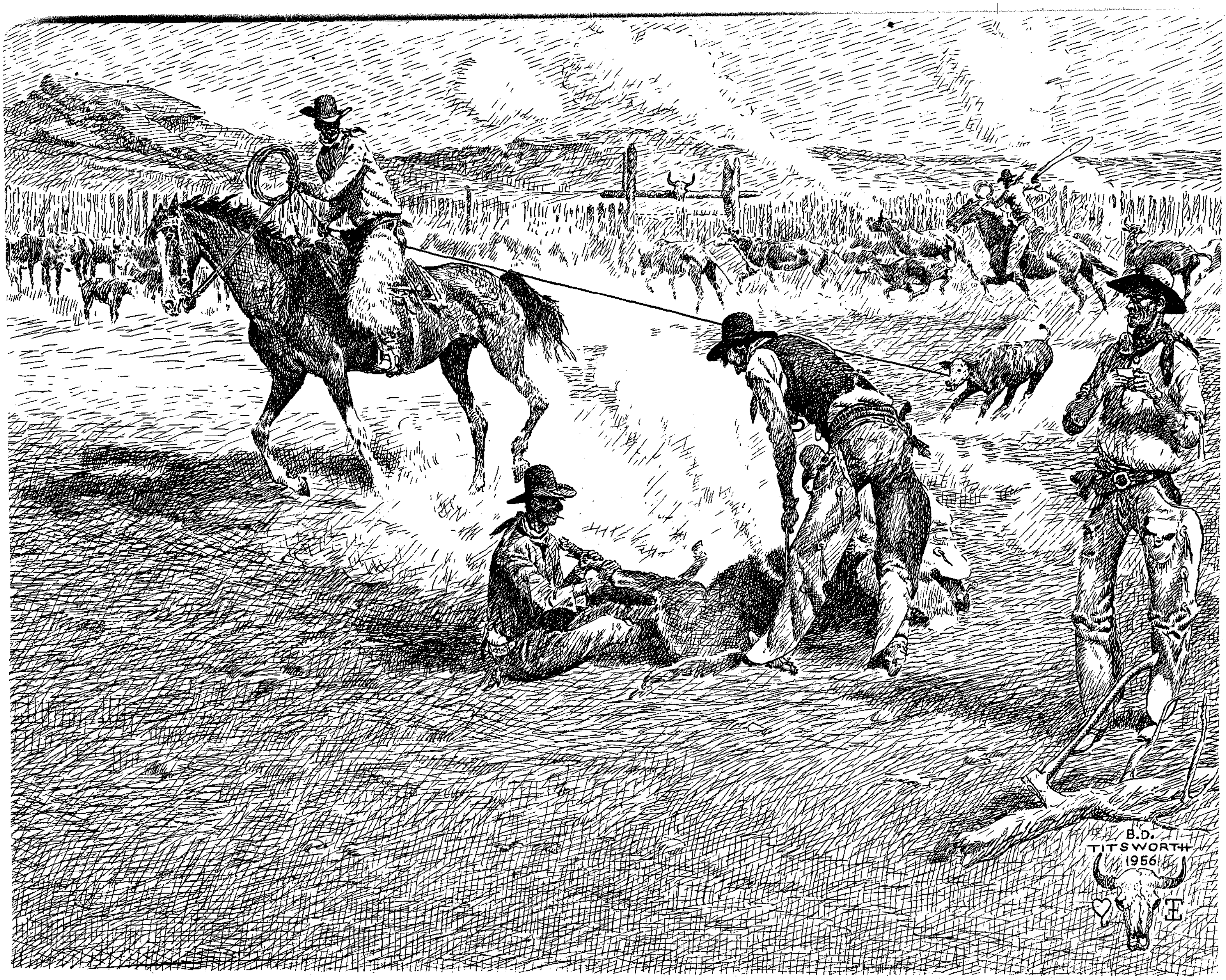
(Continued on page 51)

Nathaniel (Nat) C. Goodwin, famous Broadway star, shown during his mining days at Rawhide in 1907-1908.



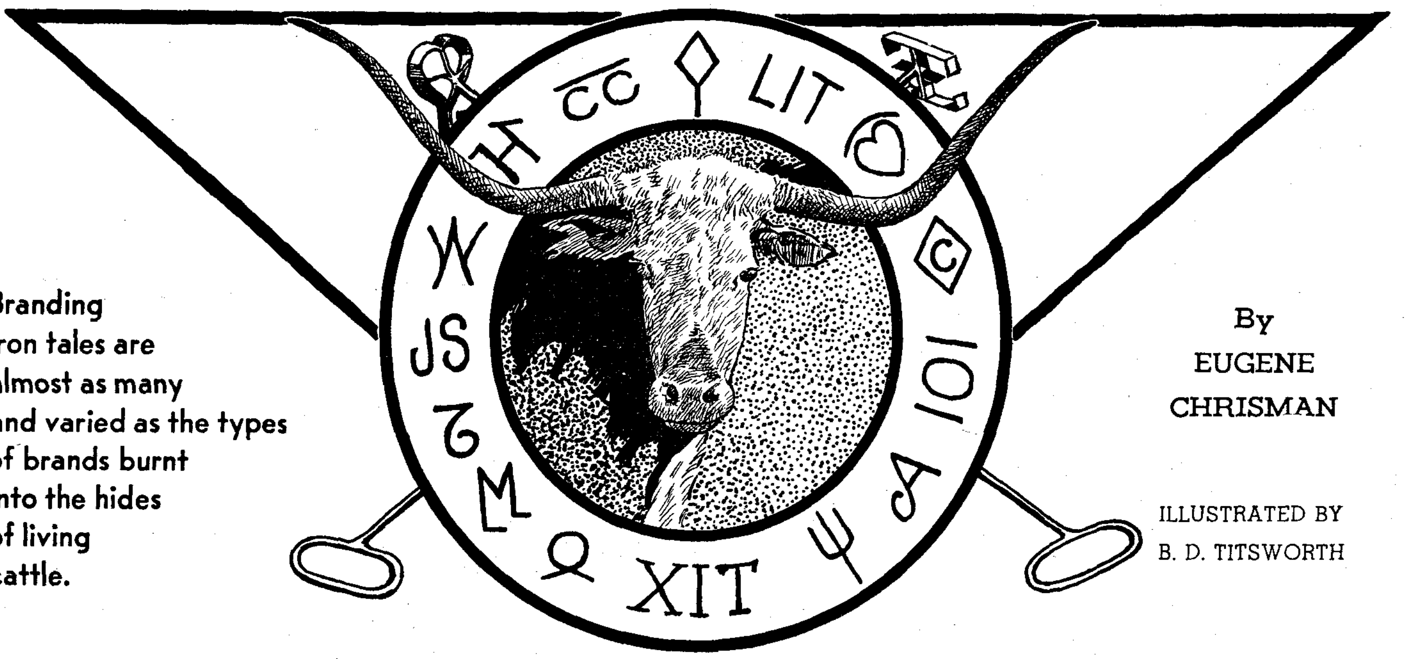
Looking north on Nevada Street, Rawhide, Nevada, 1908. Fire that destroyed the town on Sept. 4, 1908, started in back room of the Rawhide Drug Co., (extreme left) and quickly spread to the roof of Ross Hotel, adjacent.





Action, dust, and the smell of burning hair marks branding operations. It's a lot of hard work and long hours. Two flankers (rustlers, as they were called) were required to take the calf off the rope. The brander was called "the iron man." Another cowboy tended the iron fire.

TALES OF THE BRANDING IRON



Branding iron tales are almost as many and varied as the types of brands burnt into the hides of living cattle.

By
EUGENE
CHRISMAN

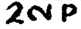
ILLUSTRATED BY
B. D. TITSWORTH

THERE are thousands of tales of the branding iron. Some are of romance, some of good luck and bad, of hardships and danger, of gunplay, bloodshed and sudden death. All have the salty and earthy flavor of the West about them.

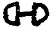
There is the tale of Jess Hitson, the Colorado cowboy who vanished mysteriously one day in 1868. This is also the tale of what was probably the most unusual brand ever burned on the hide of a cow brute. In 1870-71, cowboys riding the range in Colorado began to catch brief glimpses of a half-wild steer. On its gaunt side this brand had been burned:

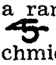
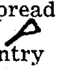
7-4-68
Hot as Hell
J. H.

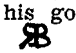
Not until 1874 was the mystery of the brand and of Jess Hitson's disappearance solved. An Indian murdered a white man in Pueblo and was sentenced to be hanged. Before he went to the scaffold, he confessed that he and two other Indians, all drunk, had come upon Jess Hitson about to brand a steer. They needed money for more whiskey, so they killed the cowboy and sold his horse to a wandering band of Utes. They buried his saddle, saddle blanket and bridle in a deep gully, covering it with earth and large stones. It was surmised that Hitson had burned the strange brand on the steer when he saw that the jig was up.

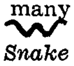
Western humor is often salty but seldom subtle. Range men are not usually addicted to obscenity or vulgarity, but they do like tales with a bit of spice in them, as this one will prove. A man moved into Arizona and settled on a remote piece of land. Soon he became known as the laziest man in the state, but his herd kept increasing, possibly because he was throwing too wide a loop or rustling. But there was no proof, so the other ranchers tolerated him. One day he asked a neighboring rancher to suggest an appropriate brand for him. The rancher smiled and drew this design in the dust with a stick,  You won't have much trouble reading it or detecting the humor in it if you'll just remember that in brand language any numeral or letter lying on its side is "lazy."

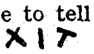
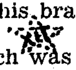
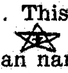
The cleverness and perfidity of a pretty girl was responsible for the following tale. A man named Plunkett came to West Texas and bought a ranch, bringing his very pretty daughter, Lillybelle, with him. Pretty girls were as scarce as hen's teeth in West Texas then, so soon every cowboy in seven counties was courting Lillybelle. The competition got so hot that one waddy decided to get the jump on the others. He began branding some of the mavericks he roped with the letters, *LIL*, an abbreviation of the girl's first name. The others caught on and started doing the same thing. Lillybelle soon had a sizable herd started. But, instead of marrying any of the cowboys, she sent East for the man who had been waiting to marry her all the time. They got their start in ranching at the expense of a lot of lovesick cowpokes.

THEN there was the man who was traveling through New Mexico in search of a ranch site. One night a hungry stray dog crept into his camp. He fed the dog. When he woke up next morning, he found that he was camped on an ideal ranch site. His brand became the *Damned Hungry Dog*, 

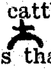
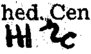
Another man, looking for a place to start a ranch, lost everything but his two Colt .45's in a poker game. On the money he borrowed on these he started a ranch and prospered. His brand is the *Four-Five Connected*,  . A Douglas, Arizona, veterinarian named Dr. F. F. Schmidt worked around the pens where Mexican cattle going into the United States were dipped and vaccinated. He started buying up animals who had broken their legs in the confusion of the pens, setting the bones, and turning them out on his ranch. Soon he had a sizable spread, and his brand, appropriately enough, was the *Crutch*  brand.

Cow country history tells of but one woman who was branded and she not with a branding iron but with a gold concho. "Bully Bob" Bascom was a Nevada rancher and big-time gambler who liked show and ostentation so much that he had his gold conchos made into replicas of his *RB Connected*  brand. Suzette, a Reno prostitute, took a fancy to Bascom and went to live with him. All went well until a man whom Suzette liked better than Bob came along. When Bascom learned what was happening, he ran the man out of town at the end of his six-gun and returned to the house. There he took a gold concho from his bridle, heated it in the stove, and branded Suzette on the cheek. They were married the next day, and Suzette never looked at another man.

The King Ranch in South Texas is today the largest and most famous ranch in the world. It covers an area larger than many European countries, and the combined value of the 130,000 head of cattle and horses there would be a greater fortune than is contained in the treasuries of many countries. The King cattle and horses wear this brand  , which is called the *Running W* by some and the *Little Snake* by others.

In the old days the Capitol Syndicate was known as the "Ten in Texas" ranch because it spread over ten vast Texas counties, some of them larger than our New England states. It was founded by salty, profane old BarBQ Collins who once paid five thousand dollars to a rustler who had been imprisoned for rustling XIT cattle to tell him how he had successfully altered this brand  . This is how he did it.  

The CK ranch was founded by a man named Conrad Kohrs near Deer Lodge, Montana, in 1862. At one time it shipped more cattle to the famous Union Stock Yards in Chicago than any other ranch in the Northwest, but in the great blizzards of 1886-87 it lost 52,000 head of steers. The loss was so great that the CK gradually declined in size and importance till it vanished.

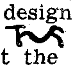
California had many great ranchos and among them was the Santa Margarita near the San Luis Rey Mission, and the El Tejon near Bakersfield. The Santa Margarita cattle wore this brand: ; those of the El Tejon this one  . The cattle on both of these ranches were so numerous that it was impossible to make a full count of them. Then, coming later, was the Miller-Lux ranch, whose holdings were once so vast that a trail herd could start in Washington state and never graze except off Miller-Lux grass until it reached Central California. Their brand was the *H and S Wrench* 

MOST famous of the later-day ranches was the Miller Brothers 101 near Blackwell, Oklahoma. It was not as large as some of the earlier ranches, covering only 2,000,000 acres, but its fame was spread all over the world by the Miller Brothers Wild West Show.

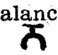
The largest ranch ever to exist on the North American continent was owned not by an American but by a Mexican named Don Luis Terraza. The Don's ranch spread over 6,000,000 acres and at one time 400,000 head of cattle were counted in a round-up, although it was known that the count was short. Five great *haciendas* were built on it and thousands of *peons* and *vaqueros* and their numerous offspring lived and worked on it.

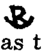
The Don had a sense of humor. Once, while he was visiting El Paso, an American stock buyer new to the Southwest asked him, "*Senor*, could you deliver to me 4,000 head of prime steers within 24 hours?"

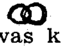
"Four thousand?" The old Don smiled. "Yes, I believe I could, if you'd let me know what color you want them."

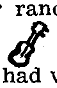
As long as Porfirio Diaz ruled in Mexico, the Terrazas ranch prospered but when he was deposed it was confiscated. Don Terraza died in the United States in 1923. Cowboys always insisted that the brand could be called the *THS*, but Don Terraza stated that he had designed it only because it pleased his eye. It looked like this: 

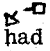
There is a suspicion that the famous "Hashknife" brand, immortalized by W. C. Tuttle with his stories of "Hashknife" Hartley, originated in the following manner. The man who owned the land that was later to become the "Hashknife" ranch was a huge and domineering individual who frequently terrorized his small, frail wife by making threats of violence and mayhem on her person.

For years, his wife endured these threats silently. Then, like the proverbial worm, she turned on her spouse and with a hashknife tried to make hash of him. He subdued her easily. Later his latent and long-absent sense of humor overbalanced his anger and astonishment and he made the hashknife  his brand.

The Rocking R brand  came into being when the owner of an Oklahoma ranch was thrown from a horse and so injured that he was forced thereafter to direct the activities of his ranch from a rocking chair.

The Double O brand  was devised by a heartbroken husband, whose wife was killed by Indians soon after they had settled on their ranch. The brand symbolizes their two wedding rings.

The Guitar brand  was established by a young New Mexico rancher who had wooed and won his beautiful Mexican wife by serenading her with that instrument.

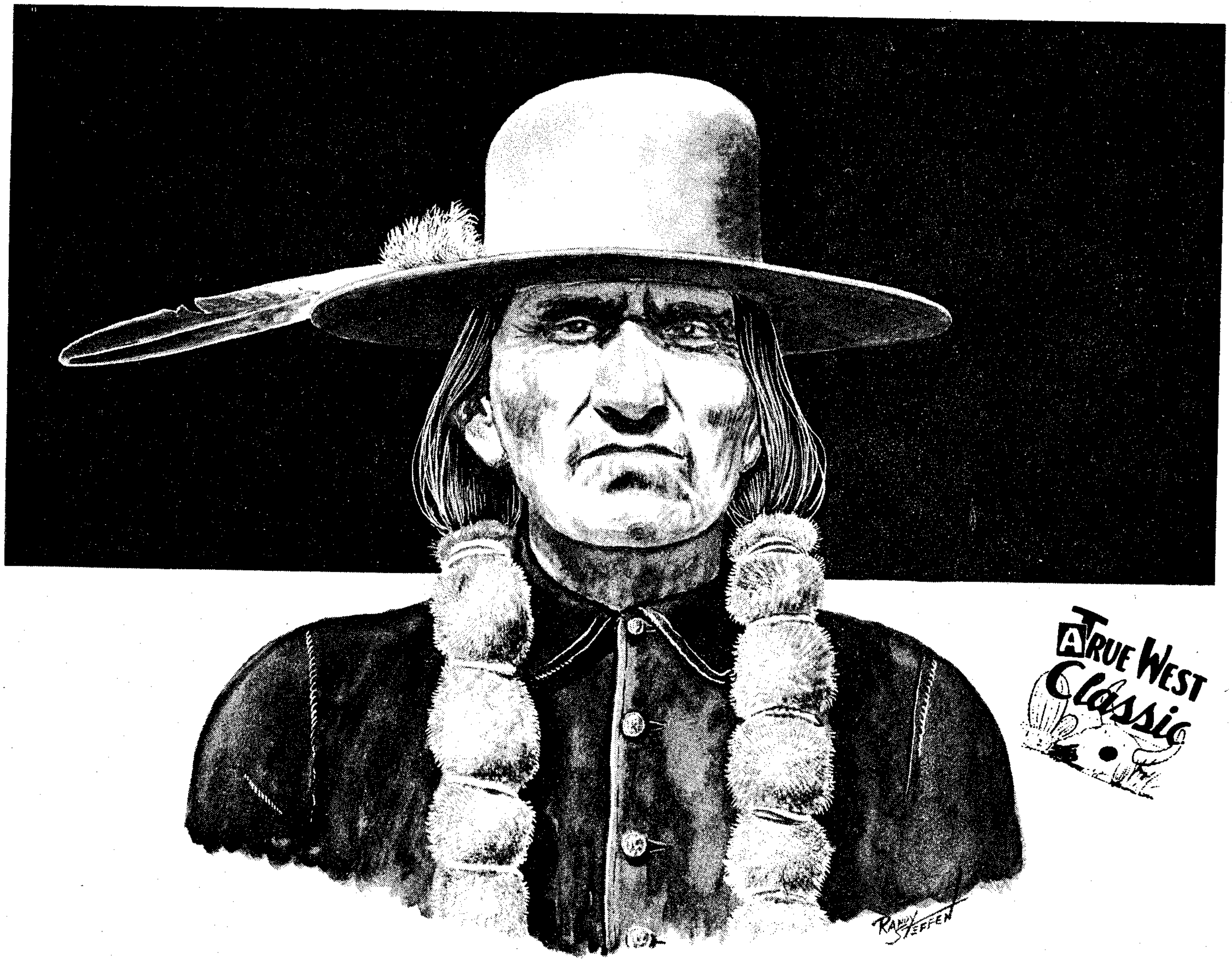
The Broken Arrow brand  was used by a Colorado rancher whose wagon train had been attacked by Indians. During the fight an arrow struck the butt of his rifle and broke, thus saving his life.

The famous Texas brand, the Barbecue, , was used because of the owner's inordinate fondness for meat cooked in that fashion.

The Bar V M brand was devised and used by a Wyoming rancher as a memorial to the sweetheart of his youth who had died before they could be married. His name was Marvin and hers Virginia.

This is the last of our tales of the branding iron. One night

(*Continued on page 58*)



A TRUE WEST Classic

The HONOR of OLD THUNDER

The watched stars had fallen. Manitou had decided. And the broken heart of the old Indian policeman lay upon the ground.

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

LIKE the uneasy moanings of a restless spirit, the North wind swept down the long draw that led from the burial ground of the Assiniboines. Bits of faded cloth, the Indian ghost flags, tied here and there to the bare limbs of the buck-brush, to ward off evil spirits from the dead, fluttered uneasily in the wind, as if stirred by the passing of unseen hurrying things.

High above, on the barren, wind-swept knoll, tall poles supported rude platforms which held the blanket-wrapped bones of the dead. The poles stretched upward like long, ill-shapen, fleshless arms that strove to hold the lifeless bodies from the reach of a lean-flanked wolf that prowled restlessly about.

Slowly, silently, their blankets pulled protectingly across their frost-blackened faces, rode Takes the Shield and his son, Spirit Boy. Into the teeth of the bitter wind that caused their mounts to travel with heads lowered till their frost-whitened muzzles touched the crust of the frozen drifts, the two Indians urged their mounts up the draw that led to the burial ground.

Takes the Shield, his pony wearily breaking trail through the heavy drifts, rode in the lead. He rode bareback, his long-barreled rifle in its heavily-beaded scabbard lying across his pony's withers. A wide belt, decorated with brightly colored porcupine quills, encircled his middle, holding together the folds of the Hudson Bay blanket that covered him. To the belt was fastened a large knife scabbard from which protruded the black hilt of his skinning knife. On his feet he wore neatly-fitting moccasins.

Behind his father rode Spirit Boy. Now and then a fierce gust of wind whipped aside the blanket of the younger Indian, revealing a ghastly wound midway between knee and hip, the blood from which had congealed and frozen in a crimson blotch on his white buckskin leggings.

The dark face of Spirit Boy, half hidden behind the folds of his blanket, was drawn with pain, but he made no sound. Never did his half-closed eyes waver from the white blanket of his father who rode before him.

The older man, with only his eyes visible above the edge of his closely drawn blanket, looked neither to right nor left, nor backwards toward his wounded son. His gaze was fixed on one spot. A grave at the crest of the wind-swept knoll.

AS the two Indians reached the top, the knife-like wind caused their ponies to whirl suddenly, turning their rumps to the wind's unbearable, stinging force.

Takes the Shield slipped stiffly to the ground. In silence he made his way through the blinding swirl of dry snow to the grave that had held his gaze throughout the torturous ride up the draw. For a time his numbed fingers fumbled at something inside his belt. The blanket fell unheeded from his shoulders, and the wind wrapped it about his legs. The gale was now tearing at the buttons of his buckskin shirt and whipping his long braids of coarse hair, but he paid no heed. High above his head, tightly clutched in his lean hands, he held that which he had taken from his belt. It was a scalp, to the short, light-colored hair of which still clung drops of fresh, frozen blood. The scalp of a white man.

Thus stood Takes the Shield, speaking in a high pitched, chanting voice to the blanket-covered corpse on the platform above him.

"Little daughter," he spoke, "who many moons ago departed from the tepee of your father. For many sleeps the heart of your old father has been as heavy as the rocks beneath the snow. But today the Manitou has made his medicine strong. Today he gave Takes the Shield the eye of the eagle and the ears of the fox. He saw the white man who has brought sorrow and death to his daughter. He heard him boast of the love of the daughter of Takes the Shield, who killed herself rather than bear his child.

"Then into the arm of Takes the Shield, the Manitou put the strength of the bear that he might strike. Long did I and your brother, Spirit Boy, torture this man of the pale face and heart of the little bird. Till he told what my daughter would not tell.

"No longer is the heart of Takes the Shield on the ground, for he has brought you the scalp of the white man to take with you into the Land of the Spirits."

Takes the Shield mounted, and once more his pony broke trail through the crusted snow. The Indians now rode westward, towards the pine-dotted hills of the Little Rockies.

A gray, furtive shadow slipped among the graves of the Assiniboines, and the long drawn howl of a wolf lost itself in the rush of the wind.

THE ante-room adjoining the office of the Indian Agent held but one article of furniture—a long pine bench, worn smooth by the friction of countless overall and buckskin-clad limbs. In this room the Indians awaiting an audience with the Wach-pachta, or Agent, were wont to sit and smoke, until the representative of the Great White Father at Washington was ready to receive them.

The first shadow of a November twilight was darkening the lead-colored sky. The bench held but one occupant—Old Thunder, Indian Policeman. Carefully the old Indian held the wet sole of a moccasined foot close to the whitened, unpolished barrel of a huge sheet iron stove in the center of the room. The faint odor of steaming buckskin mingled with the pungent fumes of *kinni-kinnik* that came from the policeman's long stemmed pipe.

The threadbare coat tightly buttoned across the broad chest of the old Indian was carefully brushed. Here and there the weakened seams had been reinforced by stout stitches, the expert handiwork of his squaw. The brass buttons down the front were painstakingly polished.

A look of pride lightened the face of Old Thunder as his dark eyes rested lovingly on the row of brass buttons. Quite just, that pride might well be, for the record of Old Thunder was as untarnished as the row of bright buttons, as spotless as was the threadbare coat.

From the smoke grimed lodges of the Agency Indians, to the scattered wickiups that lay hidden among the scrub-pines of the Little Rockies at the far end of the Fort Belknap Reservation, the name of Old Thunder was honored and respected. In the medicine lodges and by council fires the honor and bravery of the old policeman was spoken of with pride. Toothless old squaws, stringing their beads in the firelight, babbled much of the brave deeds of Old Thunder who had discarded his eagle feathers to don the blue coat of the white man's law.

For time was when Old Thunder, Indian Policeman, had been Old Thunder, Assiniboine Chief and Warrior, and had fearlessly led his painted, yelling braves against the hard shooting soldiers of the government he now served.

THE outer door swung open abruptly, admitting a cold blast of air and the squat figure of a man, swarthy of feature, clad in a moth-eaten coonskin coat and black angora chaps.

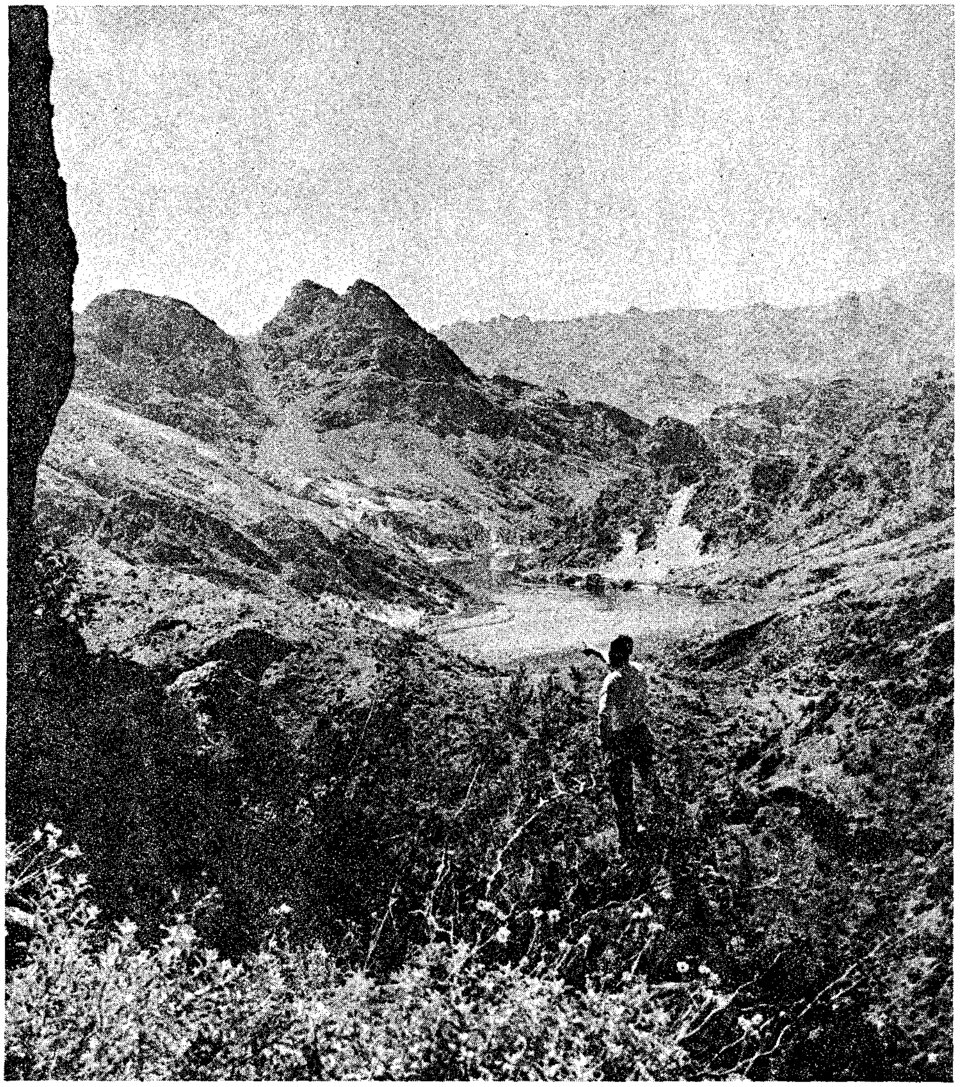
"How!" He greeted the policeman, as he tugged with numbed fingers at strings fastening the taps of his muskrat cap. "Where is the Agent?" he asked in Assiniboine.

There was little love in the heart of the old Indian for half breeds in general, and for Joe La Plunt, the clerk of the sub-agency store at Lodge Pole, Old Thunder's dislike was akin to hatred. In the old policeman's book of memories was recorded a page not easily forgotten.

The clerk whose position La Plunt had taken, following the former's transfer, had been a white man, white of hair and kindly of heart. This white man, in his dealings with all the old Indians, was generous, his kindness ofttimes savoring of charity. He had always kept a caddy of tobacco on the long counter, from which Old Thunder and other old men had been in the habit of helping themselves. Not so, Joe La Plunt. He called the old Indians beggars and saw to it they paid for what they got.

(Continued on page 58)

Into the teeth of a bitter wind they rode up the trail that led to the burial ground.



View down the Colorado River from Queho's cave.

Thirty persons murdered in a chain of ruthless killings that extended over a period of nearly forty years—that was the bloody record of the

MAD KILLERS of El Dorado Canyon

By N. H. LOUNSBERRY

Photos By William Belknap, Jr.

WEDGED between Arizona and California, at the Colorado River, is a wild, arid land, burned and tortured in the Plutonic fires of past ages, and beaten upon by a brassy summer sun. Cutting diagonally across this southern tip of Nevada are the McCullough and El Dorado ranges of barren, desert mountains; and slithering down the parched east flank of the El Dorados, to its burial place beneath the now-impounded waters of the sullen river, is El Dorado Canyon.

El Dorado, today, is a place of sun and sky, and sand and silence, and far, empty distance—a place pockmarked by abandoned mines and mills and empty cabins, and nameless graves. Probably, too, it is a place of ghosts; for here, in a day long gone, men lived large and lavishly, and died violently.

Named for the fabled "land of gold" once supposed to lie between the Orinoco and Amazon rivers in South America, Nevada's El Dorado, too, was a land of gold.

From the Techatticup mine, believed to have been worked as early as 1775 by Spaniards, and subsequently rediscovered in 1857 by American soldiers stationed at Fort Mohave, has been taken nearly $2,000,000 in gold and silver. Other hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of precious metal have poured forth from the Queen City mine (originally owned by Senator George Hearst, California and Black Hills mining tycoon), the Gettysburg, the Golden Empire, and others.

As the major mines of El Dorado Canyon saw their greatest activity before the southern end of Lincoln County was amputated to form Clark County, El Dorado, in its heyday, might have claimed some sort of record for remoteness. Measuring in a straight line, over rock-capped mountains and across deep canyons and through dry lake beds, the camp was situated some 160 miles from its successive county seats—Hiko, 1867-71, and Pioche, 1871-1909—with either point more than two hundred miles removed, by wagon road.

In view of the fact that this entire distance was virtually without water and was infested by hostile Indians and a summer sun that sent temperatures zooming to 135 degrees and more, early sheriffs' officers scarcely may be blamed if they didn't beat their brains out in an effort to bring the niceties of law and order to the remote hellhole on the river.

This fact, coupled with the added attraction of gold, had the effect of attracting to El Dorado and its neighboring town of Nelson, a rough, tough element of known killers, triggermen, horsethieves, and highwaymen; and for thirty years the canyon was ravaged regularly by crimes of lust, violence and greed.

By the middle 1880's, however, El Dorado's pioneer residents were hailing the beginning of what appeared to be a "new era." The worst of the thugs and gunmen had effectually eliminated one another, or had moved on to more lucrative pickings, and the canyon at last seemed to be "settling down."

But this period of reformation proved to be only the well known calm before the storm!

Instead of "settling down," El Dorado was only getting nicely started; and all the killings that had ravaged the canyon settlement throughout its formative period were to be remembered as only a

Satan's sample compared to another cycle of sudden death which had its inception in the canyon about sixty-five years ago.

All vaguely connected, these later murders eventually drew into their lethal web Indians as well as whites; women and children as well as men. Identity of all the victims, or their total number, is not known nor will ever be known; but it is estimated that this one, interconnected series of slayings brought violent death to not less than thirty persons.

And for that score-and-a-half of killings—most of them wholly unprovoked—*not one murderer was ever arrested or brought to trial in a court of law!*

IT all began on a torrid day in the summer of 1890. Peace and quiet lay over the desert like a woolly fleece. The days of road agents and highwaymen were largely past, and Nevada's Piute Indians had grown fat and lazy since laying off their war bonnets and exchanging their pride and normally empty bellies for a new way of life characterized by peace and plentiful handouts.

But apparently one young buck from the Piute camp, near El Dorado Canyon, did not agree with this new economic theory of peace and plenty. Or perhaps he merely was bored and wanted some excitement.

In either case, this particular young Piute touched off an extended and unforeseeable chain of events on that hot summer afternoon, in 1890, when he ambushed and killed a carrier of the United States mails. The assault took place on the lonely desert road between Kingman, Arizona, and St. Thomas, Nevada, a town since drowned beneath the waters of Hoover Dam.

Leisurely rifling the mail sacks, the young Indian highwayman helped himself to what newspapers of that day termed "a large sum of money," and added to his loot the mail rider's pistol and cartridge belt.

Thus fortified with negotiables, the robber mounted his pony and galloped lazily back to El Dorado, where he assertedly showed no better judgment than to swagger into one of the town's several gambling halls and start bucking the tiger with this "large sum of money," for which he could not account satisfactorily.

News traveled slowly in Nevada's southern tip in 1890; and by the time subsequent travelers on the St. Thomas-Kingman road had discovered the body of the dead mail rider in the midst of his slashed and rifled mail sacks, and word of that discovery had seeped out across the desert to El Dorado, the young Indian had lost most of his roll over the gambling tables and had taken a quick powder out of town.

It didn't especially matter, however, that he was not present to be questioned, for El Dorado didn't need any Sherlock Holmes to solve the Case of the Slain Mail Rider.

So far as El Dorado was concerned, the gambling Piute was It.

WHEN a local Indian was involved in any sort of crime at El Dorado, it was the custom for a committee of citizens to notify the chief of the local camp that unless a certain sinner was captured and punished by his own people in a manner compatible with his crime and wholly satisfactory to the aggrieved parties, said aggrieved parties would take extreme pleasure in blasting off the face of the desert the entire Indian camp and all its inhabitants.

It was a simple technique but effective, and thoroughly desirable in that it entailed less personal risk, and eliminated days of grueling travel over some of the roughest, driest, and hottest country the Lord ever made.

In accordance with this custom, a committee from El Dorado appeared at the Indian camp on the river and demanded that the killer of the Kingman mail carrier be put to death by members of his own race.

This eye-for-an-eye brand of justice seemed reasonable enough to the old chief—particularly so, in view of the committee's ultimatum—and he agreed that one of his braves would track the murderer down and fulfill the duties of executioner.

This unpleasant assignment, by tribal custom and decree, fell to the murderer's brother—a young, well-thought-of Indian, named Ahvote.

Moving across the desert as silently as the smoke of a dying campfire, Ahvote disappeared in the rough canyons bordering the Colorado.

Three days later he reappeared in El Dorado.

With him he brought one big toe and one ear, both of which grisly mementos were of coppery hue, and smeared and caked with dried blood.

Ahvote said he had severed the ear and toe from the body of his brother, after having slain the latter in accordance with the demand of El Dorado's punitive committee and his tribal chief.

But the committee was not satisfied with this proof. A severed big toe and ear, it was pointed out, might belong to anyone—even to a live man. Only after it had viewed the body, *en toto,* would the committee feel certain that the mail carrier's killer had been liquidated, the ends of justice served.

The old chief, for a time, refused the committee's demand to see the body; but once that group's persuasiveness convinced him that the chips were down, he agreed that a few mutually acceptable delegates would be permitted to accompany Ahvote to the lonely, desolate site where he had committed fratricide and severed from the body one big toe and one ear.

When the El Dorado delegates saw the mutilated corpse, and upon searching it found the mail carrier's pistol and cartridge belt, and $40 in cash presumably taken in the robbery, they had no alternative but to grudgingly admit their satisfaction.

RETURNING to El Dorado Canyon, and their individual endeavors, they soon forgot the incident of the slain mail carrier, and the second slaying to avenge the first.

(Continued next page)

Queho's skeleton after it was removed from the cave.

But Ahvote, the unwilling executioner, did not forget.

Formerly a good-natured, easygoing young Indian, well-liked in El Dorado and its neighboring fleshpot of Nelson, Ahvote grew subject to sullen, brooding spells, and dark moods.

Folks in Nelson and El Dorado said he had become "a queer one."

A psychiatrist might have said he was remembering his brother and the executioner's role he had been forced to play.

Seven years went by; and, one day in 1897, Ahvote's squaw departed his bed and board.

Now, of course it is quite possible that the squaw simply was fed up with Ahvote's dark moods and general churlishness.

On the other hand, there seems an equally good possibility that Ahvote was right when he blamed her infidelity on a Nelson teamster.

The longer Ahvote thought about the matter, the more firewater he drank; and the more firewater he drank, the more blackness and hate boiled up in his soul.

And, at last, on May 12, 1897, that blackness boiled over.

Ahvote ran amok.

The Indian's choice of victims seemed to follow no established pattern.

His first victim was old Judge Morton, who was sitting at his table eating, when Ahvote's bullet crashed into his brain.

Two teamsters, coming down the grade from Nelson on a wagonload of ore, were next to meet the mad killer and pay with their lives.

Charles Nelson, founder of the camp that bore his name, was standing in the portal of his Copper Canyon mine when Ahvote's black fury cut him down without warning; and Charlie Monahan was asleep in bed. He never awakened.

Leaving five men dead and dying behind him, Ahvote fled into the wild ranges bordering the Colorado River—even as his brother had done, seven years before. And since no white man chose to follow him into those forbidding precincts, the convenience of custom again was invoked, and the matter of punishment again was laid before the tribal chief:

Find Ahvote—or else!

That a blood relative of the slayer was given this assignment is generally agreed, but there is difference of opinion whether that executioner was "Indian Pete," an uncle, or Steve Ahvote, a younger brother of the killer.

In either case, the designated triggerman disappeared into the canyon country, and several days later returned to Nelson bearing what seemed to be proof that blood had paid for blood.

The proof, in this instance, was Ahvote's severed hand—a member readily recognized due to a peculiar deformity.

Ahvote, said the executioner, was dead. He had tracked him down, he declared, and killed him, and buried him in the river. And when Ahvote never returned to El Dorado Canyon, nor was reported seen anywhere else, even the suspicions of the skeptical eventually were lulled to rest.

But even though dead in the flesh, Ahvote, in spirit, was still very much alive; for Ahvote, in dying, unconsciously had flung the torch of his hatred to a young half-breed, known as Queho.

QUEHO, a solemn, moody, good-looking lad of seventeen years, had been personal witness to the hour of terrorism perpetrated by Ahvote in El Dorado and Copper Canyons on that bloody day of May 12, 1897.

Possibly Queho had found vicarious satisfaction in watching the grisly manner in which Ahvote sought a solution to his emotional problems, for young Queho, too, was troubled by emotional problems.

And thirteen years later Queho, too, ran amok!

Queho, in running amok, effected a great improvement on Ahvote's technique, and lived considerably longer as a result.

Half insane with fury and hatred, Ahvote had charged through the canyon like a rabid wolf, slaying every man encountered on that mad flight.

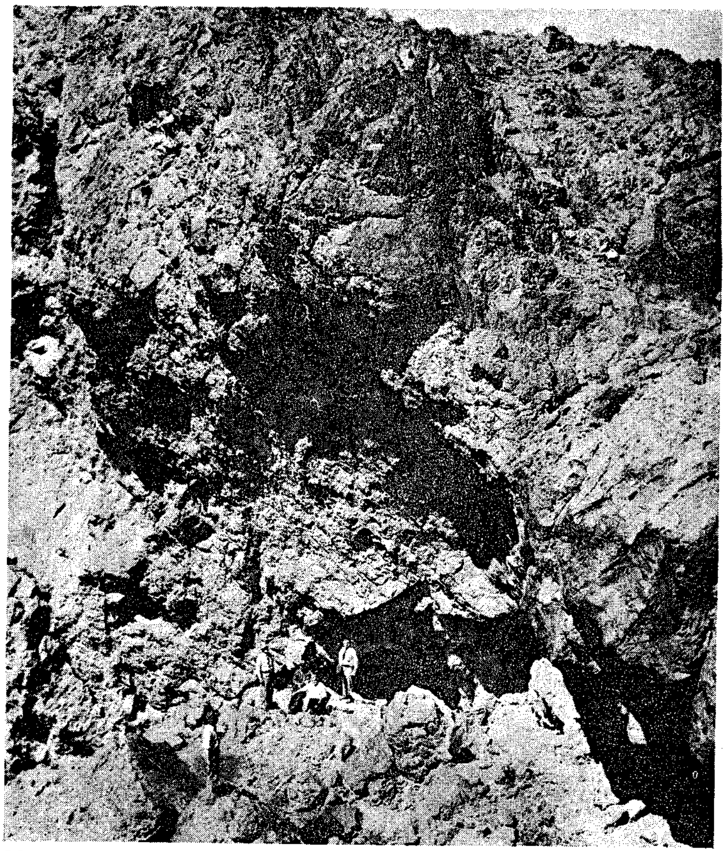
Queho, on the other hand, prowled through the canyons, stealthily and wraithlike. Using a high-powered rifle or, occasionally, a knife, he picked off his victims at will and at random—prospectors, sheepherders, chance travelers, housewives, children, Indians, whites—all within a radius of one hundred miles. Having struck without warning and slain without cause, Queho would melt back into the canyon shadows, ready to strike and kill again, as fancy dictated.

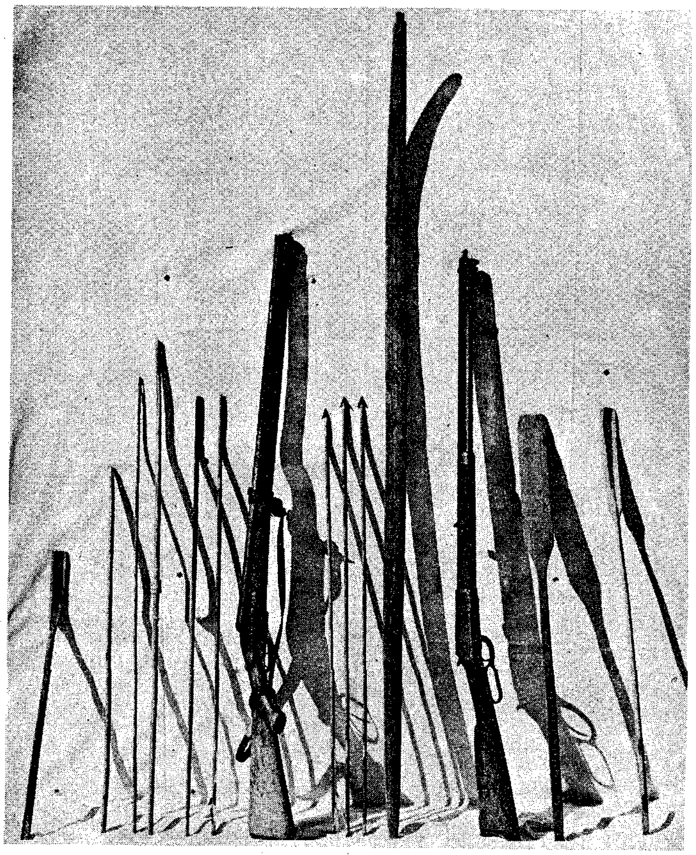
That Queho's method of operation was decidedly more effective than the mad-dog technique employed earlier by Ahvote is indicated by the fact that Ahvote's paltry quintet of killings pales to insignificance beside the ultimate roster of Queho's alleged victims— some sources having credited him with as many as twenty-three slayings, an even greater number than are attributed to that arch-slayer, Billy the Kid!

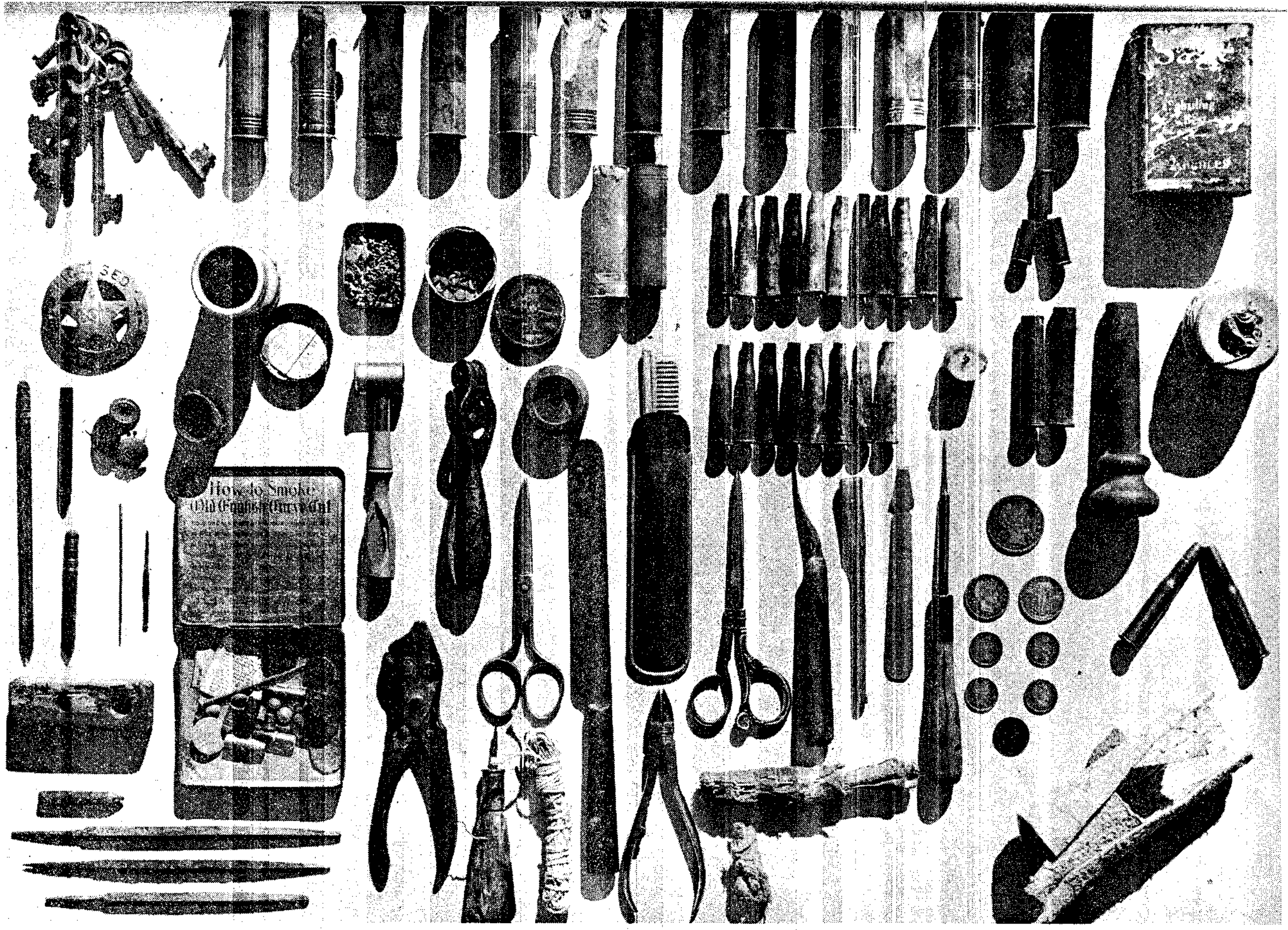
Other sources claim that not all these twenty-three known victims of violence met their death at Queho's hands—that Queho was not responsible for more than a dozen killings. But a dozen victims, or twenty-three victims, the fact remains that Queho still wasn't the sort of lad one might hope to encounter on a dark and lonely trail. . . .

SOCIAL workers today would likely contend that Queho's entire bloody career was due to frustration in his childhood; and from where I sit, that seems to be as good an explanation as any.

Left: Sheriff M. E. Ward and posse at the entrance to Queho's cave. Right: Weapons and primitive tools from Queho's cave.







Collection of small objects found with Queho in the cave.

Assertedly the "catch colt" son of a Cocopah Indian girl and a soldier at Fort Mohave, Queho was doomed from the hour of his birth—the old men of the tribe having ordered that he be killed as soon as they had learned that blood of the despised palefaces coursed in his veins.

Minutes before the death sentence was to be executed, the girl-mother is supposed to have fled with her child into Pyramid Canyon, thence traveling laboriously northward. As the Colorado's original course through this region lay at the bottom of a gorge too steep and rough to enable frequent access to its water, the Cocopah girl was forced to make her way through the desert with virtually no food, and only such liquid sustenance as she might press from the sticky pulp of the barrel cactus.

With her newborn baby tugging hungrily at her breasts, the girl eked out a precarious existence until reaching the hot, barren El Dorado range, where a Piute hunting party came upon the dying pair.

As women don't have an especially high trade-in value among the Piutes, the exhausted girl was callously abandoned to her death. Her baby son, however, was adopted into the Piute tribe and nursed back to health.

Queho grew into a solemn, silent child. Of greater intelligence than the Piute boys of his own age, he was generally excluded from their games and feats of skill, and with approaching manhood became constantly more taciturn and morose. He worked around the mining camps of Searchlight, Nelson, and El Dorado, and sometimes wandered as far north as the new railroad town of Las Vegas.

First victim of the Cocopah half-breed, according to some accounts, was a Piute brave. Others contend that the first blood spilled by him was that of a young German, whom Queho shot through the back of the head, near Las Vegas, in 1910. In either case, this latter victim apparently was the first white person to run afoul of Queho's wrath.

But he was not the last.

With the white man's law hot on his trail, Queho fled into the rugged canyon country north of Nelson—a wild, barren, waterless, and nearly trackless realm—which was to serve him as sanctuary for the remainder of his life.

And throughout all that period, Queho was to be the central figure in the Great Queho Manhunt, extending over a period of thirty years!

IT has been my privilege to talk with several persons who took part in that grueling pursuit. I was acquainted with the late Frank Wait, long-time deputy sheriff of Clark County, who relentlessly hounded Queho throughout nearly three decades; another of the old manhunters I knew was Ike Alcock, also a former deputy sheriff of Clark County, and for more than three quarters of a century a resident of Nelson and El Dorado Canyon. Ike, who at time of this writing, is more than one hundred years old and failing rapidly both in health and mind, took a very active part in that long-extended pursuit. It was my pleasure to talk with him on several occassions while his memory was still clear and his mind alert.

The following account of the Queho case, therefore, is sort of a salmagundi of stories told me by Wait and Alcock, supplemented by reports printed in contemporary Las Vegas newspapers.

First resident of the El Dorado area to fall before Queho's wrath was assertedly "Old Man" Woodworth, a harmless woodcutter from Timber Mountain, who once had employed Queho, had liked him and befriended him on numerous occasions. Woodworth was murdered in cold blood near the town of Nelson.

Even before Woodworth was buried, Queho was drawing a bead on his next victim. This time it was "Doc" Gilbert, who was shot in the back and killed while performing his duties as watchman at the Gold Bug mill. When Gilbert's body was found, it was noted that his watchman's badge, No. 896, was missing; otherwise there was little or no evidence that robbery was the motive.

As both Woodworth and Gilbert had been well-liked and respected, their deaths had the effect of lighting a fire under the Queho manhunt. *Clark County Review,* in its issue of December 3, 1910, carried the following resume of the case:

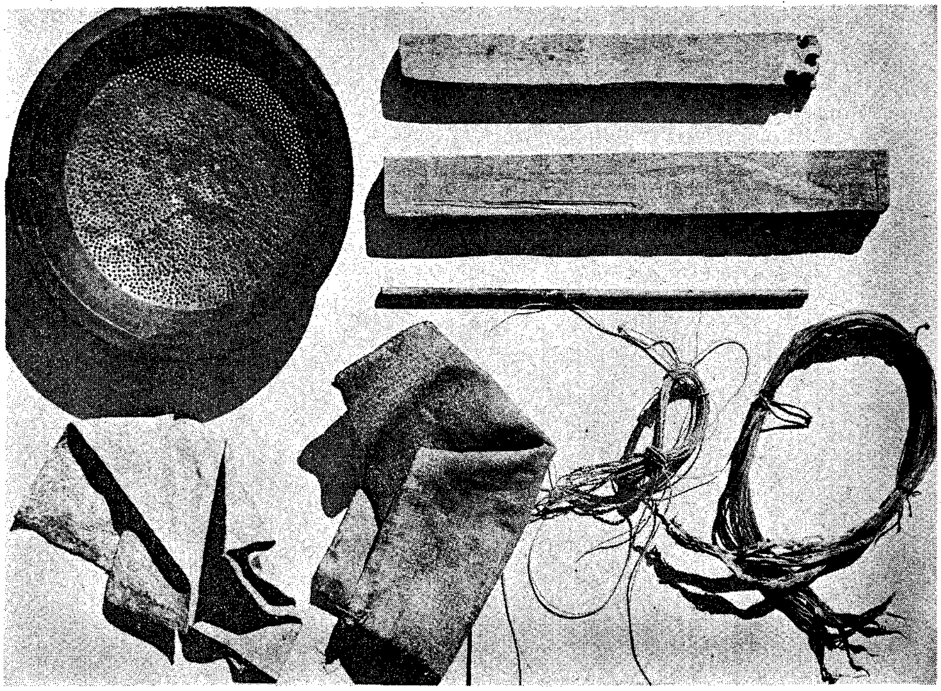
"INDIAN QUEHO is still at large, after having killed two men in the El Dorado Canyon district.

"Light Wheatly, of Searchlight, who was appointed special deputy to assist Deputy Sheriff Howe, writes this account of their experiences and what they learned:

" 'We had a hard, rough trip along the river, walking from El Dorado Canyon with the Indians as far as Cottonwood Island, traveling day and night. No sign or fresh tracks were seen by us, or the Indians, after finding where he had crossed the river to this side after killing the watchman of the Gold Bug mill six days before.

" 'It seems to be the theory of the Indians that he is still in the Timber Mountain or McCullough range, where he might stay for an indefinite time if not run out, which could only be done by the Indians themselves, as white men could never find him.

" 'The Indians say he told of killing Woodworth. In my opinion many of them knew of it shortly after it occurred.' "



Strainer, fireboards and drill, cloth, fiber cord and sinew from Queho's cave.

On December 31, 1910, several new developments were reported in the Las Vegas *Age:*

"Sergeant P. M. Newgard of the state police has been detailed by Captain Cox to run down the Indian murderer Queho, who recently terrorized the county in the vicinity of El Dorado Canyon.

"Newgard has arranged to organize a posse, with I. W. 'Ike' Alcock and J. E. Babcock, the veteran Indian fighters, who are now here, as leaders, and several expert Indian trailers to assist and follow the desperate Queho until he is killed or captured. Sergeant Newgard has the reputation of getting the man he goes after. With the splendid organization of the state police behind him and the expert knowledge of Indian customs furnished by Alcock and Babcock, Queho's chances of living a long and happy life are slim."

Even though pursued by this battery of masterful manhunters, Queho was still a long way from being in the bag, but Las Vegas *Age,* on January 14, 1911, still continued hopeful:

"Queho, the bad Indian, is in a bad fix. A band of whites and Indians, making up what is probably the most determined band of scouts and trailers remaining in the West today, men who are tireless on the trail, persevering and never failing in carrying out their purposes, who know all the ways of savage cunning, and who are familiar with the country in which he is hiding, are after Mr. Queho.

"In addition to Sergeant P. M. Newgard, Ike Alcock and J. E. Babcock, there are six Piute Indians on the trail, anxious to rid the country of the peril of murderous, crazy Queho. . . . The Indians and prospectors are both fearful of the crazy Indian, believing that he may kill without mercy anyone he may meet. It is probable that Queho's days are numbered, considering those who are after him."

But a full eight years later found Queho still very much alive, and very much at large!

DURING that intervening period, an entire Indian family—including several small children—had been massacred on the Arizona side of the river, and all signs had pointed unmistakably to the crazed slayer. Lone prospectors and sheepherders had been found dead in isolated canyons—sometimes with only their shoes or guns missing from their persons—and terror and apprehension had come to stalk the trail behind every lone desert traveler, and to hover ominously over every flickering campfire.

So came January 13, 1919, and two miners, Eather Taylor and Wm. Hancock, left St. Thomas, Nevada, in the company of a teamster who had agreed to haul them and their gear to a location on the Colorado River, where the pair wished to do some prospecting.

When the teamster returned a week later to move the men and their equipment to a new site, in accordance with their earlier-made arrangement, the prospectors were nowhere to be found. Returning to St. Thomas, the teamster enlisted the aid of a searching party, but before any progress had been made along this phase of the manhunt, the murderous Queho had struck again.

His victim on this occasion was Mrs. Maude J. Douglas, wife of Arvin J. Douglas, who was shot and killed on the night of January 21. The attack occurred as Mrs. Douglas was preparing supper by lamplight in her home near the Techatticup mine, in El Dorado Canyon. The kitchen of the Douglas home was left in considerable disorder, as though ransacked by the woman's assailant, and there was some indication that a small amount of food may have been stolen.

"But Queho didn't have to kill her only to get food," Ike Alcock told me later. "No woman more sympathetic than Maude Douglas ever lived, and if Queho had said he was hungry, she would have *given* him food—the same as she fed every stray dog and down-at-the-heels prospector who came along. He didn't need to kill her. . . ."

On the morning following the attack, tracks believed to be those of Queho were found leading from the scene of the crime down the trail toward the Colorado River, and Ike Alcock immediately organized a posse and began a search for the mad slayer. With the arrival of Undersheriff Frank Wait and Deputy Sheriff Ernest Lake, from Las Vegas, later that day, Wait took charge of the manhunt.

The result was the same as always before.

Upon reaching the river, Queho seemed literally to have vanished into thin air!

The search was still going forward on January 29 when searchers came upon the bodies of the two St. Thomas prospectors, Taylor and Hancock.

BOTH men had been shot in the back beside the prospecting holes they had dug. Their bodies had been mutilated, and their shoes and a prospecting pick known to have been in their possession were missing.

And while still engaged in this segment of the Queho pursuit, searchers, ironically, came upon the skeletons of two unidentified men believed to have been murdered about five years previously. Both were listed as probable victims of the same crazed assassin.

On February 15, 1911, Las Vegas *Age* reported that Undersheriff Wait, Joe May, Bernard McKinney, and a Piute trailer, "Indian Chick," were still following the trail.

"The fugitive, after working north through almost impassable country along the river north of Nelson, has circled around and again made his way toward the south. Although the storm obliterated the trail for a time, new tracks again have been found. The place where the fugitive killed a mountain sheep was located. The tracks show that the fugitive has changed shoes, which would in-

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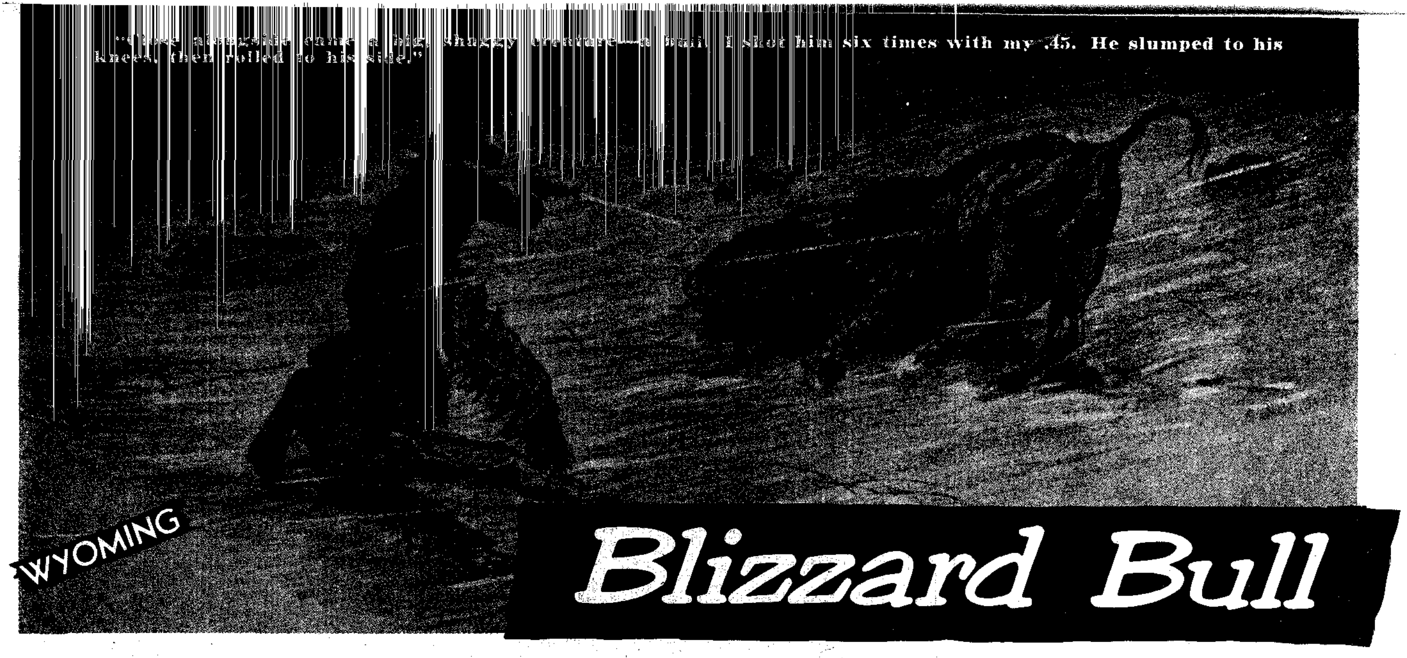
Photo taken from Queho's cave, looking out. Left to right are Ed Schroeder, Charles Kenyon, Deputy Sheriff Paul Jones, Judge A. J. Nelson and Sheriff M. E. Ward.



"Close alongside came a big, shaggy creature—a bull. I shot him six times with my .45. He slumped to his knees, then rolled to his side."

WYOMING

Blizzard Bull

By FRANK CHEAVENS

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

JENKINS was seventy-five and tough as a boot. I can see him now as he used to stump about inside a corral, watching the cow-horses milling around him, waiting for a chance to give his rope a quick whirl and get his mount for the day. He would slip into the saddle as easily as the younger cowhands, his wooden leg apparently bothering him not at all.

Jenkins' hair had been white as long as any of us had known him. His eyes were blue lenses for a telescopic vision. I can hear him now as he cussed himself late one evening for killing only one of three antelope as they raced across a flat.

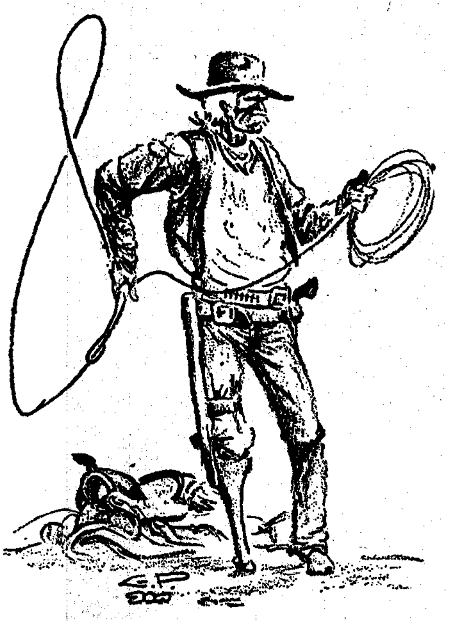
"Must be getting old," he grumbled.

We had all wondered how the old cowboy had lost his leg. Irish George, in his careless way, made bold to ask him once.

Jenks' eyes were blue ice. "I left it out from under the cover one night, and it froze." His voice was like crackling frost. "Next mornin' when I stepped down on it, the damn thing fell off."

We yelled and Irish reddened for a moment. Then he laughed with us.

JENKS and I were always on good terms. He used to loosen up sometimes and give me glimpses into his past, so that I knew he had always lived where only the strong survive.



"He used to stump about inside the corral, watching the cow-horses milling around him."

Jenks and I were once sent to the ranch's last outpost—out of the mountains, down on the Wyoming plains—to bring in fifty or so choice steers.

The weather had been unseasonably hot for fall. There had been no frost. When we reached the shack we were to sleep in, Jenks looked toward the northwest.

"Blizzard in a few hours," he allowed. "We'll need lots of wood." For a long moment he studied a peculiar discoloration of the sky along the horizon. "That'll be bad."

When the wind struck, it was freezing. In half an hour there was a skim of ice on a bucket of water just outside the door. Snow had already whitened the ground.

Jenks and I were in no mood to sleep for awhile. We fed the fire, talked, and now listened to the wind whining outside like a hungry hound.

"This blizzard is just as sudden as the one I lost my leg in," Jenks said. I glanced at him, surprised. He unstrapped his wooden leg and stood it beside the bunk. "Yeah," he laughed, "I wasn't joking when I told Irish I left it out from under the cover. Only it was strange cover. Only reason I don't tell about it is people don't believe me. Lots of people will believe a lie just like that," Jenks snapped his rough, brown fingers. "And they'll laugh at the truth and say it's a lie!" He threw a stick of wood into the stove.

"There were six of us riding in the plains country about a hundred miles west of here. I was just twenty-five. Indians stole our horses, and we were left afoot. The day was just about as warm as this one was until awhile ago.

"Well, two of our men started walking toward a trading post east of us. Four of us thought we could hit a ranch sixty miles to the south.

"We hobbled along in our boots, hot and mad. We found a gentle horse and caught him. I told two of my partners to ride him double to the ranch and come back for Ollie Munk and me with animals of some sort for us to ride.

How would you keep from freezing in a howling Wyoming blizzard with absolutely nothing but bleak plains for miles on end to protect you? One of the most moving little stories we've read in some time.

"THEY'D been gone two hours when I saw we was going to catch it. It was hotter'n hell. There was an inky line on the horizon to the North. I looked around me. Not a tree, not a hole, no fuel in sight. There was just grass — and that was short and dry. There were only a few tumbleweeds. We were carrying pretty good coats, but they wouldn't be much against a real blow.

"All I could do was hope it wouldn't be as bad as I knew it would be.

"From the first breath of that blizzard, I figured we were done for. Nobody could stand up under it long. The wind whipped at us like a cold river gone mad. The snow didn't seem to fall—it just blew in a straight line.

"I turned up my coat collar, wrapped a bandana around my face, stuck hands in my pockets and kept up a steady pace, tail to the wind. Ollie fixed himself up as best he could, and kept up with me.

"I figured the ranch was due south, but still about forty miles away. The air

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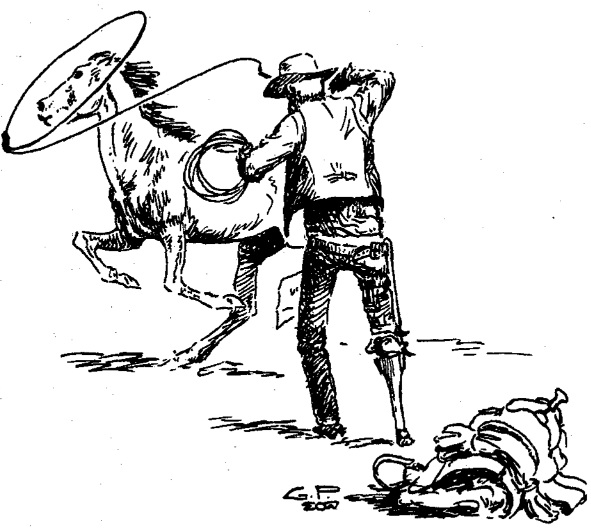


"One quick whirl and Jenks had his mount for the day."

WHEN COOPER WRIGHT MET THE MOB

For a sheriff, he wasn't more than cricket-size, but they made a mistake when they thought they could take his prisoner away from him.

BY HERBERT M. TIMMONS

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

COOPER WRIGHT was a West Texas sheriff back in the 70's and 80's. He was a wiry, cricket-sized little man who never weighed more than 135 pounds; but no one who knew him ever doubted that he was law and order while sheriff of Clay County.

He was always called by his full name, Cooper Wright, and he always contended that no sheriff had to let a mob hang his prisoner. He had a little story to tell to prove his contention.

One time I heard him tell that story in the office of Judge Bob Hazelwood in Amarillo. I don't know that it proved anything beyond the fact that Cooper Wright was a tough little sheriff. But I liked the story and the way he told it, and, for that reason, I am repeating it in as nearly his own words as I can remember. The only intentional changes I've made have to do with names. Although the accused in this story was convicted and court records contain his name, to avoid possible embarrassment to his descendants, his and the names of mob members are fictitious.

From here on, this is Cooper Wright's story:

"I never could see any use in an officer letting a mob hang a man, not if he had the guts to be sheriff. I know what I am talking about, too. Guess I'd better go back and clear up a few points though, afore I tell about them trying to hang Joe Jessup.

"First I knew of this Jessup tribe was when they moved into the old haunted house down the Jacksboro road, 'bout a mile from the courthouse in Henrietta. Road to my ranch run right by that house.

"Well, lots of times when Old Joe Jessup come down to the saloon, Jack—that was Kate Jessup's bastard kid—would follow him. Joe would raise hell about the kid tagging along, swear that if Kate ever had another brat he would kill the little son-of-a-bitch right off.

"There was plenty of toughs in Henrietta them days. You see, we was only twelve miles from the Red River border of Indian Territory—they call all that Oklahoma now. Trappers and hunters, outlaws and fugitives too, drifted in from the Wichita and Pease river country, so of course there was always lots of big talking. That is why nobody paid much attention to Joe's brag talk, but still nobody forgot it either.

"Joe was an ornery cuss. Never worked none. Some said he did some trapping up the Wichita and Pease, but he didn't have any money. He was gone nearly all winter that first year; but when summer came, he loafed around the saloons. If anybody yelled "Treats on the house," Joe was always the first one to belly the bar.

"KATE JESSUP was a good-looker. Some of the boys tried to tie her every time she came to the store for beans, sow-belly, or Arbuckle coffee. She seemed to have a little money.

"They never did have any luck that we could see. Anyway, that Jack was always sneaking along, up to some devilment in the store while she was there.

"Ma Jessup was bad crippled up, never did come to town or go nowhere at all. Kate didn't go anywhere either, not to any of the play parties or dances. 'Course all the women knew about Jack, so they didn't visit none with the Jessups. Guess Kate and her ma had it plenty lonesome, but Kate kept that old place looking cleaned up, swept the front yard, and nailed lots of the loose boards on.

"Kate didn't cotton up to any of the fellows in the store, but lots of times though, when I was riding in from my ranch after dark, I'd see a cow pony hitched at the edge of the thicket back of the Jessup house.

"Well, 'long in late fall, folks begun to remember how Joe Jessup was always saying what he would do if—. Plain as the nose on your face, something was going to happen with Kate. Ma Jessup was even cutting the wood. 'Course Joe wasn't around, but someway they managed without Kate's coming down to the store.

"That turned out to be the hardest winter you ever saw. Maybe not as cold as '84, but it turned cold early and stayed cold all winter long.

TEXAS

"One awful cold day, Joe Jessup did come to the store, bought a pound of beans and some coffee. Doc Crews told me the very next morning that it had happened. Said things were in such a fix over there I had better let Ma Hutchins know.

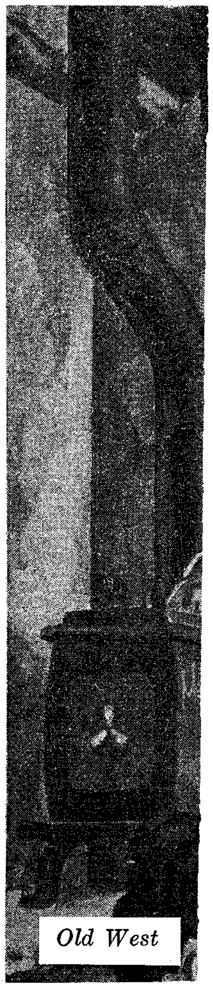
"Ma Hutchins was the good angel of Henrietta. She didn't draw the line anywhere if there was somebody sick or in trouble. If you wanted a fight in Henrietta, just say something bad about Ma Hutchins, only there wasn't anybody would say it.

"I loped right over to Ma's home. 'Bout sundown, Mitch Hutchins, that was Ma's husband, come to me in the jail and told me Ma said there wasn't any baby out at the Jessup place. Said Kate had sure enough had one, but it wasn't there.

"Well, I figured I wouldn't gain nothing by bustin' in out there at night. Besides that, I would stir up a sick woman and her old Ma, so I waited till next morning. Then me and all four of my deputies rode out there.

"Joe and his horse was gone; we saw that right straight. I hated like the very devil to bust in there, but a sheriff finds lots of hard things in his job. I told the four deputies to scout around, look for a new grave. Don't know why I said that, when the ground was froze so hard you couldn't stick a pick in it. Pond froze over solid, too.

"THAT was the coldest house I was ever in, even if they had pasted old papers over most of the cracks. Wind had busted through some of them. Wasn't no furniture, just a couple of piled-up beds, a table, and broke-down cook stove. Kate was layin' on a pallet over in one corner, had an old horse blanket for cover.



"Kate started crying when I told them women I was there to find the baby. Couldn't get her ma to say nothing either, nothing but 'I just don't know, Mr. Wright, I just don't know.'

"I looked all over the house. Never was so dumfuzzled in all my life. There was a stairsteps, almost as steep as a ladder, up to a loft. I climbed up there, kicked through a lot of trash and cobwebs, but never found nothing. I was coming back down when I saw the newspapers pasted under the steps were not as faded as the rest. That was my answer.

"I took my knife and ripped them papers off, opened a kinder trap-like door, and there was the poor little baby girl's dead body. Head all busted in, never even been dressed. God, that made me sick!

"Kate had the blanket pulled up over her head and the old woman was looking out the window when I backed out of that closet with the baby wrapped in some papers I found on the floor. Outside, I motioned to my men to follow, got on my horse with that bundle, and rode out to my ranch to figure out what to do.

"I knew Mrs. Marshall, that lived out on the ranch, would keep mum. Fact is, she got some soft cloth to put in the little coffin we men made out of a box we knocked together. She wrapped that poor little body up nice and smooth-like, too, cried all the time she was workin', but she did what she thought was right.

"We waited until after sundown, when there wouldn't be any folks passing by, to slip over to the graveyard and bury the baby.

"We had to build up a big fire and thaw out the ground to dig a grave. We didn't want it to look like a grave, so we piled big rocks over the place. Plenty good that did, though, the way the grapevine was working. Folks were already suspicious. None of us said nothing, I'd guarantee that, but it got out plenty soon that Kate's baby had disappeared.

"Folks began remembering then all the brag talk Joe Jessup had made. I remembered it, too; had my deputies on the watch all the time.

"Things rocked along. Ma Hutchins said Kate was up and doin' the cookin'—what little there was to cook—but looked something awful. Then, late one evening, one of the deputies rode in to say Joe Jessup was out in the thicket back of the house. Figured he would come in after dark.

"We waited until all the lights was blowed out over town, then we rode out and got Joe Jessup. Locked him up in jail, all good and quiet.

"That's what we thought, but soon after sun-up the next morning, the wagon-yards begun to fill up. Livery stable full of horses with their saddles still on. There wasn't more than 150 voters in the county, but there was over 200 men milling 'round and talking big. That was tax-paying time, too, and I was sure busy. You know, the sheriff had to be tax collector then, and it kept me tied to the office too much. I told my deputies to mix with the crowd and keep a good watch over things. They said there was plenty of drinking, but they didn't hear Joe Jessup's name spoke.

"Well, just after dinner, Clem Browder and Jim Jones dropped in at my office. Clem asked about his taxes, but didn't seem in a big hurry to pay them, so we swapped a few jokes. Rod Moore and Tuck Hill passed out in the hall, and Clem hollered for them to come in. Tuck said he guessed he might as well pay up his taxes, too, while he was in town, so I turned to the tax roll, kept there lying open on the counter. Things started happening then.

"CLEM BROWDER and Jim grabbed my arms from behind. Rod Jones got one leg. I was too quick for Tuck. Give him a kick where it hurt the worst as he grabbed for my other leg. Tuck staggered back and set down in an old hickory chair a prisoner made for me the first year I was sheriff.

"Well, even with Tuck out, Clem and the other got my gun off me, took my pocketknife and—what they were really after—the keys to the jail. They passed everything out to some men in the hall. Then the fellers out there locked me inside my own office with four men to guard me.

"Everything got quiet then, so the men turned me loose. 'Course it got quiet, the crowd of hyenas was over at the jail, across the square, getting Joe Jessup out and then pulling a long log, not sawed up yet, out of the woodpile.

"I saw right quick that my only chance was to play along with those four in there with me, play 'long and watch my chance. I knew I wasn't whipped, not yet, by a long sight.

"I turned to the tax roll. 'Come on,' I said 'Damn your hides, come on and pay taxes, no need to waste a day.'

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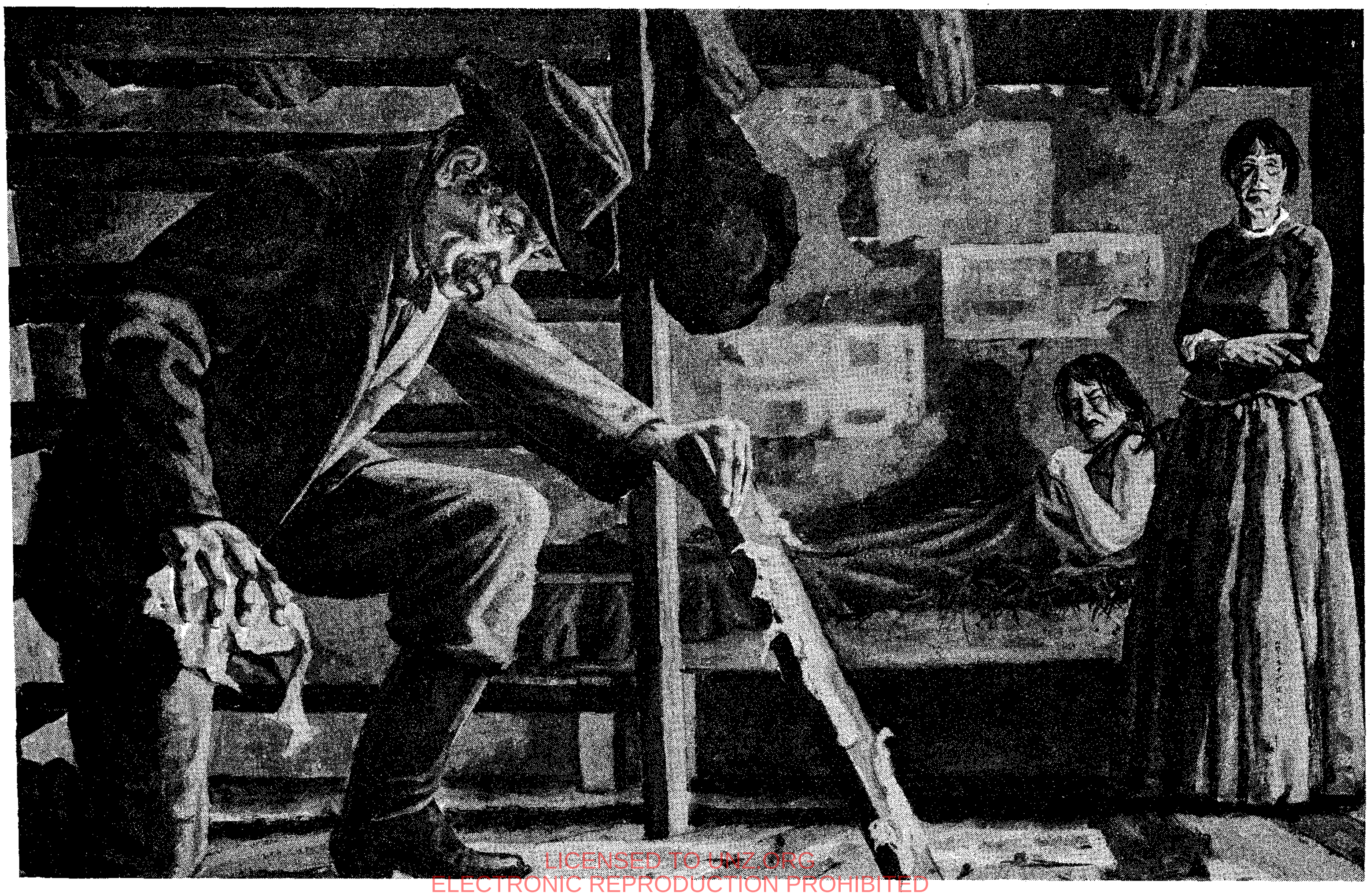


"I took my knife, ripped them papers off, opened a kinder trap-like door and there was the poor little baby girl's body."

A veteran newspaperman's recollections of a strange story he covered as a cub reporter in the Indian Territory.

MEDICINE WOMAN

BY W. R. DRAPER

Illustrated By Al Martin Napoletano

WHEN old Tom Bigbee returned to the Osage Nation in Indian Territory from South America, in 1895, to re-enter the cattle-raising business, he and his wife brought with them an Indian girl named Koma-tura. She possessed the gift of healing and performing small miracles. She was, in fact, a medicine woman; one of the few known to the Southwestern tribes, and the first of her kind to appear among the Osages.

Koma-tura was about eighteen, with soft red-brown hair, dark-blue eyes, and a creamy-tan complexion. Unlike the squat, heavy Osage women, she was tall and slim and light as a fawn on her feet. She appeared to be part white, and could easily have passed for a white girl. But her heart was pure Indian.

My father kept a small store at Grey Horse, and I worked for him. We had a full blooded Osage Indian, a former medicine man named Strike Axe, for a partner. Strike Axe was a little annoyed with the Bigbees for bringing Koma-tura into the fullblood settlement.

However, my parents were good friends of the Bigbees and they became interested in Koma-tura and often invited her to visit us. I was just learning to write for the newspapers, and Koma-tura was good copy. She spoke English fluently, having been raised and educated by a British family in South America. She was quite willing to talk on any subject, and gave me tips for articles which I sold to the *Kansas City World*, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and the *Chicago Record.*

I owned a small box camera and took and sold many photographs of notable Indians, including Geronimo, Lone Wolf, Bacon Rind and other tribal chiefs. I asked Koma-tura to pose for a newspaper picture and was surprised when she willingly agreed. As she stood there in her simple gingham dress, a narrow belt around her slender waist, thick hair falling loosely around her shoulders, she was pretty enough to illuminate any newspaper article.

"Soon you will own a larger and better camera," she told me, "one that will take fine photographs."

Shrewdly, she had read my secret thoughts and desires. In a few weeks, although I was quite unprepared for the gift, I received a fine, large newspaper camera from Tom Bigbee. Whether Koma-tura helped make my dream come true, I never discovered.

Koma-tura was not quick in making prophecies for the Osage people, although she did—in a casual and pleasing manner—offer suggestions as to where lost articles could be found. Also, she healed any number of old and ailing Osages of rheumatism, sore eyes and stomach disorders. She accomplished some really amazing cures with medicinal herbs and calm and patient counsel.

BIGBEE was proud of his ward and got Rolling Pony, a subchief, to have Koma-tura enrolled as an Osage and her name changed to Lily Bigbee. After she had thus become a member of the tribe by adoption, the young men suddenly became aware of her. My young fullblood chum, Red Eagle, began taking an interest in her.

I said to him, "Red, that girl would make you a fine wife." He shook his head doubtfully, but I persisted. "With her gift of prophecy, she might even help you find the man who murdered your father and mother."

Red Eagle looked at me, and his black eyes glowed. "If she'd help me find the killer, I'd *really* make a bid for her. Do you think fifty ponies would be enough for such a girl?"

"Hold on, boy, take it easy!" I warned. "Remember that Lily is really a South American Indian aristocrat, even though an adopted Osage. She could never be bought, like these Osage girls, for ponies. Lily would really have to love the man she married."

Red Eagle walked slowly away, pondering the matter. I never mentioned Lily to him again, as a prospective wife.

One day, while visiting in our home, Lily showed us the curious crystal balls with which she foretold events. Come to think of it, they weren't round and certainly they didn't look like any crystal I had ever seen. One of them was roughly oblong in shape and bluish in color. It was used in making prophecies for the men. The other was glossy black, shaped like a chunk of hard coal. This she used in making forecasts for the women.

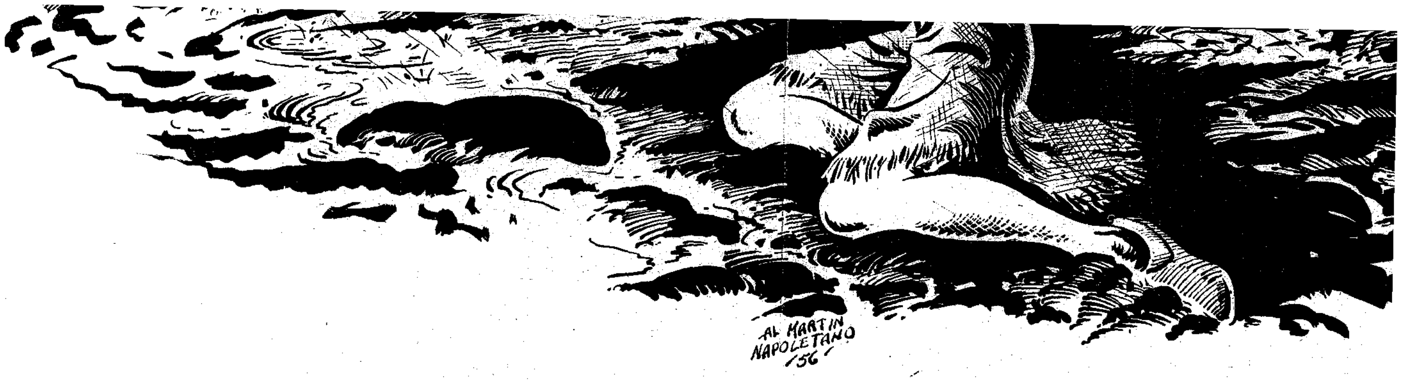
Lily wouldn't allow anyone to touch the balls. "The Above Ones would be offended," she explained carefully. When the balls were not in use, she kept them well wrapped in silk cloth and stored away in the folds of her dress.

After Lily had been using the crystal balls for some months, I noticed that she was gradually winning the favor of the fullbloods, and that Strike Axe—who had assumed his former role of medicine man upon her arrival—was losing in popularity. However, Strike Axe did not complain. He was much more concerned with the fullbloods' trade, a proposition far more profitable than making prognostications.

ONE hot day the Indians were holding a Green Corn Dance in a grove across the road from our store at Grey Horse. I stood on the porch watching the picturesque, colorful scene. Suddenly I saw Lily, who had been dancing, step from the circle, throw off her feathered bonnet and beads, brush the dust from her flowing hair and look anxiously up into the sky. Then she left the dancers, crossed the road and spoke to me.

"Bill, this weather is dangerous. Something is going to happen. I can feel it!" Fear showed in her eyes. Lily knew, as we all knew, that a quick change in the weather always upset the Indians when they were having one of their ceremonial dances.

I glanced aloft. Gray-green clouds were pressing down on us, and the air was thick and stifling. I asked, "Will it



Lily dropped to her knees in the middle of the rain-slashed road and held aloft her crystal balls, praying that the great storm might cease.

be another cyclone, Lily? If so, you must try to stop it. The last cyclone that came down the river left death and destruction behind it."

She nodded, her blue eyes wide and solemn. "Yes, I've heard that. But I will try to stop this one."

Lily stepped inside the big storeroom, and entered a small room in the rear. As she retired, I said to my father, "She's going to commune with her God, the Great Spirit."

My father, who knew the Indians' way of life, understood. "We must try to keep the Indians quiet when they come in here out of the storm. Otherwise, she won't be able to do her work."

The ominous low clouds swirled closer down the valley. Thunder roared and rolled. Chain lightning split a tree in the grove across the road where the Indians were dancing. Down the hill swept heavy sheets of rain. The dance broke up abruptly, and the Indians ran for the shelter of our stone storehouse.

Red Eagle and I closed the heavy doors in front and rear and, from his place in the center, my father began handing out to our uninvited guests large quantities of cheese and crackers, sardines and lemon extract. Lemon extract was the favorite beverage of the bucks—and the squaws, too, when they could get it.

The wind whistled across the big front porch. One after another, the big trees in the grove were uprooted and fell with muffled crashings. Lightning struck and fired the shed where we kept our oil and other supplies. Suddenly, there was a bright burst of flame inside the storeroom itself, and we heard bricks falling down on the roof. The fireplace chimney had been struck.

But the Indians, busy eating and drinking, remained calm. Lily was alone in the back room, working with her crystal balls and praying to the Great Spirit to end the storm. Believe me, I was praying right along with her!

IT was not until the front door blew in with a terrific crash that the squaws began screaming and falling to the floor. I ran to the room where Lily was at work and knocked on the door. "Can't you do *something,* Lily?" I shouted. "The storm is getting worse. We may all be killed!"

She opened the door and looked calmly at me. "Yes, Bill, we may all be killed. I must go outside, into the storm itself, where the Great Spirit will see me. Help me through the store."

I pushed ahead, making a path for her through the excited Indians. Buffeted by the whooping wind, Lily made her way out into the middle of the muddy, rain-slashed road and dropped to her knees. I could see her holding aloft the crystal balls, one in either hand, while she prayed for the storm to cease. Lightning crackled above her, illuminating the crystal balls eerily.

Strike Axe came to me, complaining angrily that I should not have allowed Lily to leave the store. Jealousy, I thought. This strange and beautiful girl was doing her brave best to save her adopted people, the little village and our store. I certainly didn't intend to allow a jealous medicine man to disturb her. Nor did he. Instead, he went out into the storm to kneel beside her. But before he began to pray, the rain ceased, the great wind fell silent, the dark clouds parted and the sun came out. The terrible storm was ended, and Lily was given full credit by the fullbloods for having performed a miracle.

Yet the mysterious medicine woman from far-off South America did not achieve real popularity with the Osages until she began making successful love matches between the fullbloods. Looking to the future, Lily favored an increase in the population, then on the wane, due to many intermarriages with the whites.

When an Osage girl was permitted to gaze into the black crystal ball and wish for a husband, along came one, as if by magic—and maybe it was. Bucks who were smitten with the charms of certain fullblood girls and lacked courage to court them were provided with potent love powders to help them win the girls of their choice.

Once I asked Lily to give me her opinion of a certain attractive Cherokee girl I'd been courting. "She's not for you, Bill," she told me promptly. "Too fickle." In a few weeks I learned this girl had married another white boy.

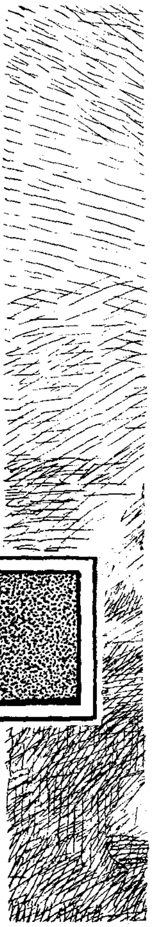
Red Eagle and I kept discussing Lily's forecasting ability. Finally we decided to ride out to the Bigbee ranch and persuade her, if possible, to reveal to us the murderer of Red's parents.

It was a pleasant fall afternoon. We three, Red, Lily and I, walked along the river bank and sat down under a walnut tree. Lily brought out the blue crystal ball and gazed into it for a long time. Then, in a low clear voice, she described the man who had killed Red's parents and told how Red had seen him fleeing with a bloody knife in his hands. Red admitted Lily's description of the killer was correct.

(Continued on page 50)

"The scene of the conflict was perfectly horrible," wrote Lieutenant Baylor, of the Texas Rangers, in describing the scene of a massacre on the

LAST WAR TRAIL OF VICTORIO



BY DR. WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

Illustrated by
B. D. Titsworth

From THE STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS. Published by Grosset & Dunlap, Spring, 1957.

IT was on August 2, 1879, that Lieutenant George W. Baylor left San Antonio for El Paso, nearly six hundred miles away. Baylor's party consisted of two heavy wagons, a mule-drawn ambulance, and a mounted guard of six Rangers. One wagon carried household goods, including a square piano, a game rooster and four hens. In the ambulance was Mrs. Baylor, her sister, and her two daughters, age eight and fourteen. In the escort was young J. B. Gillett who would later marry one of these daughters. Thus did law and civilization go west. The party was forty-two days on the road, arriving at Ysleta near El Paso in September.

Baylor was forty-seven years old, six feet two in height, and had a fair education. He was a courageous and fearless fighter, but as a Ranger officer he would not rank with either McNelly or Arrington.

Baylor had been in El Paso less than a month when an Indian raid was reported.

The last Apache raids into Texas were led by Chief Victorio, who quit the reservation in New Mexico in the fall of 1879, with 125 warriors and 100 women and children. Victorio's scouts knew the rugged country on both sides of the Rio Grande, knew where the water holes were, and where to find grass for the horses and wood for the campfires. From the candle-like peaks known as the Candelarias, he sent raiding parties into two nations.

Six or seven of his horse thieves stole a herd of ponies from the Mexican village of San Jose. Fifteen Mexicans followed the trail, only to be ambushed by Victorio as they entered the mountains where all were killed. Thirty-five more Mexicans went to see what had happened—all the men in the village of Carrajal—and all of them were killed in the same manner.

Panic ran wild down the border, and the Mexicans sent for the Texas Rangers to join in an all-out effort to drive Victorio and his Apaches away. A mixed army of border fighters took the trail, and came to the pass where the Apaches had ambushed and slaughtered the Mexicans. Baylor described the scene in this letter to his commanding officer, Major Jones.

"The scene of the conflict was perfectly horrible. I saw in one little narrow parapet, which the . . . Mexicans had hastily thrown up, seven men piled in a space 6 x 7 feet. The Indians had shown great cunning as they have all through this campaign. The trail passed between, and was commanded by, three rocky peaks. The Mexicans were fired on from one side just as they reached the crest of the mountains. They had evidently dismounted and ran into the rocks on the opposite side when the Indians began killing the horses . . . They were all killed. A letter written by them asking for help was found outside their breastwork near the body (bodies) of two men who had evidently attempted to escape but were riddled with balls."

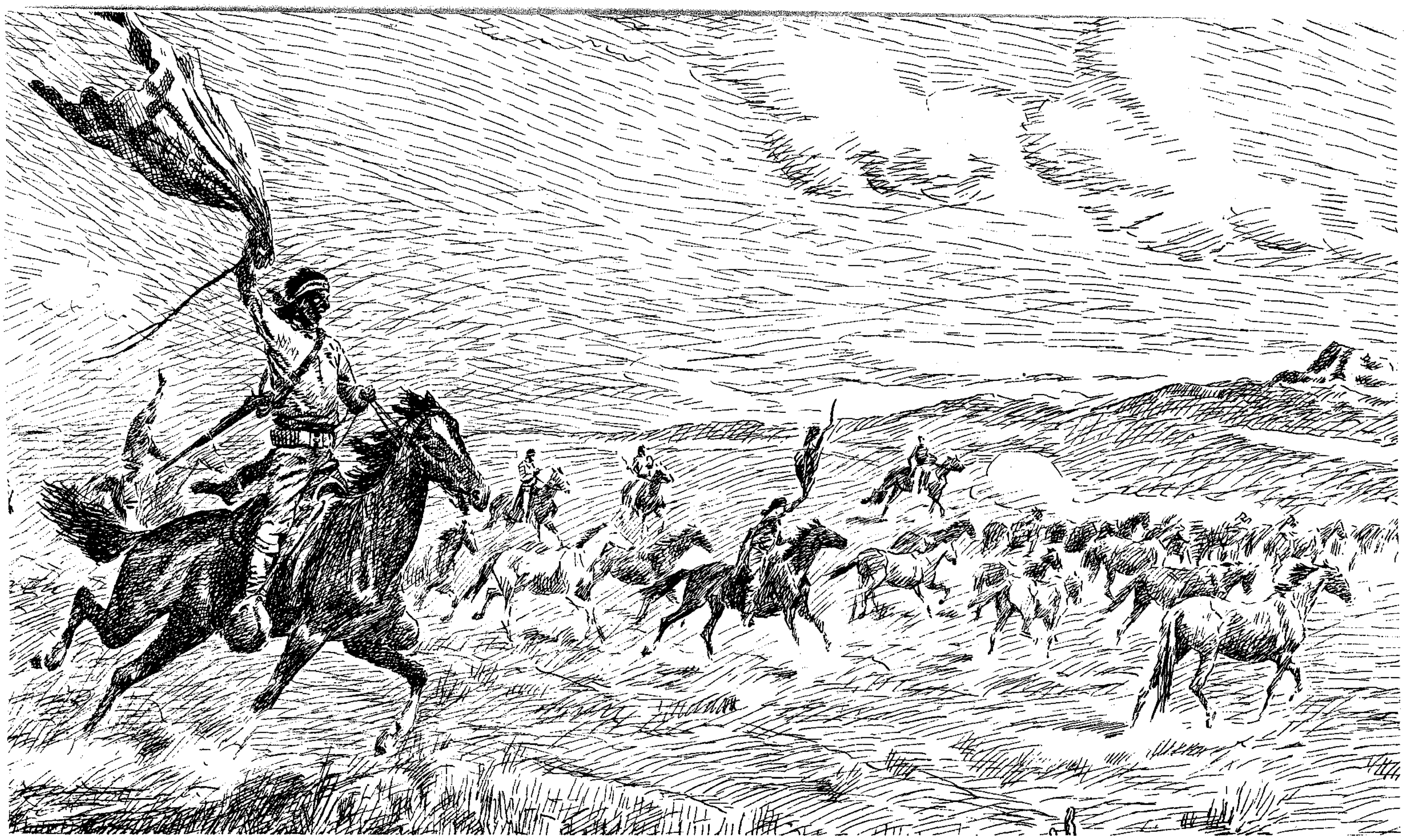
Twenty-six bodies were buried at this place. Victorio and his Apaches had disappeared in the Mexican mountains, and pursuit was without result.

VICTORIO'S raids continued until October 14, 1880, when General Terrasas attacked Victorio in Chihuahua, killed the chief, sixty warriors and eighteen women, and took sixty-eight prisoners. Three months later, the last fight between the Texas Rangers and the Indians brought the curtain down and closed forever the long and bloody chapter of Indian wars.

After Victorio's death, what remained of his band scattered, and at times some of them were reported in Texas. Early in January of 1881 they attacked the stage in Quitman Canyon, killed the driver and a gambler who was a passenger. Major Jones wired Baylor to investigate and on January 16, Baylor set out on the last Indian campaign. From Quitman Canyon the Indians fled south into the Big Bend and crossed into Mexico at the Hot Springs. On the trail the Rangers found the gambler's kid glove, the stage driver's boot top, a pair of moccasins, blankets, saddles, and baskets, two dead horses and a dead mule. The Indians had killed these animals for food, had drawn the blood in vessels, and left a mule tongue stewing when they fled. They left a five gallon can of *mescal,* an alcoholic drink made from native plants, and fifteen gallons more in a horsehide sunk in the ground. The Rangers followed the trail toward Eagle Mountains, found it, lost it, found it leading on to Chili Peak, Rattlesnake Springs, to the edge of the Sierra Diablos or Devil's Mountain.

Flying doves told that water was near, and they knew the Indians could not pass water in a dry country. The Rangers made a dry camp, without water, fire, or food. Before daylight January 29, 1881, the Rangers set out on the trail, which led north over a rocky crest from which the campfires could be seen below.

The Rangers came within gunshot without being discovered. The Indians were just getting out of bed and the sun was just beginning to show over the



Six or seven of his horse thieves stole a herd of ponies from the Mexican Village of San Jose.

distant mountains. They knelt in hiding and took dead aim to send the leaden bullets among the Apaches. The Indians made no resistance, but each ran for himself. As the warriors went first, the women and children suffered most. A squaw and two children were captured. The woman and the smallest child, a mere baby, were wounded. Nevill reported that everytime the baby heard a gunshot it would scream. Why not? Since men and women all wore blankets, it was impossible to tell one from the other. Baylor said that under the law governing the Frontier Battalion, it was not necessary to make any distinction.

The Rangers killed four warriors, two women and two children, and wounded many more. They captured seven mules, nine horses, two Winchesters, one Remington carbine, a U.S. Cavalry pistol, six cavalry saddles, an American saddle, a Mexican saddle, and 150 yards of calico. The Rangers piled such Indian plunder as they did not want to keep, including packsaddles, and built a bonfire on Diablo Mountain to celebrate their victory and the end of an era.

HERE also the Rangers put new fuel on the Indian campfire and made breakfast. That meal was described thus by Captain Baylor. "We took breakfast on the ground occupied by the Indians, which all enjoyed as we had eaten nothing since dinner the day before. Some of the men found horsemeat pretty good while others found venison and *mescal* good enough. We had almost a boundless view from our breakfast table: toward the north the grand old Cathederal Peak of the Guadalupe Mountains; further west the San Antonio Mountains; the Cornudas, Las Almas, Sierra Alta; at the Hueco Tanks, only twenty-four miles from our headquarters, the Eagle Mountains. The beauty of the scenery (was) only marred by man's inhumanity to man, the ghostly forms of the Indians lying around."

This celebration on the lofty mountain overlooking the mysterious desert could be packed with symbolism. The place was the Devil Mountain, a place where an era ended centuries of war between the white man and the red. The coffee the Rangers drank that morning might have gagged less hardy men, for in it was mixed the blood of the last Texas-slain Indians. The camp was by two little water holes, and the killed and wounded Indians had left their blood in the water. As is often the case in war, the toast to victory is nearly always laced with blood. But the Indian wars were over.

Shortly after Baylor's Rangers returned from the expedition into Mexico after Victorio, some of the men were camped about one hundred miles east of El Paso. One day two mining engineers, J. P. Andrews and W. P. Wisehall, drove into camp. They were on the road from Colorado to San Antonio and made inquiry of the Rangers as to the best route they should take to the next settlements which were on the Pecos seventy-five miles to the east. The engineers had a new ambulance, drawn by good horses, a fine saddle horse, and the best firearms. What interested the Rangers most, however, was a beautiful shepherd dog, well-trained to obey his master.

Against the advice of the Rangers, the engineers followed the old Butterfield stage route which led by Hueco Tanks, Alamo Springs, the Cornudas and Crow Flats. Along this trail fragments of Victorio's Apaches were lurking, lying in wait for just such travelers.

The engineers made it to Crow Flats and were camped in an abandoned stage station where the Apaches found them and drove off their horses. They were afoot seventy-five miles from the Pecos settlements, one hundred miles west to the Rangers at Ysleta.

They tried for the Pecos. To deceive the Indians, they rigged up two dummies and left them "on guard," and to give the place the appearance of being inhabited, they left the dog, knowing that he would sound the alarm when anyone approached the camp. Providing the dog with water, side bacon and a sack of corn, they ordered him to stand guard, and set off early in the night. Daylight found them twenty-five miles away in the Guadalupe Mountains. Here they were attacked by the Apaches. By taking refuge in the peaks of the mountains, the engineers stood off the Indians all day, but as night approached, they knew they could not last much longer.

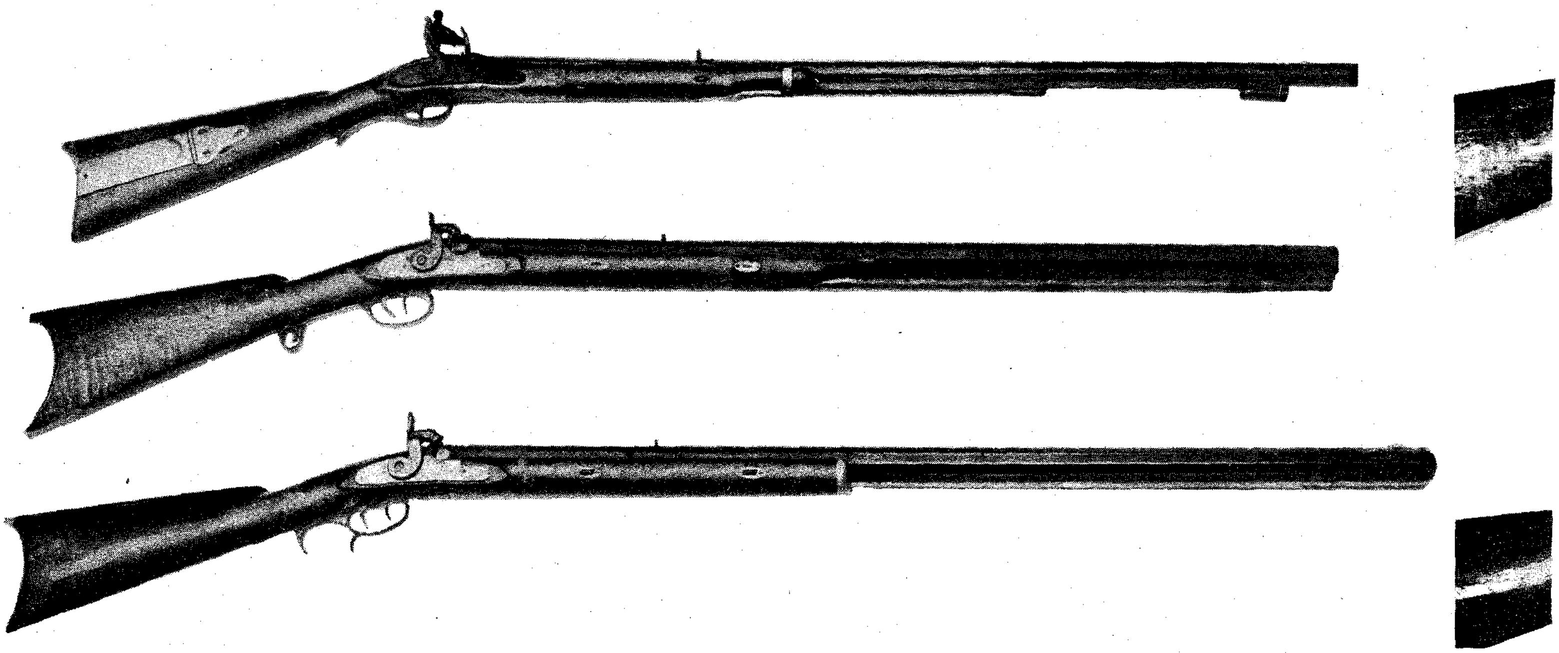
THEY escaped by one of those strange incidents that occur when men are ready to act quickly when an advantage appears. One Indian had approached very near and concealed himself behind a boulder. It was about dark when the watchers saw a thick mop of hair appear over the boulder. When the rifles cracked, the Indian went down, the boulder was dislodged, and started rolling down the mountain, thundering against other boulders, crashing through cedar, opening an unexpected way of escape. The engineers ran after the boulder, by the trail it left, by the kicking warrior, and into the night. By daylight they were back at the stage station where they found the dog still on guard.

The fifty mile walk had worn out their shoes and left the men exhausted. They rested, ate, and discussed what they would use for shoes on the hundred mile walk to El Paso. The only thing available was some gunny sacks. They

(Continued on page 50)

Here is the thrilling story of the Hawken Rifle—and of the men who made and used it. Before the advent of the Sharps and Winchester, the Hawken was

THE RIFLE THAT



Standard Hawken percussion rifle, middle, shows heritage of popular design from early U.S. M1814 flintlock rifle. Top: variant Hawken has longer barrel and tin fore-end tip. Bottom: the model most popular with mountain men.

IN 1808 St. Louis was small but growing. Beyond to the west, stretching countless leagues to the Pacific Ocean, was a land of mystery. It was also full of the elusive beaver, in huge numbers. Already, in 1808, a few adventurous trappers were taking toll of the beaver—but the great days of the fur trade were yet to come.

Among the newcomers to St. Louis was Jake Hawken. In town scarcely a year, the fever of a town sensing a boom had caught him, and his ambition of becoming a gunsmith in this raw, turbulent, gateway village—an open door to the Louisiana Territory—seemed close to being a reality.

And reality it eventually became. Within twenty years the name "Hawken" became known as the symbol—from the Rio Bravo to the Columbia—of the "best dang rifle made."

Trappers needed rifles, and Jake, whose Dutch gunmaking ancestors had immigrated to America many years before, was eager to open a gunshop and be first in a wide-open field. Experienced in the making of flintlock guns, Jake figured that he needed only a chance to make good. But to secure that chance was difficult for young Jake. Until 1815 he probably worked about St. Louis as an assistant mechanic. Nothing came easy for Jake—hard work and plenty of dogged determination were necessary to turn ambition into reality for him.

The shop of "J. Hawken, Gunmaker" opened its doors in 1815, but business was not too brisk—canals and wilderness trails had to be hewed through forests to allow settlers to arrive and become customers. Finally, after seven years, business warranted Jake's sending to Maryland for his younger brother, Sam, to join him. Thirty-year-old Sam arrived from Hagerstown by the easy way—steamboat from New Orleans—on June 3, 1822.

In the year of 1822, once-sleepy St. Louis had become a teeming headquarters for fur traders and trappers. They never left St. Louis without first visiting Jake Hawken's gunshop on the bustling levee. Keen-eyed, observant, they stood about the shop, intently watching the workmen at rifling machine and woodworking bench, thoroughly enjoying the activity and the smell of oils, metals, and fresh wood. Jake tolerated them as potential customers, but allowed no loud talking or horseplay. He had decided to switch production from flintlocks to caplocks about that time and was in no mood to brook criticism from the mountain men.

Bill Williams, famed trapper and Indian-fighter, was one of the first customers for a percussion-type rifle, although he had walked in to buy a flintlock. Never noted for his good humor, Williams was annoyed to find Jake Hawken making caplocks. Growled Bill, "Percussion caps is handy, but ef ye lose a flint, ye can chip yoreself off another somewhars and yore gun is good as new."

To this old-fashioned argument, Jake Hawken retorted acidly, "Suppose it rains and wets your priming powder, or the wind blows hard enough to clean out your pan—what have you got *then?* Pack enough caps to last and hang onto 'em, you damn fool!"

DUBIOUS, willing to be convinced, Williams agreed to follow Jake's pointed advice. He never regretted buying the "new-fangled" caplock rifle.

Brusque, short-spoken, and always busy, Jake Hawken was a conscientious gunsmith utterly devoted to his craft. Jake inspected each finished weapon before it left his shop. Almost fanatical was his insistence that each rifle be as near perfection as painstaking craftsmanship could make it.

"We only make 'em," snapped Jake, in response to Sam's irked objection to such strict supervision. "Our customers stake their lives on our rifles!"

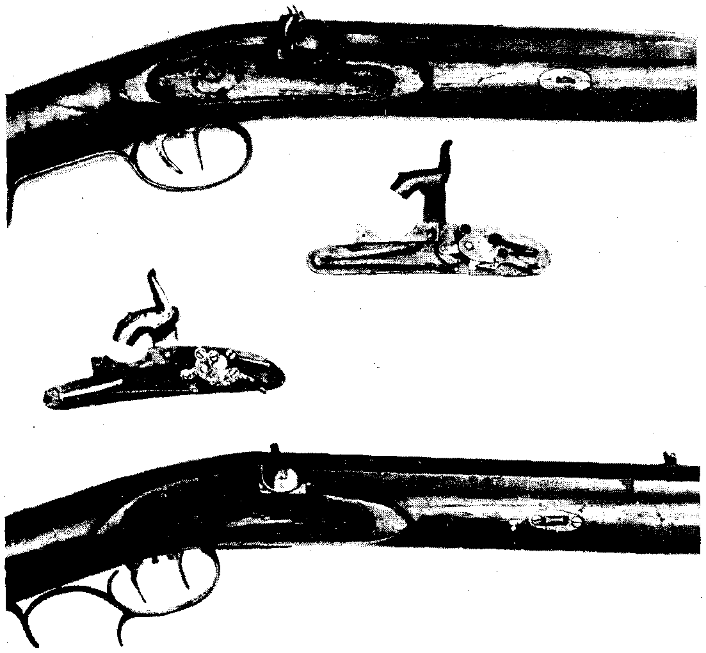
This was literally true. Hawken rifles went with General William Ashley's first expedition to the Indian country in 1823-24 and armed guides and freighters operating the wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail. In later years the "Peerless Pathfinder," Colonel Fremont, specified Hawken for his men. The name "Hawken" stamped on the barrel became recognized as an unconditional guarantee of top gun quality in a turbulent period when a good rifle was a man's best insurance against personal disaster.

The firm now known as "J & S Hawken" grew and pros-

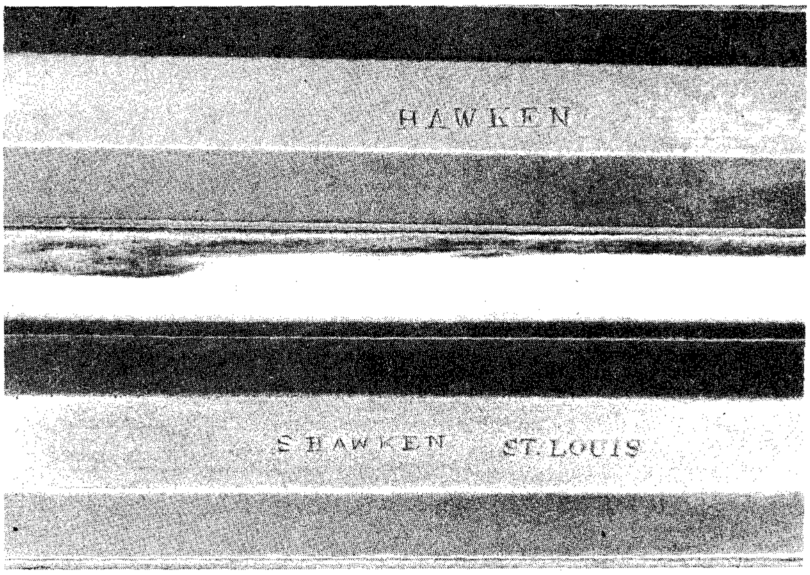
By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

From GUNS Magazine

OPENED THE WEST



Inside top Hawken lock is stamped maker's marks. Only "John", "M", and "C1717" remains, bolster cut-out having removed other stamping. Barrel of top gun is attached by "Carbine-like" patent breech.



Hawken marks, above, may be found . . . if you're lucky enough! Collectors have also identified unmarked Hawken guns through peculiar barrel wedge design.

pered until, in 1832, the Hawken brothers employed a dozen gunsmiths working full time. After Jake's death of cholera in 1849, Sam continued to turn out rifles at the new shop at 33 Washington Avenue. Sam retired in 1862, selling the business to John Gemmer, one of his top workmen. Old Sam returned to the shop every day for years thereafter, spinning yarns to the customers of early days in St. Louis and even taking a hand at making a rifle now and then. Sam died in 1884 at the age of 92. Gemmer continued making Hawken-type rifles until he retired from the gun business in 1915.

The standard Hawken rifle was not fancy; it was built plain and sturdy for long, hard, efficient service under exacting conditions on the plains and in the mountains. Jake Hawken detested "foofaraw" and was apt to bluntly advise a customer requesting silver mountings and elaborate woodcarving on a rifle to take his gun business elsewhere. Paradoxically, according to his mood of the moment, the mercurial little gunsmith might personally "work up" a rifle for a special friend with all the lavish trimmings possible.

In 1822 the brothers charged $22.50 to $25 per rifle, if no extra work was done on the piece. Later, as the demand zoomed, the price rose to $40. Probably at no other time in gunmaking history did so little money buy so much gun. Veteran rifle expert Ned H. Roberts in his book, *The Muzzle Loading Caplock Rifle,* writes, "The Hawken Rifle was *The Rifle* to mountain men, trappers, explorers, and Indian fighters from the time General Ashley built his first fort on the Yellowstone River to the last days of Kit Carson at Taos, New Mexico." Kit's favorite Hawken, at his death in 1868, was presented to the Montezuma Lodge, A.F.&A.M., of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it is still on exhibition.

ANOTHER excellent example of the Hawken caplock rifle may be seen in the Colorado State Museum in Denver. Once the property of noted plainsman, Mariano Modena, this rifle is .50 caliber, weighs 12½ pounds, and has a 34¾-inch barrel. Purchased by Modena in 1833, this Hawken served its owner faithfully in many a tight ruckus for over forty years. In 1878 the old hunter, in failing health, presented his beloved "Old Lady Hawkins" to his long-time friend, General A. H. Jones. "Keep her clean, General," Modena whispered huskily as he relinquished his rifle. Jones promised he would, and the General and his family kept the pledge for more than half a century before presenting the piece to the Denver Museum.

Technically, the first Hawken caplock rifles seem to have been developed by adopting features of three flintlock rifles of the period just preceding: the time-tested Kentucky rifle, the Harpers Ferry rifle first made in 1800 and improved in 1814 and 1817, and the heavy English sporting rifles produced by London gunsmiths since about 1800. Very few English rifles had reached the American frontier in 1822; the Harpers Ferry was fairly numerous; the Kentucky most numerous of all. In 1822 the long-barreled Kentucky was considered the ultimate in perfection by gunsmiths and shooters alike. Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton had carried the Kentucky in the Indian-haunted woodlands of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," and the famed weapon had served America with brilliant distinction throughout the Revolution and the War of 1812. The superiority of the Kentucky was an unassailable tradition in 1822.

Yet, west of the Mississippi, the renowned Long Rifle of the early pioneers proved clearly inadequate for grizzlies and buffalo. Hunters, returning to St. Louis from the mountains, demanded of gunsmiths a rifle capable of dropping a fat buffalo cow or of stopping a charging grizzly. Jake Hawken, alone among St. Louis gunmakers, produced the needed weapon at the right moment and his market was ready and waiting. Mountain men were avid to buy the rifles as fast as he could turn them out, and Hawken swiftly became famous.

The heavy octagon barrels of the Hawken were from 34 to 38 inches long, although a number of shorter and longer barrels were made. The rifling was seven grooves and lands, with a slow twist of one full turn in 48 inches. The straight stock of maple or walnut was fitted with a rounded iron trigger-guard with curved extension, deep-curved butt and raised

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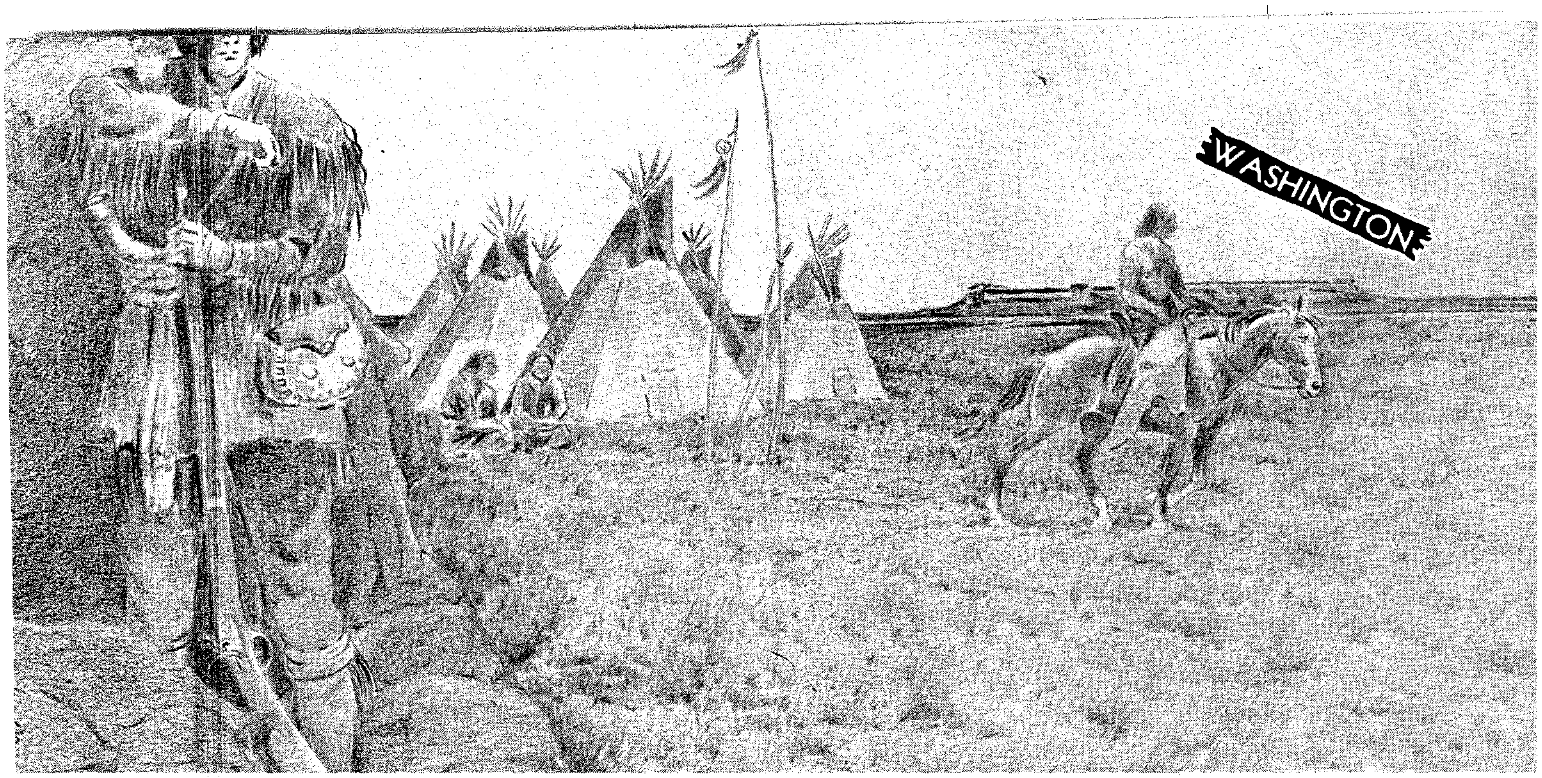

Morgan began spying on her goings and comings.

When the renegade white man murdered his squaw, he killed his only chance for ever locating the

Illustrated by Lee M. Rice

LOST MINE OF THE KLICKITAT

By TOM WRIGHT

SOMEWHERE in the Klickitat district of the State of Washington, hidden among the cliffs near the Little Klickitat River, lies a fabulous gold mine. It is so rich in picture gold that with only a small iron bar one can pry out a hatful of pure gold within a few days. In fact, it is so rich in gold wire, slugs, and nuggets, that the finder will not only become a millionaire but will cause one of the greatest stampedes in the history of the State of Washington.

This mine was known and used by the Klickitat Indians for many years. By its use they became known as the richest tribe of Indians on the Pacific Coast. They knew nothing about gold or the value thereof, but did know it as a bright, shiny metal that would not rust and could be hammered into ornaments. Great was their surprise, upon first contact with white men, to learn that the whites would trade for their golden ornaments as well as their furs. They were even more surprised to learn that white men would eagerly trade for the raw gold itself. The Indians traded gold for guns, blankets, food, and anything that met their fancy. They would even trade a handful of gold for a red cotton bandanna handkerchief with pictures on it.

For years the mine was known to but one Indian at a time, the secret being handed down from father to son. Only one man at a time knew of the mine's location until about the year 1875. In that year, the last person to know of its whereabouts was brutally murdered by a renegade white man, who beat the woman to death, trying to make her tell him of its location.

When Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River, they saw gold—gold which the Hudson's Bay factor was wrapping preparatory to shipping by way of the fur route through Canada to England. Later on, gold was purchased from the Klickitat Indians by John Jacob Astor and the Northwest Fur Company. Then the first settlers of Portland, Oregon, trading with the Klickitats, not only traded for their furs but for the gold they possessed as well.

My father, a very religious man, pioneered with his family of eight children in the Klickitat district of Oregon territory in the fall of 1877 to become a missionary to the Indians. He located our home in what is now known as the Horseshoe Bend, a large table-land almost encircled by the Big and Little Klickitat Rivers, which flow in their respective canyons half a mile deep. Our large mesa was covered with luxuriant bunch grass and was heavily timbered around the rims of the canyons.

For centuries the Indians of the Klickitat tribe have lived in the depths of these canyons along the river. There was game of all kinds, an abundance of salmon and trout in the rivers, and complete protection from the elements. Hence, the Klickitats were not forced to migrate from time to time, as did the prairie Indians. During the entire span of their existence, their only means of exit from the canyons was by way of an old horse-trail that switched back and forth a mile in length, to emerge at last onto the mesa above. Here the trail split into a dozen narrow paths, some going to the Indians' fishing grounds along the Columbia River, one to The Dalles, one to Goldendale, Astoria, and other places.

WHERE the trail emerged and divided, there stood a small forest of oak, pine and fir timber; here, too, a large spring of pure water bubbled forth. The Indians always stopped to water their horses at the spring after the long, hard climb from the depths below. Water, wood, and timber for building were all here. Best of all, it was a handy place to contact the Indians, so here Dad decided to locate our home.

Too soon, the Indians learned that Dad was an easy mark, always ready to hand out food. We learned that not only the Klickitats, but also the Yakimas, Cayuse, and Nez Perce tribes used the old switch-back trail on their hunting, fishing, and horse-stealing trips into the upper country. Consequently, we were hosts to a bunch of Indians practically every day. While we built our large loghouse, barn, outbuildings, and a small church as well, the Indians would come in large numbers to sit around and watch the work. They disdained to help out, as that was squaw work.

Having found that Dad would give them food, the Klickitats regarded us as their particular property. Hardly a day passed that a bunch of them did not stop to beg food. One day, to our great surprise, a dirty buck, with long gray hair hanging down his back, spoke to Dad in broken English. He told Dad that he was a white man, French by birth, and could at one time speak both the French and English languages fluently. He had lived with the Indians over forty years and had forgotten nearly all of both languages.

His white name was Morgan. He had married a squaw and raised three children, his wife having died two years before. Dad was interested in the white renegade and invited him to visit us, which he did oftener than we desired.

Morgan had given up the ways of a white man, and now, living with the Indians, was an habitual drunkard. He would spend anything and everything he possessed to get blind-drunk on liquor, vanilla or lemon extract, or anything else with an alcohol content. He'd stay drunk as long as he could beg, borrow, or steal the stuff to drink. Dad tried many times to redeem the man and did all he could to stop his drinking, but to no avail. One day, after we had done everything possible for him for two years, Morgan returned from one of his sprees, still stupefied drunk. He fell from his horse going down the switch-back and broke his neck. The fatal accident proved a blessing to his children, his tribe, and us.

About a year before his death, Morgan had invited himself to our house and spent the night. By this time he had become well enough acquainted with Dad to take him into his confidence. So he sat before the fireplace on that evening and told Dad the following strange story:

MORGAN, a French-Canadian on contract to trap for the Northwest Fur Company, had heard rumors of a fabulous gold mine known only to the Klickitat Indians. One day at the fort he saw a Klickitat chief trading gold to the factor. Excited and greedy, Morgan decided to locate the source of that gold.

He tried questioning the chief, but the Indian became instantly wary and yielded no information. Deserting the Northwest Company, Morgan followed the chief and his party back to the Klickitat country and moved in with the Indians. Soon he persuaded them to adopt him into the tribe, thus becoming a blood brother of the Klickitats. Now Morgan felt he was on his way, and would soon learn the location of the mine. Several times he was permitted to see and handle the gold, but was allowed to keep none of it. After months of waiting, watching, and questioning, Morgan was finally told this story:

Many, many snows ago, *Sa-hag-a-lee-tyee* (the Great Spirit) appeared to the chief of the Klickitats in a dream and told him that he had placed much gold in a remote spot, for the benefit of the tribe. No individual would be allowed to waste the gold; it must always be used for the nation as a whole. The Great Spirit would take the chief and show him the gold, but the chief must be very careful never to tell any living man where it was. In that case, *Ta-man-a-wuss* (the Devil) would find the gold and destroy it. *Ta-man-a-wuss* was watching all the time, and might appear at any moment in the shape of man, woman, or beast and try to induce the chief to tell where the gold could be found.

There was just one short season each fall when *Ta-man-a-wuss* was too busy to keep watch. At this time it would be safe for the chief to go and gather what gold he wished. The chief would recognize that time by watching until the leaves had all turned brown and the water and moon were just right. Then the chief could go, but stay no more than half a moon—fifteen days—at any one time, and must never go near the spot at any other time or season of the year. When the chief came to die, he must—in order for the Klickitats to maintain the secret—call in his oldest son and confide to him the secret and location of the mine. The boy must swear by all his hopes of going to *Soc-a-lee-ill-a-hee* (Heaven) never to let the secret be known to anyone but himself until he too came to die.

That was how the secret had been kept for years—by handing it down from father to oldest son in each succeeding generation. Finally, the last chief upon whom the secret devolved, came to his time of dying without a son. He called his young daughter to his bedside and told her the secret and made her swear to carry on just as he and the chiefs before him had done for many years. The girl swore that she would do as he requested.

She was now about twenty years of age, and upon learning which girl it was, Morgan began spying furtively upon her goings and comings. Each fall, at a certain time, the girl would disappear, returning in a couple of weeks with her bandanna full of gold wire, slugs or nuggets, and present the treasure to the chief.

Now Morgan started his sly conniving. He made love to the girl, gave her presents of blankets, cheap jewelry, tanned deer hides. Finally he induced her to marry him. A family of three children followed—two boys and a girl.

FOR years Morgan watched his wife as each fall she prepared to go for the gold. She knew that he watched her, but always she tricked him and got away without being followed. When she returned with a pack of gold, Morgan would try to take it from her—but the warriors were always near to protect her and to take the gold to the chief for disposal to the tribe's needy members.

One fall, Morgan, still waiting and watching, saw his wife secreting a blanket and some food, and knew that she was preparing for her annual trip to the gold mine. Thinking fast, he told her he would not be home that night; then he hid in the woods where he could watch their lodge. Near dawn he spotted

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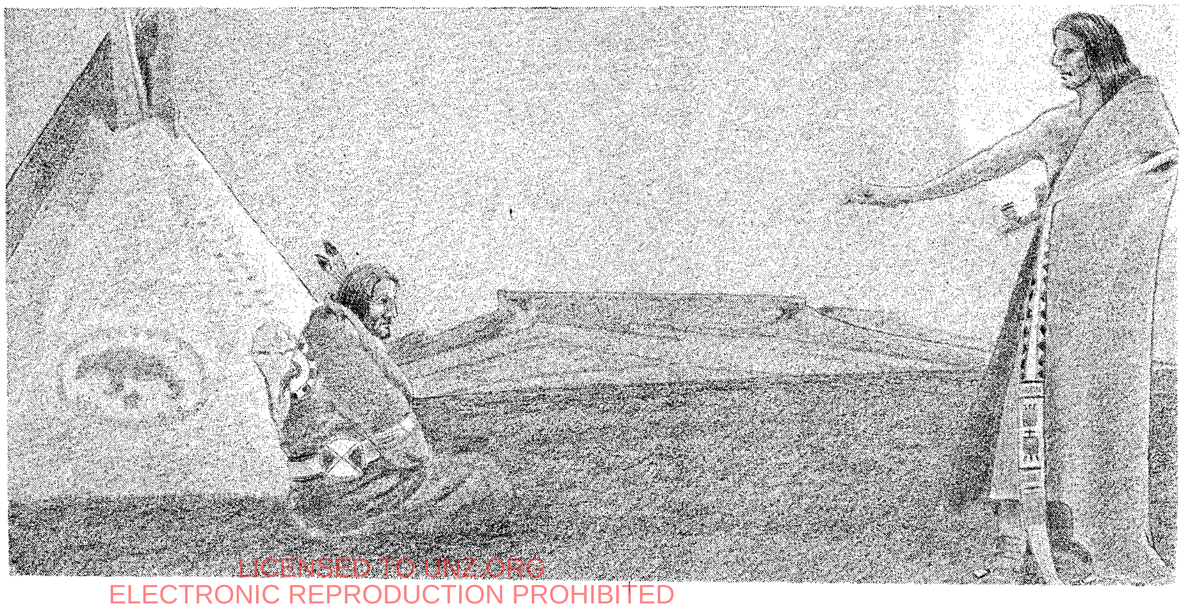
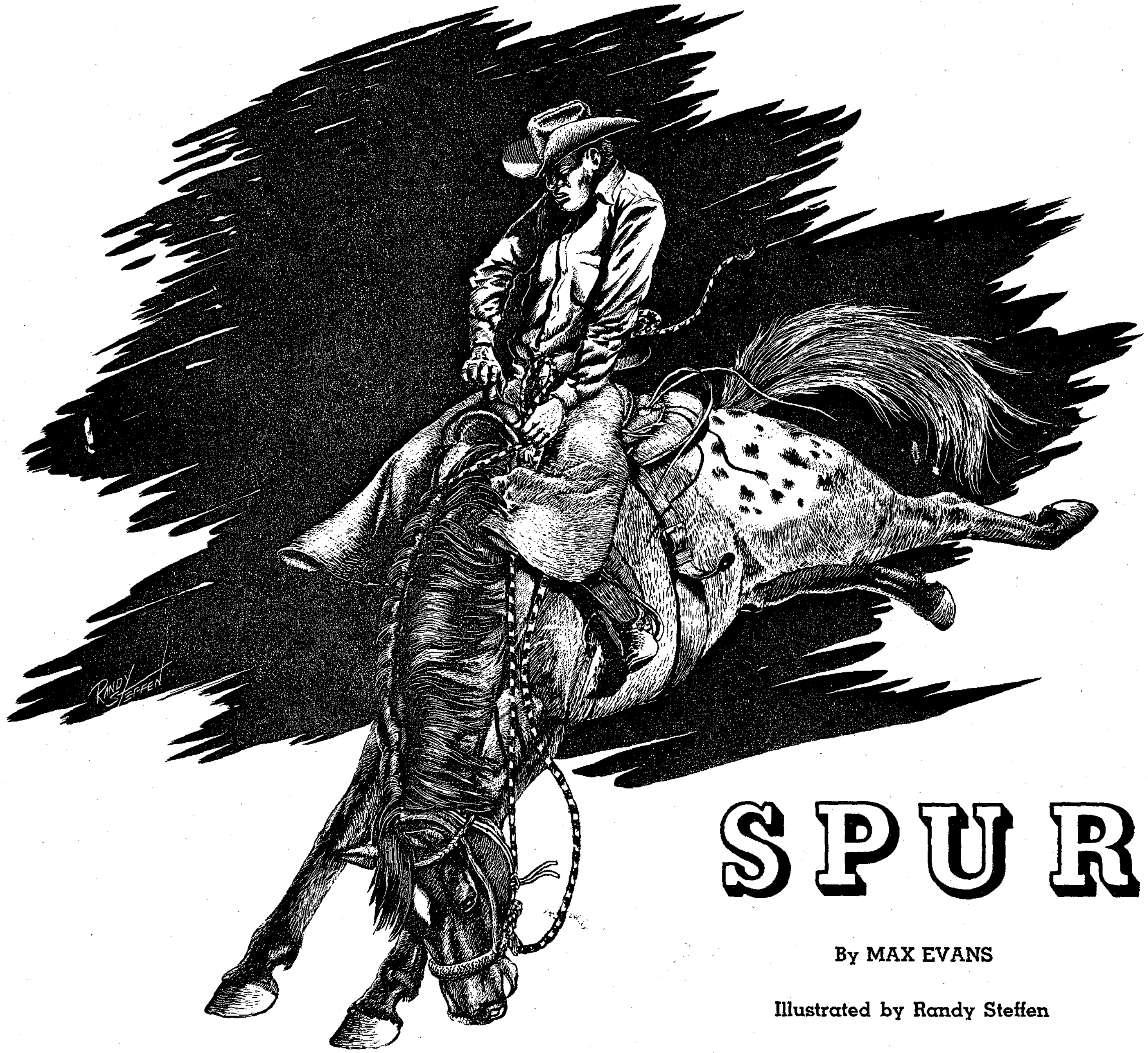


Sa-hag-a-lee-tyee (The Great Spirit) told the chief that he had placed much gold in a secret place for the benefit of the tribe.



SPUR

By MAX EVANS

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

THE day Bill McDonald rode over the hill leading the Appaloosa, Slim and I were repairing the corrals. Slim was running Pete Coleman's little ranch about three miles south of Cow Springs, New Mexico. I was just a snotty-nosed, freckle-faced kid at the time.

Bill rode up and said, "Howdy, Fellers."

It made me feel right proud to be included among the "fellers." I think Slim and I both sensed something wrong when Bill first spoke.

"How's things goin', Bill?" Slim asked.

"Not so good. Little Feller, here, throwed my boy," he said, "I think his leg's busted."

"The hell you say."

"The third time this week," Bill said. "Can't understand it. The wife has gone into Santa Fe for the Doc. It's pretty bad, and we was afraid to move him till we got aholt of the Doc."

The big Appaloosa stood there as gentle as a milk cow. A man couldn't imagine he'd buck at all. According to his size, he was sure named funny. Bill's boy, Herod, started calling him Little Feller when he was a colt and the name stuck. He was especially big for this part of the country where the main horse used was the small Spanish mustang. Little Feller must've weighed around eleven fifty and was powerfully muscled. I knew that in the early days the Appaloosa was prized by Indian Chieftains, not only for his unusual markings, but because of his toughness.

"Slim," Bill said, "I've got to get on back but I sure as all hell wish you'd give this old pony a workin' over."

Slim said, "All right, Bill, I'll see what I can do," and reached for the Appaloosa's rein.

Slim kept looking Little Feller over and Bill rode off, and I heard him mumbling to himself. Then he said aloud, "Can't figger it out. That horse is four years old and he never bucked a jump all the time Herod was breaking him. But," he added, "I've seen 'em that way before. If you don't take it out of 'em quick, you've got an outlawed horse on your hands."

Slim was one of the best horse-breakers in this part of the country. You could hardly find an outfit around that didn't have a horse or two he'd tamed.

He led the Appaloosa into the corral we had been repairing. He felt around on Little Feller's back to be sure there weren't any stickers or sore spots. There weren't. Little Feller didn't even flinch when Slim threw the saddle on his back.

Then Slim stepped up on him, sure of himself, but careful just the same. He eased the pony into a trot, then gradually worked him into more speed. Around and around the corral they went. He watched closely and all the time his right hand was on the saddle horn. Slim wasn't a rodeo rider; he used that horn for what it was put on a saddle for. The sweat broke out on Little Feller, but he didn't buck at all; in fact, he hadn't even humped up.

When Slim stepped off, he said, "Saddle up Red. We're

Little Feller had the notion that he was a bad horse, and Slim had to take a mighty rough saddle-beating to change that Appaloosa's mind.

goin' for a ride."

RED was a sorry old sorrel horse that wasn't fit for anything except to keep around the house to wrangle the other horses on. I saddled him up.

Slim swung an arm at a deep arroyo that ran all the way to a long mesa about two miles off. He said, "Now, if Little Feller heads for that arroyo, you run in front of him and beat him across the face with your hat—anything to keep him from jumpin' in that thing."

Little Feller fox-trotted along easy like. I rode right by his side, between him and the arroyo. We covered a quarter of a mile without seeing anything of interest but a lizard that raced about looking for shade.

Then it happened. A ragged patch of air was expelled from Little Feller's insides. He snorted and went from me about four long, ground-pounding jumps, then sucked back. I knew then this was the way he had thrown Herod McDonald. But Slim was ready and though I could see the strain in his face and arms he stayed put.

Little Feller got mad then. He bellered like a bull buffalo and ran nearly over the top of the sorrel and me. I was scared half to death but managed to spur old Red in front of him, cutting away from the arroyo.

Every time Little Feller went up, he bellered. Every time his feet hit, the ground shook and he left deep tracks in the earth. And every time Slim's head was snapped back and all his bones absorbed the shock, but he was still on.

He hadn't a chance to spur much at first, but now he had the rhythm of the horse, so he bogged it to Little Feller. A small patch of hair went into the wind every time one of Slim's heavy spurs hit. Then, just as suddenly as Little Feller had started, he quit.

I rode up, proud of Slim, and said, "You've got him whipped. I bet he don't never buck again."

TALK

"Hell," Slim said, "He's just gettin' warmed up."

Slim was sure right. We had ridden maybe another hundred yards when the old devil jumped into a dead run. Just as he reached his peak of speed, he bogged his head and went straight up. I could hear the *whoomp* of his belly and guts as he came down. Slim's hat went off. I knew then things were tough. I'd seen Slim pull that hat right down over his ears when we left the corral.

Little Feller bucked straight ahead with those high power-driven jumps. Then he bucked back again, but in a different direction than before. Slim almost lost a stirrup but managed to pull back with the Appaloosa. Again Little Feller stopped as suddenly as he'd started.

Slim yelled for me to get his hat. He stepped off to tighten the cinch. A lot of lard had already melted under that horse's tough hide, and I could see quite a bit of daylight between his belly and the leather flank strap.

SLIM didn't waste any time. He jerked his hat down even further on his head and climbed back aboard. I couldn't make myself believe that Little Feller could go on with it any longer, but I didn't say anything. I knew Slim wasn't in the best of spirit at the time.

Little Feller stumbled along until he reared right straight up in the air. If Slim hadn't yelled like a wild Comanche and whopped him over the head with his open hand, I figure Little Feller would have fallen back on top of him.

When the horse's front feet hit dirt again, Slim had his hand back on the saddle horn. Don't think for one minute that he was ashamed of 'pullin' leather'. A working cowboy doesn't like to walk home when he's miles out in the pastures. He learns damn quick to stay on anyway he can.

Little Feller started kicking back with his hind legs, just as his front dug into the ground. A back-kicker is one of the meanest buckers in the world to ride. While Slim's body would follow the forward motion, the back kick would catch him right in the middle of it and wrench him hard the other way. Slim's face was white as death. I could see the leaders in his neck standing out and the muscles knotted where his jaws were clamped together. Then, just as we rounded the mesa point, I saw the blood stream from Slim's nose. I wanted, worse than anything else in the world, to yell to him to quit. But I had been taught to keep my mouth shut on such matters, so I didn't say a word.

Little Feller got within six inches of a fence that Slim had told me to watch. He turned back, more from Slim's heavy spur in his neck than he did from Red and me. When he stopped this time, I could see that he was mighty tired. He stood with his head down, legs apart and his lather-covered sides worked in and out as his lungs pulled for more air. Slim sat up on him, as if he didn't know that the blood had circled around the corners of his mouth and was oozing down under his chin. His shirt was sprayed with red splatters.

I couldn't imagine, even then, that a horse could buck that far and that hard or that a cowboy could stay on his back that long and live—but there they were. At the time, I was sure of only one thing—I knew Slim was going to get killed. It had boiled down to some sort of personal battle between the man and the horse.

Without saying a word, Slim reached out and raked the rowels of his spurs from high in the neck right back to the flanks. They left a track all the way. Little Feller answered with a sideways jump. He bucked slowly, but just as hard as he had in the beginning. Slim never stopped the music of his spurs. They seemed to me as if they were separate from his tired body.

WE were at a gate when this session ended. I could see now that blood was coming out of the corners of Slim's mouth, as well as his nose. They stood there a long time. I started to get down to open the gate, but Slim said, "No, I'll get it." I really don't know why he wanted to open the gate, unless it was just to show that Appaloosa that he could still walk.

He wobbled on his boot heels and Little Feller moved stiff-legged through the gate. His shoulders were marked

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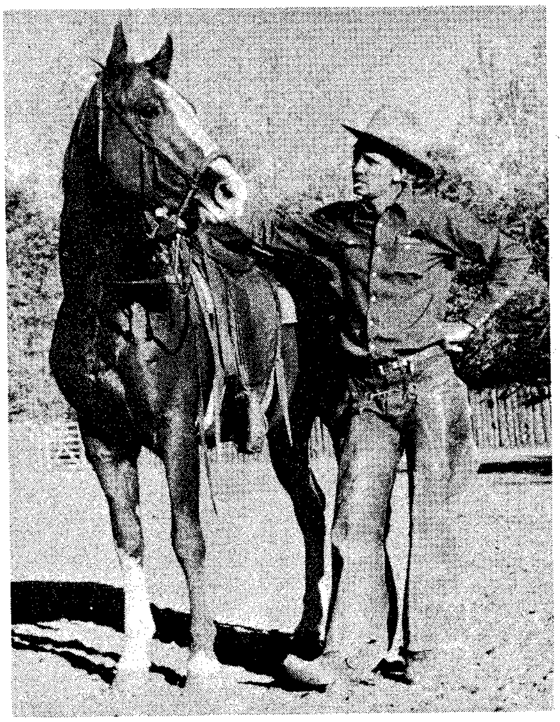


Slim Evans is shown with Shiner, registered quarter horse which he trained.

SPIRIT CURSE OF THE LO

By LYNDON RIPLEY

GOLD is sometimes cursed stuff. There are many old-timers who swear that the richest veins, sands and quartz deposits have the curses of dead men placed upon them. They contend that a hopeful prospector can search in vain all his life, after finding a sample of the precious raw metal. Until the day that he leaves this mortal vale, he remains obsessed with the dream of riches that he once found—and lost. This is especially true in the case of Louis E. Belfils, the French watchmaker, about whom many tales have been and are still being told on the Pacific Coast.

His son, Dr. J. A. Belfils, until his recent death a dentist in Eureka, California, vouched for the fact that his dad found an Oregon bonanza in quartz, then spent the remainder of his life trying to locate it again. The Doctor also tried—in fact, dozens of prospectors have searched the hills—and has never found the lost Frenchman's lode.

Yet it is there. It still lies in rough Southern Oregon country somewhere between latitude 42° 10′ and 42° 20′, and longitude 123° 40′ and 123° 50′. It is there because at nearby Pocket Knoll over two million dollars worth of gold has been taken out of rocky mountain pockets. At Tennessee Gulch, not so far away either, over a million dollars in placered gold has been removed.

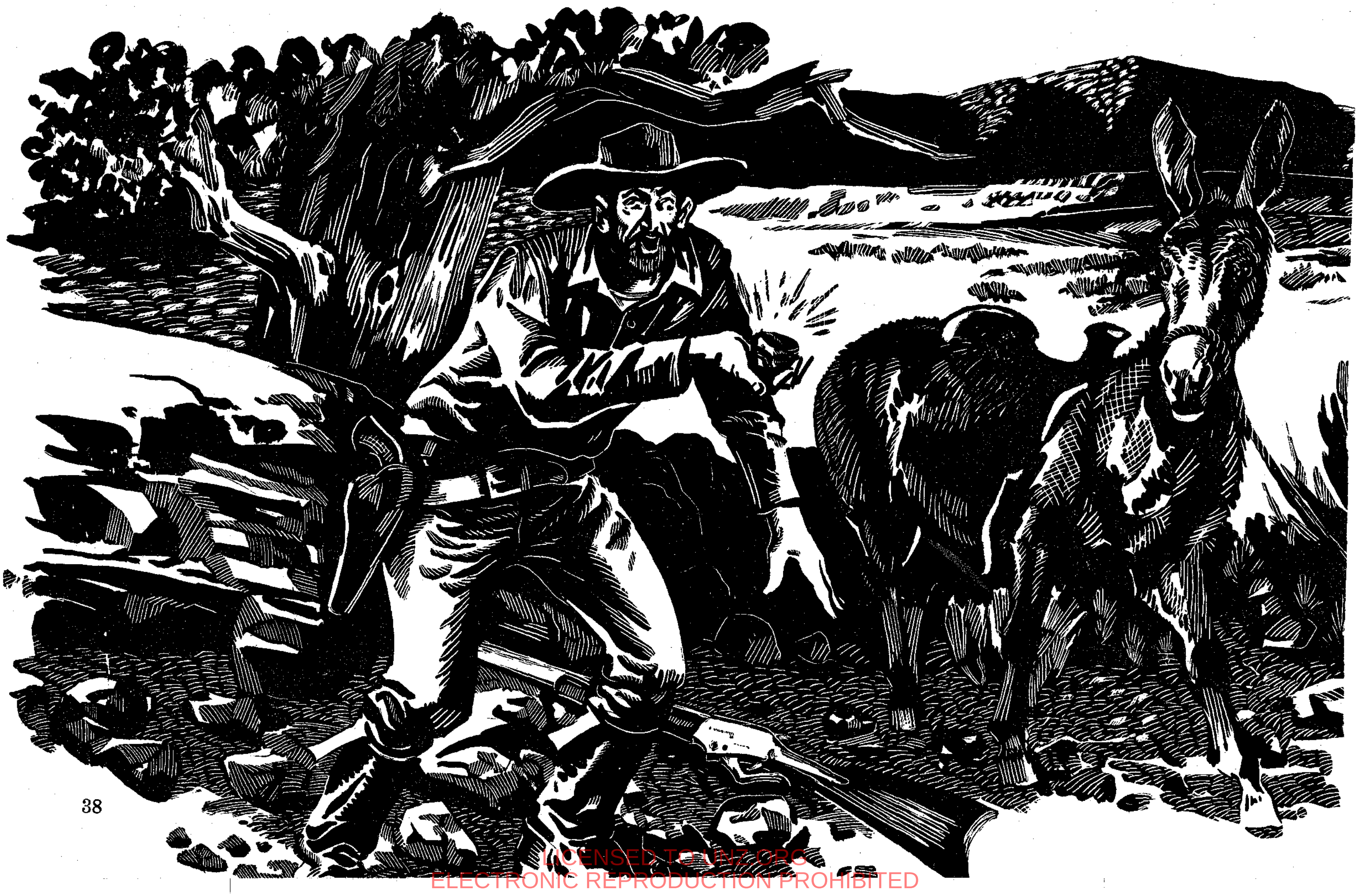
Other similar spots in the vicinity—Lightning Gulch, Baby Foot Creek, Mud Springs, Free And Easy Pass, to name a few—have produced $10,000 to $50,000 worth of gold. It has been removed by placering, panning and quartz reduction. All through this part of the country there are precious metals in the upheaved rock formations—gold, silver, copper, manganese and hush-hush metals mined for atomic bomb creation. The Belfils "lucky spot," with its fortune in wire gold quartz, awaits some modern day adventurer who is more fortunate than those who have gone before him.

Yes, the gold is there, shimmering through various kinds of mountain weather, somewhere on the eastern slope of the Siskiyou Mountains. All you have to do is go and find it, for you've been given the correct and almost exact spot where it is located.

The only catch is that it isn't easy to find. You have to pack in, fight heat and sometimes lack of water, struggle up and down wooded, ragged country. It is still as rough and raw as it was back in 1855 when Lou Belfils found the piece of amazingly rich quartz—then ducked an Indian arrow and fled for his life.

IT was a sunny May morning when young Lou—then about 24 years old—set out from Sailor's Diggings, a pioneer settlement that is today called Waldo, Oregon. He was astride Katinka, his plodding little burro, and trailed Spooney, her pack companion, on a rope. Lou had finished repairing watches belonging to local miners and had plenty of money left over after buying supplies for the trip over the ridge to Fort Dick. Soon he would be getting back to Jackson City—now Jacksonville—near Medford. There was more watch fixing and profitable trading to do just across the mountains.

The trip, up to the 3900 foot crest, where Josephine County bordered on Curry, proved uneventful. He went down the west slope of the Siskiyous toward the Pacific, following the trail that meandered close to what is now the California-Oregon state line. Taking a more southerly direction he finally reached the coastal settlement of Fort Dick, near the Pacific Coast.



T FRENCHMAN'S GOLD!

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

In about two weeks Lou wound up available repair business at the Fort. After buying more limited supplies, he started out again. This time he took a more northerly government trail, for he intended to by-pass Sailor's Diggings, hit for what is now called Kerby, in the flat near Tennessee Pass, then cut north to Applegate country and home.

Late that afternoon he made camp in the setting sun beside young growth of fir and spruce. The burros seemed glad to stop, have saddles removed, to quench their thirst and graze, in spite of being hobbled.

In less than an hour he topped a rise and reached a small clearing that was bathed in morning sunshine. Off to the northeast he could see wooded ridges in several shades of purple. Nearer at hand he made out the hunched bulks of Tennessee and Josephine Mountains.

Here on the high ridge there was a deep, cathedral stillness. Lou glanced back and jerked Spooney's lead rope. He started whistling, to sort of knock the edge off his unwelcome, lonely mood. He was looking up idly at a circling buzzard when Katinka stopped short. Lou almost sprawled over the long ears that had flicked up and stiffened, alertly listening.

He noted then that the burro was staring intently at a clump of bushes near some pines. The whistle stuck on a high note and died on puckered lips. Lou listened too, tense and apprehensive. Little Katinka was like a watchdog when it came to scenting danger.

LOU half turned and glanced back at his pack animal. In that brief moment of time something whished past his ear and thudded into a tree beside him. His startled eyes beheld a feather-tipped arrow, still quivering, its triangular tip half buried in the bark.

For a moment he was numb with surprise.

"Indian! Indian!" Lou cried then, in the redskin jargon that he thought would be understood. "White man Indian friend!"

When there was no movement and no response, Lou made up his mind in a hurry. He pounded his heels against his burro's ribs, urging her to fly if she could.

Finally, after what seemed miles of headlong flight, Lou reined up his lathered, panting burro. Glancing back, he discovered that Spooney had slipped his halter and had gone off on a tangent of his own.

Lou tried to calm his fear, now seeing nothing of the Indians. He wanted to go back and get the pack burro, for almost all his duffle was on the pack saddle. The redskins, however, were too confoundedly close.

At that point he tried to figure out where he was. In his wild dash along the ridge and down through mountain brush and heavy timber he had left the trail behind. Now, in order to find it again, he'd have to go back. And to go back...

Lou slapped Katinka on a flank and set out north again, with the sun rising to his right. Coming to the top of a small rise, he looked back and decided immediately that he had been wise in hurrying on. He glimpsed three buckskin-clad savages who were boldly following along behind.

Now definitely sure that he would be trailed, Lou kept going north and east, around canyons when possible, up along cliff edges, down through streams he had never seen before. He was a little surprised to see the north land more cut up than he had figured it. For game it was a wilderness paradise.

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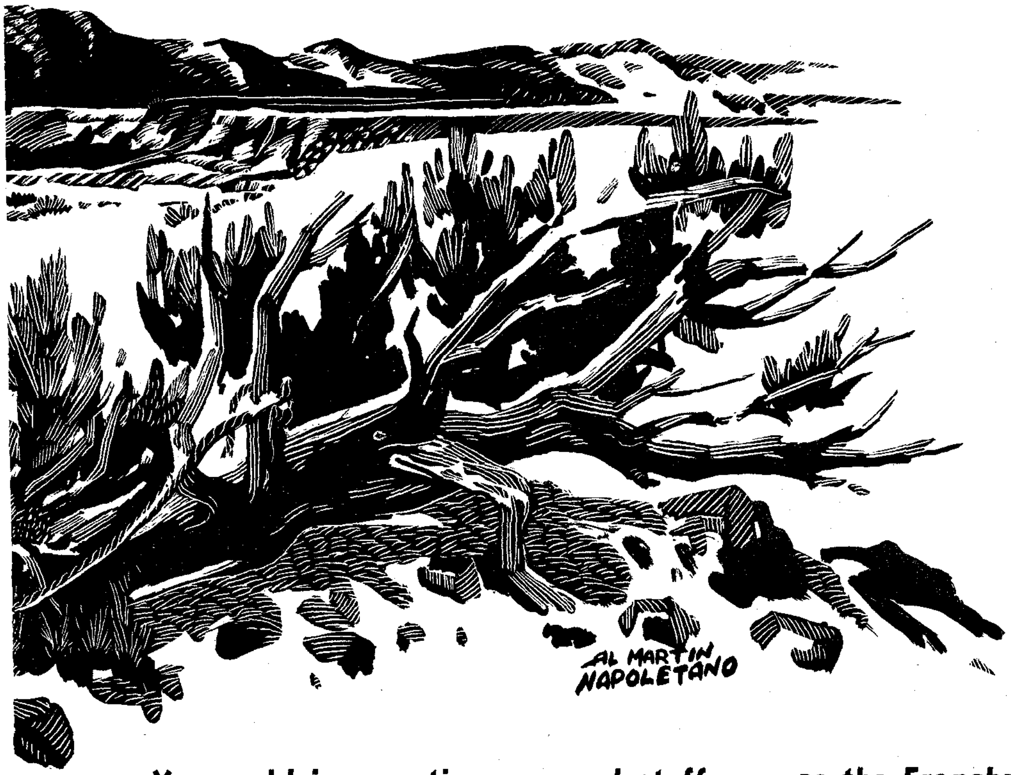
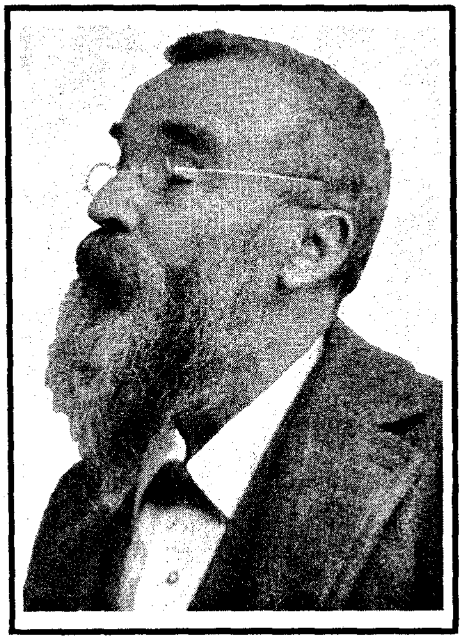
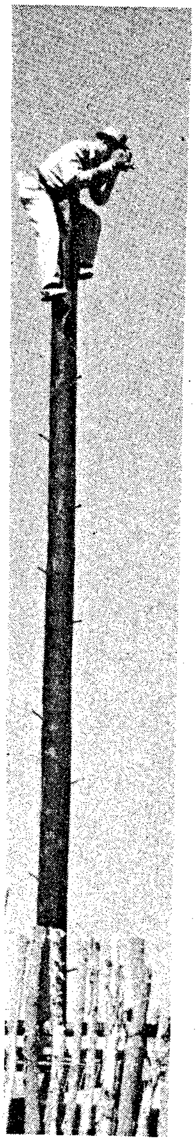
In his hand was a piece of whitish quartz, thickly threaded with glistening gold!





Louis E. Belfils, in later years.

Yes, gold is sometimes cursed stuff . . . as the Frenchman discovered to his sorrow.



Pull up a chair for a ringside seat to what may prove the last major

WILD HORSE ROUNDUP

By CHARLES W. HERBERT

A Western Ways Feature with Photographs by the Author

A wild horse eats as much as two range cows or fourteen sheep. Long ago, the U. S. Grazing Service labeled as trespassers all horses on public range land without "permits." During the critical meat shortage of World War Two the Service went further. An ultimatum was issued: the horses had to go.

Nobody in the West likes the idea of shooting a healthy horse. But wild horses are smart. Trapping and capturing them alive has been easier to talk about than do. Mustangers had managed to catch about as many as were foaled each year, but could make no real dent in the western horse population. Also, the horses were constantly gaining "recruits." Wild stallions, coming in the night, proved irresistible to mares held in poorly fenced ranch pastures. The mares followed the stallions to freedom, miles from the ranches.

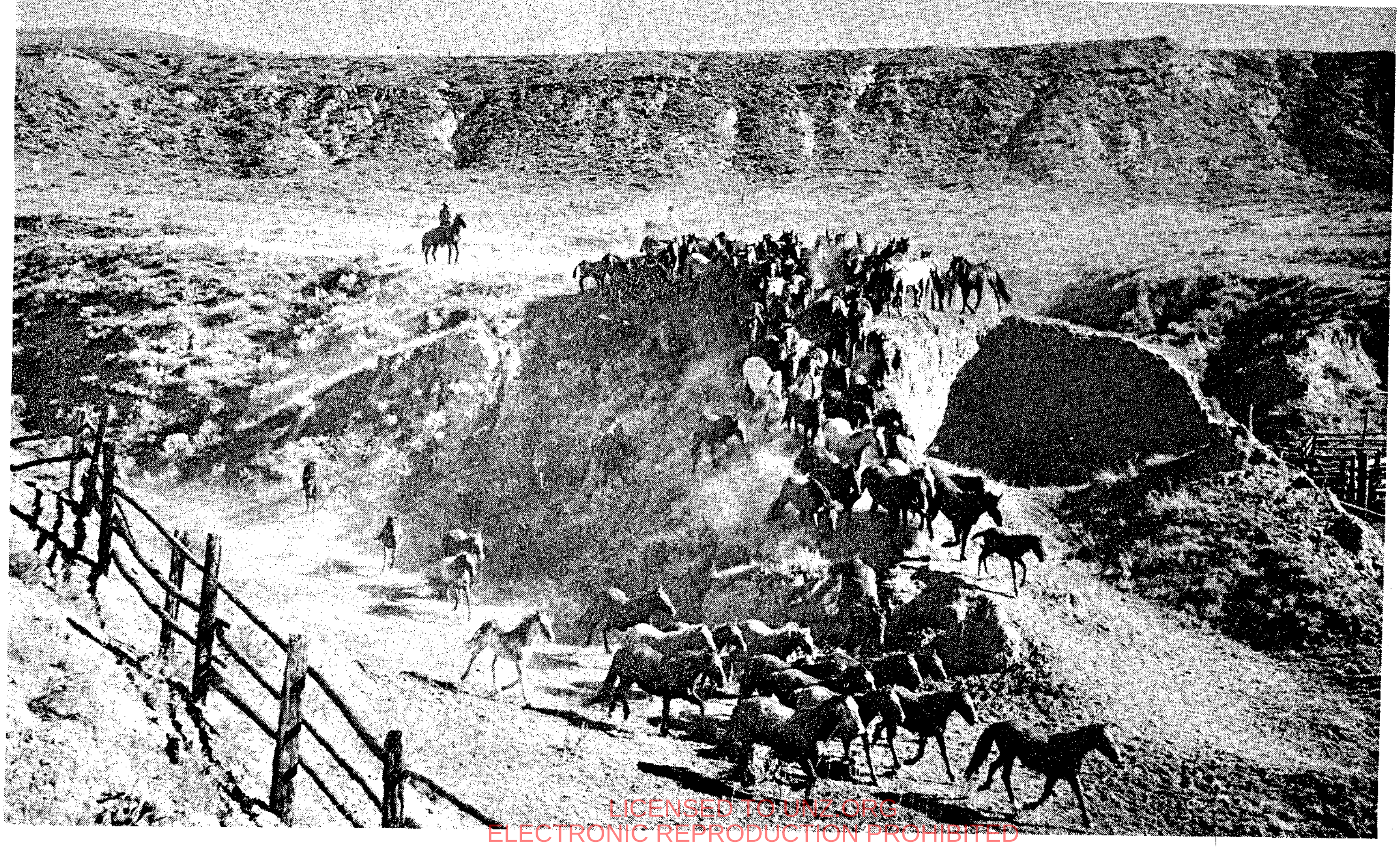
Stockmen of southwestern Wyoming met with Grazing Service officials in Rock Springs during the war to discuss plans for ridding the range of the trespassers. It was finally agreed that the only solution was to shoot the horses.

Frank Robbins, a rancher from Glenrock, Wyoming, listened quietly. Then he reared his powerful frame toward the ceiling, and announced firmly: "I'm representing the horses. I'll trap 'em and bring 'em in alive."

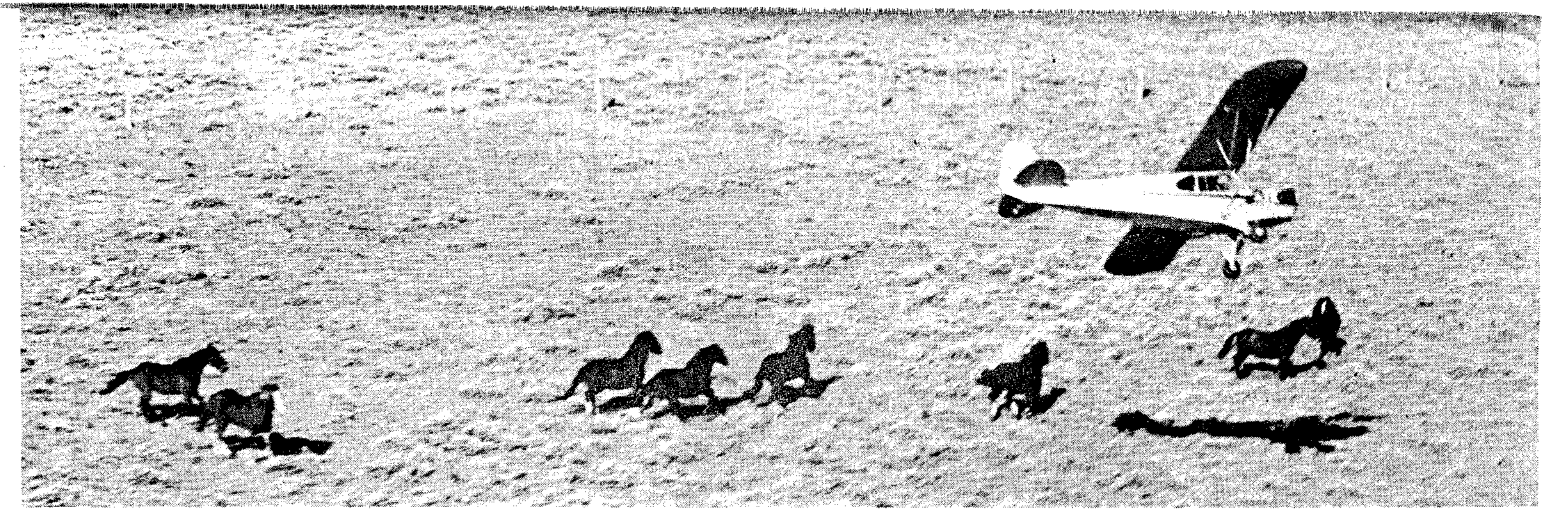
Frank had worked out his plan carefully. He described it to the stockmen and officials. He knew mustangs and had studied them for years. Once, while Frank watched a wild palomino stallion, trying to figure how to get his loop on such a prize, a plane had flown low over the secluded valley. The stallion threw up his head, raced for a nearby canyon and out of sight. Frank took the idea from there. He worked out a way to flush horses from their hiding places by using a plane. Then mounted men on fresh horses could dash out from hiding at just the right time and force the mustangs into strategically placed traps.

Frank had been successful at that. Now, he managed to persuade these officials to give him a chance, before they started shooting the horses.

Frank Robbins began demonstrating his ability to trap wild horses so thoroughly that he was threatening to make them as extinct as buckboards, covered wagons, and two-gun badmen. Could we



We set up cameras in strategic spots to get shots of the horses from every angle as they entered the pens.



1. The picture above is the first of a series that ends on page 9. Roy in the plane gets the roundup under way by herding small groups of horses into the main drive.

make a documentary film that would capture, before it was too late, the excitement and drama of a real wild horse roundup?

IT was a challenge, and we wanted to try. I knew it was a story that was a natural for our kind of films, and a sure contender for an Academy Award. I knew we could select effective settings, pick camera positions, direct the action and get a clear image on the film. This was our business. But would Frank Robbins go along and help make wild horses and cowboys enact this drama so the camera could record it with its natural and genuine settings? This was the question when I went to see Frank at his Glenrock ranch in June, 1946.

He wouldn't commit himself, at first. He took time to think it over and to size me up. He had to decide if I was just another city slicker, looking for a couple of staged action shots, or if I wanted to record the story as it actually took place. Finally he agreed, and we drew up a contract and signed it, all legal-like. He agreed that if we couldn't get the desired shots during an actual roundup, he would stage the scenes for us with horses he had captured and quieted down enough to be handled easier.

Luckily, we were able to "shoot the works" on real location, and it was an adventure none of us at the cameras will ever forget.

Roy Edwards of the New York staff, and Jean du Bois, a Denver free lance photographer, came out with me. We filmed a few introductory scenes around the ranch and decided our first coverage would be the 4th of July wild-horse rodeo Frank always held. Top hands from many parts of the country showed up for this rodeo, eager to pit their skill against the wild cunning of Frank's outlaws, fresh from the wide open range. Most of the bucking horses of rodeo are simply horses that refuse to be ridden; many were formerly pretty well-behaved saddle horses that for some reason decided they didn't want a man astride 'em any more. But at Frank's rodeo, every horse was a wild one, right off the range.

Few riders stayed on top long enough to hear the timer's whistle, but every contestant gave us action easily filmed from the right camera position. To put a special punch to this sequence, we rigged up a metal frame, fastened to a pack saddle, so a small automatic camera could be placed where a rider's head would ordinarily be. To mount the camera in position, the bronc had to be thrown down. Then we started the motor and let him up. The camera ran off forty feet of fast odd-angle action, as the horse bucked and spun around across the arena, recording for the first time a rider's view of a bucking bronc.

Our truly spectacular film was on the way to New York by plane that night. Next day came a curt wire: "Never mind rodeos. Get wild horse roundup."

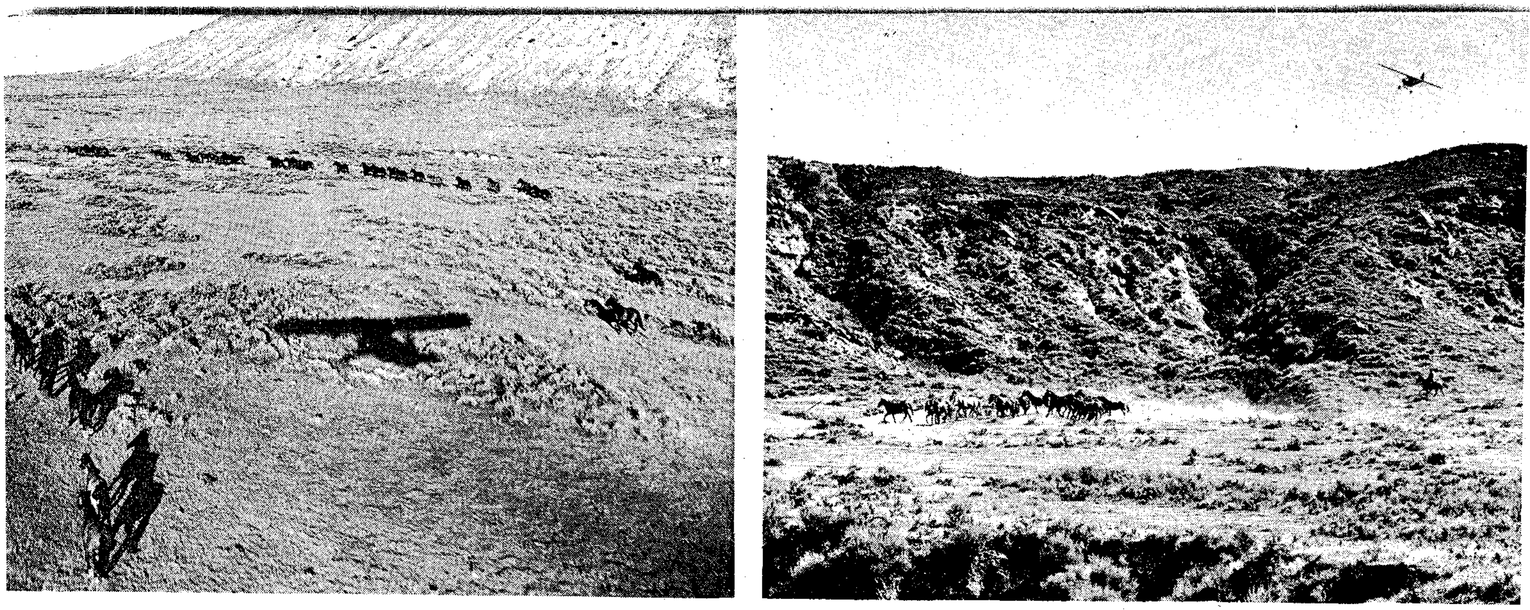
New York had already dubbed our proposed film "The Battle of the Wild Stallions" for box office appeal, and it was our assignment to get just that. This battle proved to be the toughest sequence on the whole job.

NEXT day found us trailing Frank southward. He drove a big truck loaded with hay, bedrolls, grub, fuel, water, saddles, bridles, tools and two stout horses, Buck and

(*Continued on following page*)

2. Now Roy has several small bunches herded into a sizeable group and is pushing them slightly so that they will arrive at a certain point in time to join the main drive.

3. We "buried" a camera so that you might see how it looks to be "run over" by a herd of wild horses!



4. Left: The plane's shadow is very effective in a horse drive—but it must never pass over them. Right: As Roy brings a small bunch into the trap, a rider comes out of hiding, hazing them on and making sure they do not bolt.

6. Frank twines his loop around the foreleg of a wild one preliminary to the first step toward taming.

Slippers, unmistakably from a wild herd. Frank always uses horses he captures wild and breaks to his own needs.

"They have plenty of savvy," he swears, "and stay-with-it for driving the wild ones."

We went through a lot of wide open country on the eastern fringe of the Red Desert to the Union Pacific whistle-stop station at Wamsutter. This is Frank's railhead for his marketing operations, also his headquarters for mail and telegrams—barely read on the fly. He moves fast, hard at it from before dawn until late evening.

From Wamsutter the road gradually changed into a trail. Two ruts wound uncertainly through sagebrush flats, across dry arroyos, up and down sharp ridges southwestward towards the Haystack mountains. Along the way, abandoned sod-covered shacks told their own mute story of early pioneers struggling to gain a foot-hold in this still-untamed country. Wild, inhabited by the wild, the area was now threatened with a new kind of pioneer—with wings to cut time and space, and to tame the untamed.

Skirting a low mesa, past zigzagging canyons, we had our first sight of the wild horse country to the west. Sharp rises in the terrain accentuated the depth and irregular course of the maze of canyons serrating the mountains. A greenhorn on foot needed a compass and stout legs to make his way from one canyon to the other. We learned this through personal experience.

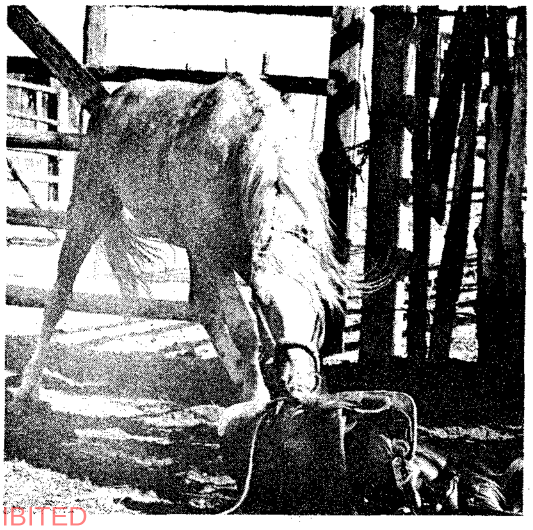
At the mouth of one canyon, a mile-long line of posts made from used railroad ties were camouflaged with sagebrush and tied together with heavy steel cable. This formed one wing of the traps Frank had laboriously planted in the hard, rocky ground.

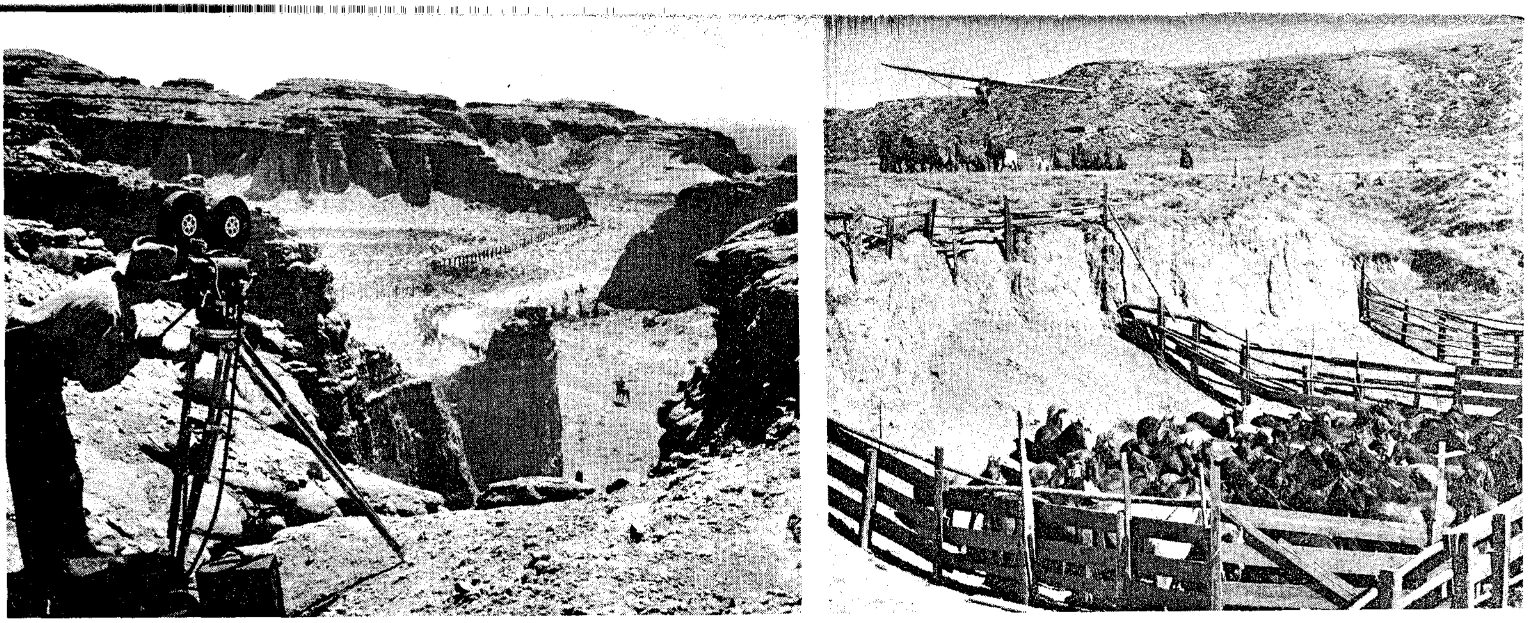
In a pocket, tight against the canyon wall at the far end of the fence, we found Frank's camp. We had hardly got our feet on the ground when Frank was astride Buck and off to scout the country for horse sign. He was back at sundown, just as Roy Lamoreaux, Frank's pilot, flew in low from the north, and landed in the cleared strip along the fence. Roy came to the cookshack, grabbed a plate and started eating. From then on, whenever we saw Roy, he was either eating, flying, roping or sleeping.

Roy was a ranch boy who worked a long time to get into the air. He was as fascinated with rounding up wild horses by plane as Frank. In their first trials, Frank went up with Roy, putting him wise to all the tricks he had learned about driving the wild ones. Frank had an uncanny sense and could usually outguess the horses. Once he had them on the run, he kept them running, and used the plane to get the job done.

7. Frank puts the saddle on to acquaint his prize catch. Desert Dust, with the feel of leather for the first time. Now that the bucking is over, Frank is roping the stallion so he can take the saddle off.

8. Desert Dust bites the saddle angrily to show his contempt for man and his "civilized" ways.





5. Left: With a camera on a butte overlooking throat of the trap, we were able to get some very unusual angle shots. Right: The plane swoops low over a small bunch as a last "nudge" to get them into the catch corral. Horses, caught on previous drives, act as decoys for a wary bunch looking for company in time of trouble.

The plane could not pass over and in front of the horses, or let its shadow pass over them. It had to remain a menace close behind, relentlessly driving and turning the horses as needed. This required pilot skill equal to that of top-flight fighters in combat. A siren was fixed on the plane, and Roy also carried a sawed-off shotgun to help persuade the horses to speed up along the right trail.

WE spent three weeks getting our pictures of a wild horse roundup. We were routed out at three-thirty in the morning to gulp down black coffee and a heavy breakfast. With the first streak of dawn, Roy was in the air, headed toward remote hideouts. Frank watered and fed his horses, then scouted the country from a high point above camp.

We'd follow him up a canyon to a secluded spot in a narrow pocket. Then, dismounting and crawling to the top of the ridge and carrying a large branch of sagebrush to hide his head and shoulders Indian style, he'd peer over the ridge.

From fifty feet away the branch and Frank seemed to be growing naturally against the skyline. He'd pick up a handful of powdered desert dust, toss it gently into the air to get the wind direction, then settle down to peer at the distant horizon that rimmed the wide, almost round basin in front of us.

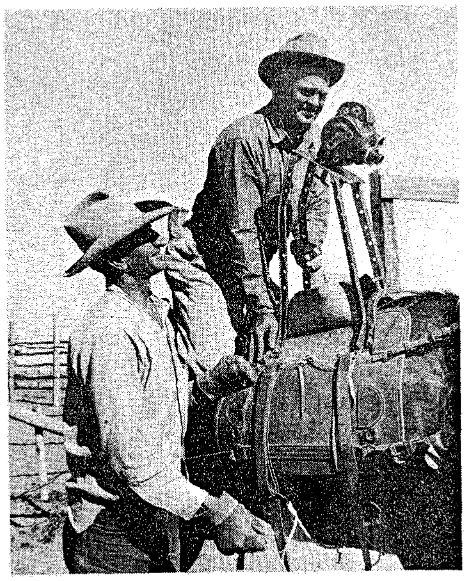
"Keep down when I tell you," he'd caution. "If they git our scent, high-tail it out o' here. An' stay out o' the open."

We studied the setup for several days. Then we picked camera positions in the wings, throat and belly of the trap into which the horses would be driven. We had three cameras and could select a variety of locations. But we had to have a shooting point well hidden from the keen eyes of the horses. We decided the narrow throat of the canyon provided the best location.

We'd taken our positions early, soon after Roy took off in the plane, and waited patiently. Sometimes it was in vain. Sometimes we got good action right in close, when the riders were able to bring the horses just where they were supposed to come.

We buried a small automatic camera right in the trail where the wild bunch would run over it. We concealed another on the far side of the corral. This one was to get the bunch when they first found themselves trapped. One of us

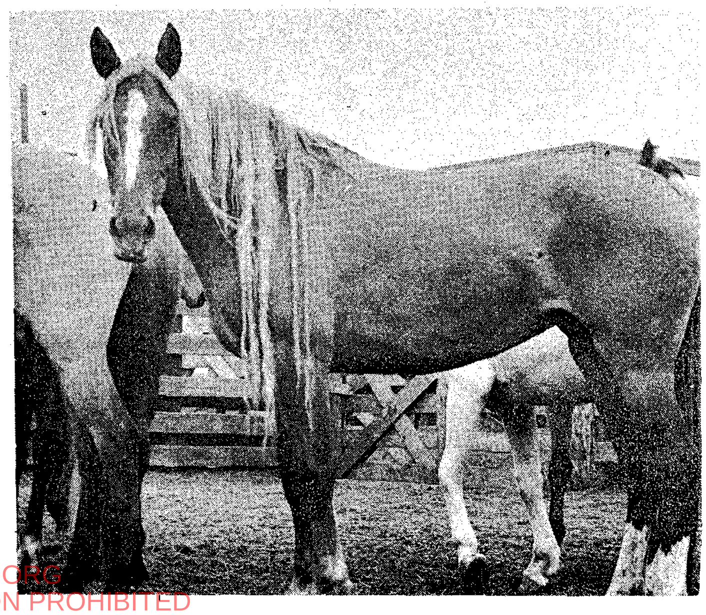
(Continued on page 52)



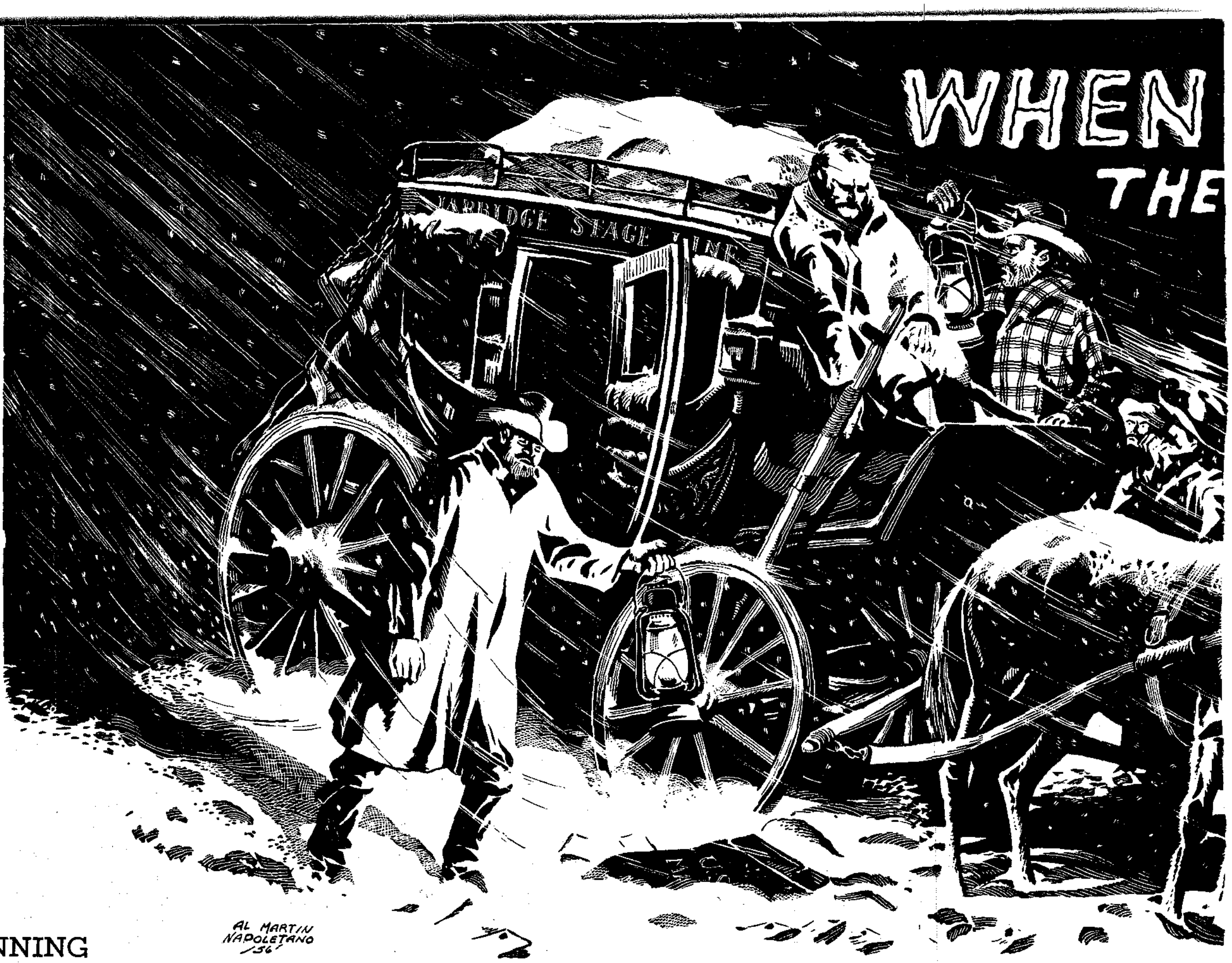
Details of special camera mount we used with an automatic camera to get a bronc rider's view of bucking action. Results? One big blur!

9. Frank kept the best ones for breeding purposes. The initial taming process over, this mare is turned loose in a brood pasture.

10. Long mane and tail are marks of a horse that has run wild for years.



WHEN THE



By BILL MANNING

Did the old tramp dog know the murderer of the stage driver — or didn't he?

UP in that high, rough land, where Nevada bumps into Idaho and snowbanks border the trails till the Fourth of July, sleeps the old mining camp of Jarbidge, Nevada.

Jarbidge is a ghost town. Her mines and mills are silent, most of her log buildings stand empty, and only a handful of folks still walk her streets. The younger men mine a little, and hunt and fish a little; and the old men smoke their pipes, and dream, and do a lot of remembering.

Particularly, they remember a certain long-ago night, when Death rode the inbound stage. . . .

It was back in those halcyon times when all the big mines in Jarbidge canyon were pouring forth gold, and the town was booming. Every saloon, on that night of December fifth, was packed to its threshold. The crackling and popping of pine-gorged heating stoves mingled with the slap-slap of cards, the whirr of spinning roulette wheels, the clink of shot glasses and silver dollars on polished bars, the scuffing of heavy boots, and the constant roaring overtone that comes from big voices and big laughter, and too many men in too little space.

There was only one disturbing detail. The incoming stage was hours overdue . . . and Jarbidge knew it was no night for a stagecoach to be traveling the hazardous road that led south from Rogerson, Idaho! Driving four skittish horses over that road offered danger enough, even in fair weather—and the weather this night was anything but fair! Thin, dry snow had been spitting through the pines since mid-afternoon, and as winter's early dark settled over the canyon, an icy wind had begun whistling around windows and doors, rattling stovepipes and banging loose sheets of corrugated iron roofing. Even before this present storm, there had been three feet of snow on the narrow, twisting Crippen Grade, over which the stage must travel; and only two days earlier, several large freight teams out of Jarbidge had met a bunch of incoming teams from Rogerson and it had been necessary for the outfits to work all one night and half the next day before they could pass on the grade.

FEARFUL that the stage driver had experienced similar trouble, Postmaster Scott Fleming, about sundown, had asked Frank Leonard to take a saddle horse, ride up the grade till he met the stage, learn what the difficulty might be, and bring in the first-class mail.

But when Leonard returned, several hours later, he was empty-handed.

He said he had ridden all the way to the top of the grade but had not sighted the stage. . .

This development threw the town into a tizzy of conjecture, the consensus now being that the stage had run off the grade and plunged into the river—a theory that was held until about nine o'clock that night, when word of the missing stage reached a Mrs. Dexter, who lived at the north edge of town.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Dexter. "The stage didn't run off the grade! I'm positively sure of it, because it passed my place about suppertime. The driver was huddled on the seat as if he was terribly cold, and had his coat collar turned up around his face. I called to him and asked if he wasn't about frozen; but he didn't make any reply. . . "

The driver hadn't made any reply . . . and three hours later, he still hadn't arrived at the post office, only half a mile up the road from Mrs. Dexter's house!

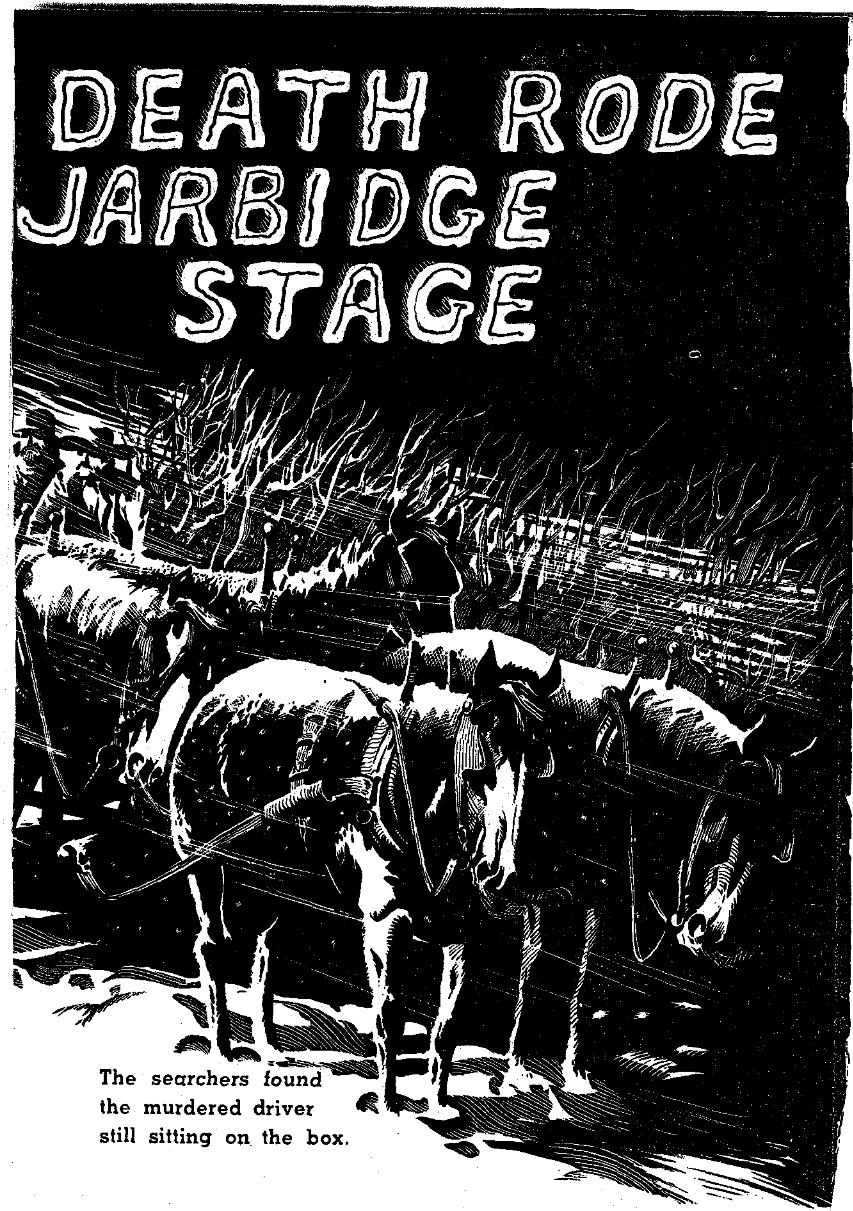
Only now did Jarbidge begin to realize that the stage had not been delayed by the forces of Nature, but by human forces of evil.

Defying the storm that was now wailing through the dark streets of the mountain mining camp, a volunteer searching party, lighted by kerosene lanterns, began combing the canyon between the post office and Mrs. Dexter's residence.

Minutes later, the missing stagecoach was found in a dense clump of willows, a couple of hundred yards off the main road, and only a quarter of a mile from the business section of town.

SLUMPED on the seat of the coach sat the driver, F. M. Searcy. In the back of his head was a round, black hole, made by a bullet fired at such close range that the victim's hair had been powder

DEATH RODE JARBIDGE STAGE



The searchers found the murdered driver still sitting on the box.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

burned. Three inches of snow lay piled on his body, and both the seat and floor of the stagecoach were caked with frozen blood. The horses, still in their traces and tied to a clump of willow brush, were plastered with snow and shivering from the cold. Near the stage lay the second-class mail sack, which had been slashed open and its contents scattered over the ground; but the sack containing the first-class mail—including $3200 in cash consigned to Crumley & Walker's Success Bar and Cafe, and other smaller amounts to a total of nearly $4000—was nowhere to be seen.

Darkness and the mounting fury of the blizzard prevented any further investigation that night, but armed guards were posted on every trail leading out of town, and no one was permitted to leave camp. It wasn't a good feeling to know that the man responsible for this foul deed was probably one of those aiding most actively in the search. . .

When the vicinity of the crime was examined the morning following, it was discovered that the murderer had lain in wait along the road, only a short distance below Mrs. Dexter's house. He had, evidently, swung aboard the coach as it passed; and, according to bloodstains in the snow, had shot the driver almost immediately. Startled by the shot, the nervous horses had started to run away, causing the stagecoach to careen wildly along the edge of the road for a hair-lifting hundred yards; there, the murderer had evidently been able to seize the lines and bring the animals under control. Continuing bloodstains in the snow along the road indicated it had been he who was driving when the vehicle passed Mrs. Dexter's house, which accounted for the fact that he had not shown his face or responded to her greeting. Shortly beyond her place, he had turned the horses and coach off the road into the secluded thicket of willows, and there had tethered the animals and gone calmly about his business of robbing the mail.

From the point where the stagecoach had been found, the footprints of a large man and a dog were found to lead to the river, where the murderer had washed the blood from his hands and discarded a bloodstained shirt. The tracks then led through the willows to a path that crossed a footbridge over the river and entered the business section of town.

Like most mining camps, Jarbidge had an old tramp dog who was owned by no one, but was everyone's friend. As the volunteer posse conducted its grim investigation, the old tramp was frolicking alongside, and when the group reached a point about one hundred yards from the bridge, the animal bounded off into the willow brush and began pawing at a small mound in the snow.

It was the first-class mail sack. The bag had been slashed open, blood-smeared letters were scattered through the snow, and the registered parcel, containing the $4000 in cash, was gone.

THE dog's apparent knowledge of the mail sack's location inspired someone to match his paws against the crusted prints of the animal which had accompanied the murderer on his grisly trail of the previous night. When the paws and prints were found to be the same general size and shape, it remained only to figure whom the dog might have been following.

Thus did the finger of suspicion first point to Ben Kuhl, an employee at one of the mines.

The old dog was especially fond of Kuhl. As a matter of fact, he was about the only friend Kuhl had in camp, for Kuhl just wasn't popular. He had been in trouble a few weeks previously—something about "jumping" a piece of real estate—and was then free on bond while appealing a $400 fine assessed in that connection.

This understandable need of money, coupled with the dog's friendship for him, and the fact that he wore shirts "similar" to the bloodstained shirt found under the bridge, was judged sufficiently incriminating. Kuhl was arrested on the day following the crime and was charged with robbery of the United States mails and with murder.

Searchers, later, found a coat buried under the bridge—a coat which Kuhl's partner said had hung in their cabin and would have been available to Kuhl, had he wished to use it. In the same cabin was found a gun with one chamber fired. It wasn't Kuhl's gun. It had belonged to a gambler, who had loaned it to a friend to shoot rats, and the friend had loaned it to another friend . . . and, even though it had eventually turned up in the cabin shared by Kuhl and his partner, there was no proof it was the gun that had killed the stage driver. Kuhl swore he had spent the entire evening in one of the saloons, and several men substantiated his story. Later, however, they said maybe it had been some other evening they had seen him in the saloon. . .

The whole case was very confusing.

About all anyone could say for certain was that young Searcy, the stage driver, had been very popular in camp, and now he was dead—shot in the back of the head by someone who had not given him even a fighting chance for his life.

Kuhl *could* have done it . . . and Kuhl had *not* been popular.

So Kuhl was It.

If there was any talk of lynching, no one remembers it, now. Everything was as legal as Blackstone. Taken to the county seat, at Elko, Kuhl was tried, convicted on circumstantial evidence, supported by bloody handprints on the mail, and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Carson City.

Throughout his trial and subsequent imprisonment, Kuhl never failed to plead his complete innocence of the crime, and after serving twenty-seven years, he was released on parole.

AMONG the twenty-three persons who still live in Jarbidge are a few old-timers who engaged in that midnight manhunt in a blizzard-swept canyon. Given half a chance, they'll retell the story, point out the spot on the road where the murderer swung aboard the stage, the clump of willows where the driver's body and the horses were concealed, and the bridge where the assassin washed his murder-stained hands and

(Continued on page 52)

Spirit Curse of the Lost Frenchman's Gold!

(Continued from page 39)

All that day the young Frenchman kept pressing on, without food or rest. Nor did he stop when dusk fell and stars came out. All night he kept doggedly plodding into strange country, hoping to put safe distance behind him. Sometimes he walked, in order to give his tough little burro a breathing spell.

Gray dawn found him on a steep mountain hogback, ravenously hungry and dog tired. Lou noticed then that it was a good spot to make a halt. From this vantage point he could see for several miles over his back trail to the south and to the east. He could be moving again should he see anybody on the prowl.

As sunlight broke over the mountains, Lou made camp in a grove of trees "with light-colored bark," which he took to be live oaks. He ate snacks of food that had happened to be tied in a flour sack behind his saddle. He put Katinka out on a picket rope.

Finally Lou sat down on a ragged outcropping and tried to relax. The sun was warming his tired, sore body when he idly picked up a rock, intending to toss it at a scurring, slithering form that he took to be a lizard.

The rock proved to be so heavy in weight that he dropped his eyes, then stared. In his hand was a piece of whitish, semi-transparent quartz, thickly threaded with glistening wire gold. Lou had seen samples of ore that prospectors had proudly displayed in various camps, but never before had he seen quartz so amazingly rich in precious metal. He jumped to his feet and looked around him. The ground under the trees and off down the slope to the southeast was now glinting and shimmering in the sun. It was all this same kind of broken up, beautifully gold-veined rock!

It was positively amazing! Why, with a hammer to crush the rock, here was a fortune for the taking! No panning or placering! It would lift out like yellow lace! *And it was all his!*

Lou Belfils suddenly whooped for joy and ran toward his faithful little companion. Katinka snorted and backed away. Then Lou went mute and stopped dead, staring over the animal's back and down the slope.

The Indians had circled to the east! Down in a tree-shaded meadow they were now moving cautiously in timber shadows! Moving in his direction!

STARK fear made Lou leap for his burro. He tore up the branch peg, grabbed the rope and jumped into the saddle that he had not taken off. In a matter of seconds Katinka was again in a choppy, short-legged lope, evidently sensing the urgent drive of her master.

All that day Lou rode wildly through more rough country. Late in the afternoon he reached Fiddler's Gulch, then circled Eight Dollar Mountain on a well-worn trail. He literally wept with joy when he saw the outskirts of the mining camp, Selma.

Here Lou Belfils let down and rested from his ordeal. He treated Katinka to the best hay and grain obtainable. He repaired watches and kept his precious secret. At night, in the privacy of his room, he unwrapped his chunk of gold-bearing quartz, fingered it fondly and wondered just what he should do about his good fortune.

Days passed into weeks. One Saturday afternoon Lou learned that on the following Monday a group of miners were leaving for—of all places—his home town, Jackson City! When they left Selma, Lou Belfils was with them.

As soon as Lou reached Jackson City he looked up C. C. Beekman, a pony express rider who later became a banker. After securing Beekman's promise of secrecy, Lou Belfils poured out his story. He produced the piece of quartz that he had stuck inside his shirt and asked its value. Beekman whistled. He bought the piece of quartz for $100 and promptly offered to grubstake Lou if he would give him a half interest in the claim.

Lou Belfils readily agreed to this, for he liked this frank young fellow. Lou's confidence was not misplaced. Beekman proved to be a man of his word and highly dependable. He knew local conditions very well and advised Lou to wait for a few months before starting out again. Soon the Indians' antagonism would be smoothed out and they would be put on reservations.

Beekman's opinion in this proved correct. Soon it appeared safe for young Lou to start back and stake out claims for himself and his new partner.

Equipped with plenty of grub, two good mules besides Katinka, camping equipment, rifle, ammunition and good stout mountain clothes that Beekman supplied, Lou Belfils set out.

FIGURING that the best way was to retrace his journey to Fort Dick and back, he returned to Sailor's Diggings—Waldo. He made the trip over the Siskiyous to Fort Dick without incident. He started north and east along the same government trail that he had taken before. He reached the spot where he had been ambushed, now almost a year later. It all looked the same. This was going to be easy.

Then he started to follow the trail to where his burros had raced instinctively for safety. He was treading his way through stunted cedars when he heard a voice. It seemed to be close to his shoulder. It had a mannish ring to it yet it sounded very soft, no doubt meaning to be kind.

"Don't look for the gold!" it said. "Don't look for any gold! Don't go there!"

Lou Belfils looked around warily. There was no one behind shrubbery or up a tree. He wondered then if he had really heard a voice.

For weeks he searched the northerly slope, went back over the serrated ridges. He circled, and overlapped his circles. He ranged north and south, then east and west. He went down to Sailor's Diggings for more supplies, then continued his search. It was no go. He couldn't find that ledge of gold-bearing quartz.

"Name your poison."

But he knew that it was there—somewhere. He kept on looking, doggedly now. Heat came with full summer, then the chill and bleakness of autumn. Soon cottony, white flakes of snow began drifting down. When the wind made heavy banks of it, made it impossible to flounder along, Lou Belfils gave up the search. But only for a little while. Only for the winter.

The next spring Lou was out again, as soon as the snow melted a little. All that year he looked for the ridge ledge near the live oaks. He kept looking the year after that. He knew the fabulous quartz was somewhere on an eastern slope of the mountains, for the morning sun had shone on the glittering wire gold.

Miners in the various settlements began talking about the Frenchman who had been born near Paris but who kept searching for new gold in a new country.

Year after year went by. Because Lou Belfils wasn't getting any nearer to his hoped-for fortune as he grew older, he kept repairing watches and mending jewelry. He married a fine woman and had several sturdy children. After leaving Jackson City he lived in Roseburg, Oregon, and Tulare, California, among other places, where he made ends meet with his jewelry business.

Whenever he could take time away from his family duties he made trip after trip into the Siskiyous Mountains, ever hopeful that he would find his treasured hoard.

NEVER did he give up hope that sometime he would be successful. He saw prospector after prospector go out, ahead of and behind him, looking for the same rich spot. He was getting old now. Not much longer could he tackle the hard trail that tired even the best of young men.

As John Belfils—later to become a dentist in Eureka—developed into young manhood, the elder Belfils told him everything he could about the "Lost Frenchman's Mine," as it was called around settlement campfires. When Louis died in 1900 at Grants Pass, Oregon, at the age of 69, the young son remembered.

When John was 18 years old he took up the quest in person. For over a year he searched diligently by himself, following his father's explicit directions. He traced out Lou's route, branched into Onion Valley and heard the screams of cougars by night. He shied away from rattlesnakes, saw piles of rocks here and there, already overgrown with brush, where prospectors had searched for gold.

Trying a new angle, young John then started at Kerby and back-tracked on the trail. This got nowhere either. He stopped looking for a while when he became sick with kidney trouble, after drinking water that seeped from greenish-blue serpentine rock, found all through this locality. A lot of miners suffered with this trouble, out in the hills.

Some time later young Belfils took up the search again. With Sam LaHeist, a brother-in-law who had come west from Kentucky, he left Grants Pass early one morning for Kerby.

The Belfils party outfitted at the Burks Mercantile Store. As soon as local prospectors learned that Lou's son was in Kerby and "on the prod," there was a stampede for the hills. Two old prospectors were especially "stake crazy." They kept staking out claims ahead of the Belfils party, hopeful that, if there happened to be a find, they would come in *for* a share. For months this went on until the old boys were literally worn down to ventilated socks and hobnails.

Young Belfils returned to Grants Pass, then went on to Jacksonville. Believing he should make an effort at a more tangible income, he went to Portland to study dentistry at the North Pacific College, now affiliated with the University of Oregon. He entered practice in 1910, opening an office in Eureka.

Some years ago, before he passed away, Doctor Belfils smiled and shook his head when asked if he was ever going to search again for the "Lost Frenchman's Gold," to try and vindicate the elder Belfils' claim.

"No, I'm not," he said with a trace of regret in his soft voice. "Like my father, I can't go hiking the hills indefinitely. One gets older, you know. Besides I've got to make a living too. I'm dealing with gold as it is, only it's in crowns and fillings and a much surer thing.

"Maybe," he went on pensively, "there *was* something to that warning spirit voice after all. Dad often talked about it. It could be that a curse had been placed on the gold-bearing quartz. Maybe the ground slid, undermined by a spring freshet. Personally, I wouldn't know. After all I'm only a city dweller at heart."

The Rifle that Opened the West

(Continued from page 33)

cheek-piece. Patch-boxes were seldom used. Double-set triggers were integral with the trigger-guard. Early Hawkens were made with a full stock; later, the half-stock was adopted. Locks varied; some being of the ordinary "warranted" type, others handmade in the Hawken shop. R. Ashmore, an English maker, supplied locks for Hawken rifles, and a few have turned up equipped with locks stamped with the name "Meyer." A low silver blade set in a copper base was the standard front sight; a low buckhorn slanted slightly backward was the rear sight. Silver bead front sights were also available on special order.

In range and accuracy, the Hawken was outstanding in its day and surprisingly good even when judged by modern shooting standards. Bill Hamilton, in his book, ***My Sixty Years on the Plains,*** stated that "Hawkins" were the best rifles on the frontier in the early 1840's and credits them with a range of 350 yards. Horace Kephart, noted historian and rifleman, bought a Hawken in 1896 that had remained in storage many years and had never been fired, except when tested by one of the makers. The rifle was unstamped, but Kephart took it to Charley Siever, an old Hawken workman, for inspection and verification. Siever positively identified the rifle as a genuine Hawken, one that he had personally worked on more than forty years before. The venerable German gunsmith recognized the lock as one of his own manufacture.

KEPHART'S Hawken was a .53 caliber, half-stock, equipped with a 3/16-inch silver bead front sight and buckhorn rear sight. The gun weighed 10½ pounds, with a lightweight stock and a very heavy 34-inch octagon barrel.

In *Shooting and Fishing* Magazine, October 1, 1896, Kephart published an account of his try-out of this Hawken. The test was conducted at 200 yards range, using the half-ounce (217 grain) ball, greased linen patch and charges of 41, 82, 123, 164, and 205 grains of FFFg Deadshot Powder. Kephart stated: "With 41 grains of powder there was no perceptible recoil; with 82 grains it was about the same as that of a 32-40 of like weight; with 123 grains it seemed about as heavy as that of a 38-55-330; with the 164 and 205 grains I experienced less shaking up than with a Springfield 45-70-500 fired in the same position. My arm was neither lamed nor discolored. The results satisfied me that a muzzle-loading rifle of 10½ pounds can be fired with a half-ounce round bullet and all the powder that accuracy will permit, without any recoil that a hunter or soldier would notice. This test gave me the impression that on a calm day I could keep in a 12-inch bull, which is all that I would guarantee to do with any gun fitted with such sights."

Kephart shot the Hawken in the off-hand hip rest position in this test and obtained best accuracy with 82 grains of powder.

The customary powder charge was half the weight of the ball. With this load the Hawken shot practically "flat" up to 150 yards, and with the heavier loads shot nearly level sighted at 200 to 250 yards.

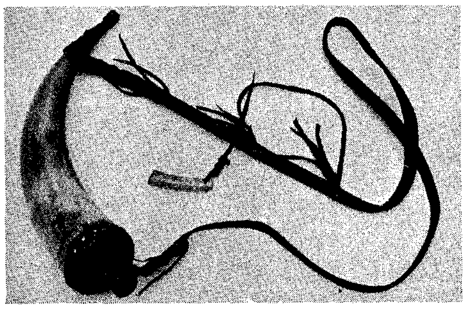
Weighing a solid 10 to 13 pounds, the Hawken was made in several calibers—from .44 to .53. Larger caliber rifles were made for special customers—the largest on record being the .66 to .68 caliber Sam Hawken made for General William Ashley. The barrel of this king-sized piece was 3 feet 6 inches long and carried an ounce ball. Using this rifle on a summer buffalo hunt in 1824, Ashley killed a huge bull with one shot at 280 yards.

The Hawken was a prime favorite with the mountain men. The half-ounce ball, propelled by a "b'ar load" of 200 grains of high-grade English Diamond Grain powder, was lethal against buffalo, elk, and bad Injuns. Even the mighty grizzly—respectfully tagged "Old Ephraim" by the trappers—could be stopped by the Hawken. Not by a heart shot—grizzlies "plugged dead center" through the heart had been known to reach and kill the hunter before they died. To drop a half-ton of red-eyed, charging bear in his tracks, the hunter had to score a brain shot through the grizzly's eye or through the roof of his yawning mouth. That brand of life-or-death marksmanship took guts as well as skill—the icy nerve to wait out the great bear's awesome rush and the ability to place that single half-ounce ball in exactly the right spot at precisely the right split-second. Timing told the story when facing Old Ephraim; the hunter who fired too soon or too late paid for his irrevocable mistake with his life.

Hunting buffalo was utterly different and far less dangerous. Picking his quarry out of a herd of the ponderous, shaggy beasts, the hunter rode his trained buffalo horse up on his chosen victim from behind and on the left side and blasted away at point-blank range. The vital target area lay well back on the buffalo's flank rather than directly behind the left shoulder. Aimed behind the last rib, the hunter's ball smashed down and forward through the intestines toward the heart. A buffalo's heart hung low in his huge body, and thus could easily be missed by a man shooting from a running horse. By making the quartering gut shot at close range, the experienced hunter fatally wounded his buffalo even though he missed the heart entirely.

SMOOTH-BORE guns were preferred by hunters running buffalo, since this type of weapon was easier to load on the back of a racing horse than a rifle. Some hunters became so expert at this that loading and firing ten times in a mile run was a commonplace occurrence. Heavy horse pistols were often substituted for long guns in these buffalo chases.

Rifles, especially the powerful Hawken and the fine sporting rifles made by famed English gunmakers, Richards and Manton, were best for stalking buffalo on foot. Francis Parkman in *The Oregon Trail* wrote: "The method of 'approaching,' being practiced on foot, has many advantages over that of 'running'; in the former, one neither breaks down his horse nor endangers his own life; he must be cool, collected and watchful; must understand the buffalo, observe the features of the country, the course of the wind and be well skilled in using the rifle. The buffalo are strange animals; sometimes they are so stupid and infatuated that a man may walk up to them in full sight on the open prairie and even shoot several of their number before the rest will think it necessary to retreat. At another moment they will be so shy and wary that in order to approach them the utmost skill, experience, and judgment are necessary . . . "



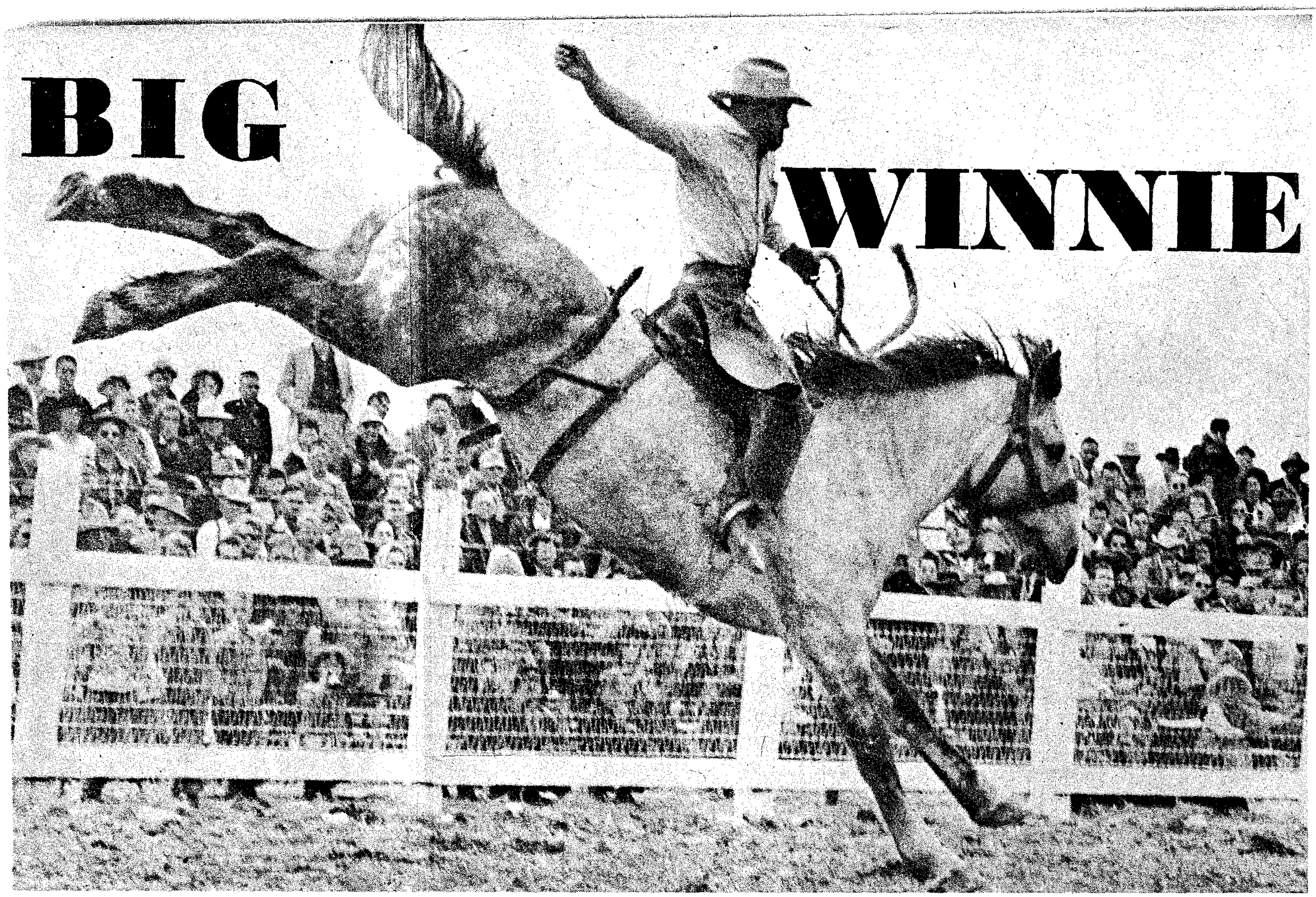
Typical powder horn carried by the mountain men.

Along with Bill Williams, Mariano Modena and Kit Carson, Jim Bridger packed a Hawken throughout most of his fifty years on the Plains. Bridger took "Ol' Bull Thrower" into retirement with him in 1871 and hung the battered rifle above the fireplace of his Missouri cabin. The old gun, many times rebored until it was nearer .60 caliber than its original .53, sported a double row of brass-headed tacks studding its cracked, worn stock; mute yet eloquent testimony to the number of Indian and grizzly *coups* it had scored.

"A man's rifle!" declared Jim proudly to awed neighbors come to call on the famous scout and mountain man. "Nigh onto fifty year I packed a Hawken on the Plains, all the way from the Great Salt Lake to the Mackenzie River. This yere Ol' Bull Thrower is the last of the lot—and the one that lasted me longest. *I could shoot her all day without cleanin'* and my last shot went jest ez true ez my first—er anyhow, my second. When I threw down with her on a pizen-mad grizzly er a skulkin' Blackfoot, she made 'em *come* every time! Yes sir, gentlemen, this yere weepon is a *man's* rifle all the way!"

There could be no finer accolade for Jake Hawken and his rifle.

BIG WINNIE



Winnimucca in thrilling action at the Fairfield, California, Rodeo. Chet McCarty up

Photo by George Baker

The heart-warming story of an "ol' gray plow horse" that escaped the killing pen to become a famous rodeo performer.

BY SHIRLEY M. JONES

IT was the spring of 1946 and the butchers in the horse slaughtering plant at Santa Rosa, California, were busy at their trade of turning horseflesh into dog meat. A big iron-gray gelding stood next in line for a bullet, dozing in the sun. All morning, he and the other doomed horses had been shunted along the narrow alleys, closer and closer to the grim building ahead. Now only the gray was left. A premonition of danger seemed to disturb him, for suddenly he nickered softly, head up, anxious ears cocked. His inquiry was interrupted by the blast of the noon whistle.

Inside the plant, the men threw down their bloody tools, caught up their lunch boxes, and sauntered outside to eat. Half an hour later, dawdling over coffee and cigarettes, they began the usual noonday pastime of baiting one of their number who professed to be a cowboy.

"Why, boy," drawled one man, "I bet you couldn't even ride that ol' gray plow horse back there in the killin' pen!"

The bet was snapped up, and the men arose with alacrity. One ran to fetch a saddle and halter, while another herded the gray back down the alley and into a large corral. Here—in one corner—stood a chute which had been built years before for the purpose of trying out prospective bucking horses for rodeo. The big gelding stood quietly in the chute as Eddie adjusted the saddle, nuzzling in friendly fashion the men as they buckled the rope rein into the halter. Chuckling derisively, Eddie slid into the saddle, drew taut his rein and yelled "Outside!"

The gate slammed open. For an instant, the big horse stood motionless, puzzled.

"He's waitin' for the plow!" his rider laughed. "Giddap, Dobbin!" His spurs raked the gray's neck.

Then—a gray thunderbolt came rocketing out, squealing happily as he got into action. Higher and higher he went, with the sky-high snapping kick that was later to make him famous. The cowboy's face mirrored surprise, then consternation as, at the third jump, he found himself catapulted into space. The brief test was over.

Eddie may have been the first to be bucked off the big gelding—but he was not to be the last by a long shot!

"Put that horse in the saving pen," ordered the plant boss, who referred to his rodeo-saving pen as his "jewel box."

So the big gray was saved by the bell—the dinner bell. Later he was weighed and sold for eight cents a pound for his brawny 1630 pounds. His buyer was Jim Millerick of the Circle M rodeo string in Sonoma, California. Two years later, Millerick refused $1,000 for the horse—an offer made by a rival rodeo contractor.

AT the home ranch the big gray was branded with the number 17, a number that soon was to become familiar to all bronc riders. He was entered on the records under the name "Winnimucca," simply because he had been shipped in from that town in Nevada. The naming of bucking horses is sometimes casual, since many who appear to be great prospects soon quit and are replaced. In the case of Winnimucca the name stuck, even though his later performances would certainly have justified a more original and colorful name.

Within a year of his rescue from the killing pen, Big Winnie had become famous and was bucking off eight out of ten of the riders who climbed aboard him—many of them top hands of rodeo. The powerful gray was known as a buck-off or pay-off horse, in that he either bucked his man off, or—if he failed to achieve this—his performance was still such as to chalk up winning points for the rider. Only once, in several years of arena work, did Winnie fail to either buck the rider off or carry him to the pay window. This brilliant record caused bronc riders everywhere to hold him in high esteem. They liked to draw him at major rodeos where high purse money was at stake, for they knew he was worthy of their steel.

Winnie held this reputation particularly at the great Cow Palace in San Francisco, where he probably won more champion riders more money than any bucking horse of his day. The renowned Salinas Rodeo was also the scene of one of his more sensational performances; as was the Red Bluff Roundup, where his picture adorned the program, following a statement by one of the committeemen that he was one of the greatest bucking horses ever to set foot in that arena. This belief was shared even by rival contractors, who themselves had furnished stock to Red Bluff, including well-known rodeo man Bob Barmby, and the old arena maestro, Harry Rowell.

Winnie's spectacular style made him a great favorite with the fans, with whom his name soon became a byword. The crowd would wait breathlessly for the chute gate to open; then roar its excitement as the big gray streaked into action. It was a real thrill to watch those mighty muscles at work, each jump a backbreaking, tearing jolt. Then, when the cowboy was flung out of the saddle, Big Winnie's snort of happy triumph would come rolling back as he was led to the catch-pens.

MANY great bucking horses have a specialty of their own invention for dumping riders. This may include a shifty way of going, jerking rein out of the rider's hand by rooting with the head, and so on. Big Winnie's invention was his terrific double-snatch kick. Riders found it difficult to describe, even when they'd just been grounded by it. Trained, keen-eyed observers said that when the big horse reached the very top of his kick, he gave it something extra so that in effect it was a kick on top of a kick. The result of the spasmodic action was usually electrifying: the horse would seem to have snapped his spine—and the rider would shoot out into space. As proof that the timing of the double kick was a tricky thing, I can cite that to the best of my knowledge, no rodeo photographer was ever able to snap the horse at the very peak of the kick.

In his proud position as boss hoss of the Circle M, Big Winnie reigned for many years as king of the outfit's bucking-horse herd. He was treated like a king, too: grained and often stall-fed in rodeo season, and even exercised by a pony to limber him up before a show.

It was clearly evident that Winnie bucked only from a spirit of fun, for there wasn't a mean streak in him. In fact, the big horse was ridiculously docile. He could be caught anywhere in an open field, ambling ponderously forward to meet his captor, nosing his pocket for sugar. Winnie had brittle front feet and, when being rodeoed steadily, required shoeing—a job that was accomplished with more ease than with many a pampered saddle horse. He was never known to bite, strike, or kick his handlers.

The big gray's history, prior to his coming to the slaughterhouse, was a mystery. Certainly he was well halter-broke; a child could lead him. Yet he bore no collar marks which might have indicated that he had once pulled a plow, and surely no one had ever used a horse his size as a saddle horse!

Some bucking horses are chute-fighters; Winnimucca was not. However, when he was really feeling his oats and eager to buck, he would sometimes rear up in the chute while his rider was getting aboard. This trait was soon recognized as a signal that Big Winnie was ready to go.

Like most rodeo horses, the mighty gray had a personality all his own. For all his impressive size, he was no fighter. The runtiest horse could run him away from the hayrack; hence, he presented feeding problems. Yet he urgently desired the company of other horses, and if penned alone would fret and pine. As a novel parade exhibit, he was once hauled in a big banner-hung truck by himself. All through the parade he created vast excitement by thundering up and down the length of the truck, screaming like a horse gone berserk. Timid spectators were thrilled yet terrified, not knowing that Winnie's awesome display was due only to lonesomeness.

Yet he loved to rodeo, loved the crowds and fanfare, was exhilarated by the flying pennants and the strident music of the bands. He was often led in grand entries, in order that patrons could get a close-up view of a great bucking horse. Big clown that he was, he became coy on these occasions, prancing and curvetting ludicruosly to the affectionate amusement of onlookers.

The cowboy respects and admires a top bucking horse, but few stars enjoyed the genuine affection bestowed upon Big Winnie. He possessed an endearing quality that impelled many a cowboy to give him a comradely pat when passing the chutes.

AS the years passed, Winnimucca's only fault as a rodeo horse began to catch up with him. Always he had bucked his best under a spurring rider, was never happier than when he felt the contest to be equal. Given a green rider or a fearful one who "polished his boots" (failed to spur), and Winnie was sluggish, slow to get into action. It seemed that unless a rider spurred, the big horse was confused, thought the game hadn't really started; he withheld his mighty strength. As time went on, this chink in his armor became apparent to everybody. Lesser cowboys took advantage of this curious quirk to "steal" a ride.

Whether Big Winnie was losing heart or just growing weary of the game will never be known, but there came a time when a mediocre rider made the whistle. Just barely, for in the next second he found himself on the ground. But he'd made it, and strutted off full of pride. Winnie was led off in disgrace. Fortunately, it was the end of the rodeo season; the horse would have a well-earned rest.

All Circle M hands watched the chute anxiously that next spring at the first show; and brightened at the clatter of boards as the big gray gave his customary lunge in the chute. The gate banged open and Winnie's big heels popped in the air. Spectators heaved a sigh of relief; Winnimucca was back in form. The lead-out man grinned with joy at the old, familiar sound of the gray's loud snort; once again Winnie was king of the bucking horses!

But then came disturbing news: Jim Millerick, a veteran of the Second World War, was being recalled to duty as an Air Corps officer; Big Winnie and all the Circle M stock were to be sold.

It was hard for riders and rodeo fans to believe that, after twenty-eight years of rodeoing, the famed Millerick green-and-white colors were to be struck. Who would be the new owner of the renowned bulls and horses that had carried those colors to victory in so many major competitions? Who would get Winnimucca?

There were many who wanted him. Mack Barbour, bucking-horse king of the Northwest, put in his bid. So did Bob Barmby, and other well-known operators. All had faith in the big horse, and were willing to gamble that he had many good years of top competition left in him. Finally, Big Winnie and several other top horses of the string went to the Christensen Brothers, of Eugene, Oregon.

IF this yarn were fiction, it could have a happy ending. Being true, it must be told that Winnie never came back—never really regained his old form. A rodeo contractor cannot afford to keep duds in his string, even former stars. As a last resort, Big Winnie was placed in the bareback string—a bitter comedown for a once-great saddle bronc. Eventually, in an ignominious finish, he was turned out riderless by a bareback rider who considered him unworthy of his spurs.

From rags to riches—and back to rags; such is the saga of Winnimucca. Though the big gray bucks no more, his story lives on in the hearts and memories of those who knew and loved him.

The big gray in placid retirement from the rodeo arenas

Photo by Shirley M. Jones

Medicine Woman

(Continued from page 29)

"That is just reading your mind," she told Red gravely. "Now I'll make you a prophecy."

SHE told us the killer would finally be found, but that he would already be in the toils of the law. Red said fiercely, "That is not the way I want it—I want to kill him with my own hands!"

Lily shook her head. "No, Red," she said gently, "that would just be adding one crime to another. You just follow Bill around the Territory. He is the one who will locate the killer, but it will be by accident. Be patient, Red, and you will not have to spill blood to get revenge. The law will take care of it for you."

That is exactly the way it turned out. I went to cover the execution of a certain Choctaw "bad Indian," and took Red with me. He took one look at the prisoner and identified him positively as the man who had killed his parents. The Choctaw admitted the crime, but it was too late then for Red's vengeance. The murderer was executed two hours after Red saw him.

Eventually, as if tired of it all, Lily withdrew to the Bigbee ranch and refused to respond to further appeals for aid and guidance from the Osages. Our local medicine men, Strike Axe included, were pleased with this development. They told their people that Lily was out of favor with the Great Spirit.

When this news reached Lily, she decided to return to the job of medicine woman. She came into the store, announced her decision and asked me to photograph her with my new camera, saying I might soon have occasion to use it on other subjects. She was, she said, getting busy making love matches.

"Why don't you help the two Black sisters?" I inquired. "They're healthy and fat and want to marry."

"No one would dare marry either one of them," said Red Eagle. "They've had smallpox and that's catching."

Lily looked at me and smiled knowingly. "I've been thinking about those two girls for some time. If they want husbands, I'll get 'em for 'em—even if I have to make 'em!"

I recalled what Tom Bigbee had said about this girl's mother making men out of the limbs of trees down in South America. Her mother was a bushwoman, noted for performing miracles.

Such a miracle was possible, Tom assured me. He was so sure he half-convinced me. The Osage medicine men, I knew, performed astounding feats under stress of great emotion. Many of the primitive peoples of the world have always possessed a knowledge of magic and sorcery undreamed-of in classroom or laboratory, a fact of which I was well aware. Still, I was stunned and even a little frightened by the weird thing that happened.

A week or so later Susie, the younger of the Black sisters, came into our store. "Now, girl," I said, "I've been hearing all sorts of queer rumors. Give me the facts!"

SUSIE lowered her heavy body into a rocking chair, let her big hands fall across her lap, and looked smilingly at me with her black, beady eyes. "Bill, I've got plenty to tell you, but you probably won't believe a word of it." Susie was about twenty-five, had spent five years at the Mission School, and was no fool.

"Lily sent us to the big cottonwood tree at the fork of the road near the river and our cabin," continued Susie. "She told us—my sister Annie and I—to look for a big grapevine hanging from the top of the tree. We chopped down the vine as she told us to do. We made tea from this vine and drank it for four straight days.

"Every night we visited that tree and sang one or two love songs. We could see something forming in the tree-top, but in the dusk and at such a height we couldn't make out whether it was a man or a wildcat. Lily told us the thing would not assume human form until the fifth night.

"Annie and I reached the foot of the tree at dusk on the fifth day. Lily promised to meet us there. We were excited, because we could see a man's form in the treetop. He was clothed, and we could see the black hair on his head.

"We sat down at the base of the tree to wait for Lily. She was singing when she came. She took us both by the hands, and we three girls circled the tree, singing love songs. In a little while the man came down. He was tall and slim and handsome. He looked first at Annie then at me. He suited *me* all right, but he kept looking at Annie. But at last he made it known by signs that I was the one he really wanted.

"Next day, my new husband went away to fish. He did not return. But that evening another man, dressed in my man's clothing, came to our cabin. He said he had been sent by Lily to be Annie's husband. She accepted the man, although we both were afraid he was a murderer."

"Well, where is this last man?" I questioned Susie. "I hear you girls are living alone now."

The stout Indian girl smiled. "Yes, we are alone again and glad of it! The last man went away after I accused him of killing *my man.* But now both of us girls are going to have babies, and that is what we *most* wanted."

ONE stormy afternoon, not long after Susie's visit to the store, Red Eagle and I were riding across the Bigbee ranch and we decided to stop at the ranch house until the rain and wind had ceased. In the kitchen of the Bigbee home, we found Lily manipulating the crystal balls and muttering words to the Unseen Power. Tom Bigbee and his wife stood back against the wall, quietly watching.

I was afraid we had stopped in at an awkward moment, but Lily greeted us warmly. "My crystal balls won't harm you," she smiled. "Sit down, my friends. I'll fry some bacon and eggs and make coffee."

Just then lightning struck the barn and gave us all a slight shock. Quickly, Lily reassured us that there was nothing to fear. She took one of the balls, cracked it and placed it inside her dress. The other she worked with, rolling it around and looking at it, muttering unintelligible words.

But the storm increased its fury. Tom and his wife finally struck out for the cyclone cave just before the twister hit the house full force. Red Eagle grabbed Lily around the waist, picked her up in his arms, and followed Tom and his wife into the cave. I was right behind them.

We barely made it when the cyclone tore the roof off the house and blew away the barn, with a roar like a hundred express trains!

After the storm had subsided, Lily took out the cracked crystal ball and tossed it out into the field.

"There—that ends my work as a medicine woman," she said sadly. "The crystal balls no longer serve me."

It was a perfect spot for Red Eagle to take her in his arms again and tell her not to be sad, but suddenly he seemed overcome by shyness.

I patted Lily on the shoulder. "Don't feel bad about it," I said earnestly. "You've done a great deal for us all and you're entitled to a rest."

WELCOME
DAVIS

"I can't imagine what they see in her. She's not even a 4-H member!"

Last War Trail of Victorio

(Continued from page 31)

wrapped their feet in these, tied them with thongs, took along some spares, put out more feed for the dog, and set off for a hundred mile walk over a mountainous desert.

On January 18, 1880, Andrews and Wisehall walked into the Ysleta Ranger camp more dead than alive, minus all equipment save their guns, clothes in shreds, their feet torn and bleeding.

Their first thought was about their dog. Would the Rangers go get this faithful animal? There doubtless was a good deal of discussion. Rangers were sent to this wild country to protect people, not dogs.

The result of the discussion was that early one morning eight men under command of Sergeant J. B. Gillett saddled their horses, tied their food to the strings, and set out on a hundred mile ride through a dangerous country to rescue a dog.

The nine Rangers were gone a week. They found the dog still on guard. He did not know that these strange men coming on horseback were his friends. He set up a commotion. He had been told to keep off all comers and now he faced the Rangers from the top of the wall, hackles up, teeth bared. For fifteen days he had been alone. Finally, the Rangers persuaded him that they were his friends, and then he was as joyous as he had been vicious. He wrung his tail, he whined, he cavorted, he showed his fine teeth in that happy grin that is often seen on the face of a happy dog. He had not had an easy time. He had fought off the coyotes and other varmints, eaten all the bacon and most of the corn. He had stood the siege of the desert.

Ring-tailed Roarer

(Continued from page 15)

but upon his subscribing to certain views contrary to the Methodist credo, his church had unfrocked him in disgrace. Emigrating to Nevada, he had built a small theater in Tonopah and there had endeavored to organize a Shakespearean group. When that effort failed, he had turned to wandering the desert as a prospector, and Time had brought him to Rawhide.

And now, this man of the sullied Cloth had been asked to deliver a eulogy over the body of a plunger known around the world.

Speaking extemporaneously to that motley throng of boomers and gamblers who had gathered to pay final respects to the greatest gambler of them all, the vibrant voice of this admitted agnostic—this Bob Ingersoll of the Sagelands—rose to impassioned heights as he probed the everlasting enigma of life and death, of God and man. It was an eloquence that caused hardened men to weep unabashed, and brought scalding tears to the painted cheeks of the girls from the line.

Recorded in shorthand by a down-and-out court reporter known as "Rattlesnake Shorty"—a booster in Tex Rickard's saloon—that 2,000 word tribute to Riley Grannan has come down through the years as a Western classic, and today is regarded as one of the most famous funeral eulogies ever delivered in the United States. Published and republished in book form and pamphlet, sold by the tens of thousands of copies, those inspired words of Herman W. Knickerbocker have been read and quoted wherever the English language is spoken.

IN less than twelve months, the meteoric career of Rawhide had transformed desert wasteland into a frontier metropolis.

In less than two hours that same metropolis was leveled back to desert waste. The Big Fire—grimmest event in Rawhide's history—had its inception on the morning of September 4, 1908, when a wind-blown window curtain was ignited by a gasoline stove in the back room of the Rawhide drugstore, on Nevada Street. From this point of beginning the flames spread rapidly to the adjacent roof of the Ross Hotel, and on to buildings beyond.

Four companies of the Rawhide Volunteer Fire Department rushed chemical engines to the scene, but all their efforts were in vain. By the time the fire had reached the new quarters of Freiman's clothing store, the heat had become so intense that the building occupied by Nevada meat market, on the opposite side of the street, burst into flames. With this development, there vanished all hope of saving the business portion of the town.

Under the direction of J. G. Flynn, Superintendent of Rawhide Coalition Mines, more than 3,000 pounds of dynamite were used in razing buildings in an effort to bring the blaze under control. In order to save the elaborate plant of the Rawhide *Press-Times*, all other structures around it were blasted; and with wet blankets, and what little water was available, it proved possible to turn the trick.

"As the last big building to be devoured by the flames—the Gill Terrace—was razed to the ground, the force in the *Press-Times* office heaved a sigh of relief," reported that news medium. "Our magnificent $25,000 plant and building were saved, and it thus was made possible to run off a special edition of the paper, which was being set on the Mergenthaler while everything around the building was at white heat . . ."

Among the more important losses were twenty-seven assorted stores, including general mercantile, clothing, hardware, furniture, and jewelry stores, bakeries and meat markets; twenty-six bars, cafes, restaurants, three hotels, three banks, the stock-exchange building, office and plant of the Rawhide *News*, the post office, two telegraph offices, express office, stage depot, Hazen lumber yard, two photo galleries, two barber shops, and the water company office. Also destroyed were several large buildings that had been occupied by lawyers, mining engineers, and other professional men; as well as a number of warehouses, private dwellings, and smaller shops.

AS the demolition crew moved through town, only a few yards in advance of the spreading fire, Tom McCauley, Superintendent of Rawhide Consolidated Telegraph, stuck by his chattering instrument, sending and receiving messages and occasionally darting a quick glance out the window toward that nearing sea of red flame and rolling black smoke. Only when a building three doors distant had been dynamited and his own office was smoking with heat, did McCauley wrench his instrument and necessary connections loose from his desk and flee for the comparative safety of the street. Outside the building, he bumped into W. P. DeWolf, staff correspondent of *Nevada Mining News*, at Reno. Together, the two men dashed to the south end of town. McCauley climbed a telegraph pole, and made an emergency wire connection; and with batteries borrowed from Rawhide Morning Star company, telegraphic communications were soon reopened with the outside world—DeWolf writing the messages and McCauley transmitting them to the *Mining News*.

(DeWolf, incidentally, had written the first telegraphic news concerning the disastrous fire at Cripple Creek, Colorado, in 1896. His operator on that occasion had been Frank M. Conehay. Like DeWolf, Conehay had followed the boom camps, and the big fire at Rawhide had found him operating a key in the Rawhide Telegraph office, a business rival of McCauley's outfit.)

With the information sent out by McCauley and DeWolf, the destruction of Rawhide by fire became the Number One news story in the West on that black Friday in September, 1908.

Upon learning that three thousand persons had been left homeless by the fire, *The News* immediately opened a subscription campaign for Rawhide Relief. All Nevada responded nobly, residents of Reno alone, in less than one hour, contributing nearly $5,000. Tonopah's citizens were called together by tolling of her fire bell, and under the eloquence of Key Pittman, later to be Governor of Nevada, more than $1900 was raised on a single street corner in a few minutes time. Even California towns and cities rallied to the cause, and the San Francisco Stock & Exchange Board sent a contribution of $4500.

All the provisions in Rawhide's stores having been destroyed, with exception of one small grocery, *The Mining News* appealed to the wholesale and commission houses of Reno for prompt action, and from the Southern Pacific Company secured the donation of a relief train which was given right-of-way to Schurz. On its departure from Reno, the "Rawhide Relief" carried twenty barrels of flour, two tons of ham and bacon, two tons of potatoes, a ton of beans, four tons of evaporated fruit, one ton each of butter and lard, a ton of coffee, and one hundred cases each of canned tomatoes, corn, table fruits and evaporated milk, as well as five hundred loaves of bread and a large contribution of fresh fruit.

Governor D. F. Dickerson rushed to the stricken city a shipment of Government tents and blankets for use by the homeless, and offered to dispatch state police to maintain law and order.

Rawhide's telegraphed reply was typical of that rugged time and the fighting spirit of the frontier:

RAWHIDE, SEPT. 4, 1908

D. F. DICKERSON
CARSON CITY

TOWN ORDERLY. WILL BEGIN REBUILDING TOMORROW. CITIZENS NOT DISCOURAGED.

H. F. BREDE and H. B. FULLER

THAT Rawhide's citizens were not discouraged was a masterpiece of understatement.

With smoke still rising from the hot ruins on the day of the fire, a mass meeting of townsmen was called, and E. W. King, President of Coalition Mines, was elected to head the relief committee. Reporting that meeting, Rawhide *Press-Times* stated: "Jack Hines made a motion that no telegrams going to the outside through the committee should be worded so that the impression should get abroad that Rawhide was seeking relief or aid on account of being destituted; that all necessaries sent into the camp would be thankfully received, but should be paid for. This motion received numerous seconds . . . and was unanimously carried."

It was announced, further, that the Coalition company would begin erection immediately of a substantial brick building to replace their offices destroyed by the fire, and Grutt brothers reported their intention to rebuild with stone.

But Tex Rickard scooped the town in the matter of rebuilding.

"Before the fire had reached his premises (stated *The Mining News*) he had placed an order with one of the lumber companies for the material with which to erect a large and better building than the one which was about to be destroyed. Within an hour after the fire had cleared his building site, he had closed his contracts with the carpenters, painters and paperhangers . . . and had wired to San Francisco for a new stock and fixtures."

In admiration of Rawhide's courage, telegrams expressing good wishes began flooding the town from persons in every corner of the nation. Typical of these was the message from Charles A. Stoneham, then President of O. F. Jonasson & Co., New York Mining Stock brokerage concern.

"From the ashes of the lumber piles of Yesterday will be reared the granite walls of the permanent and enduring Rawhide," wired Stoneham. "Investors should not be alarmed, as actual ore, Rawhide's greatest asset, cannot be eliminated by fire . . . "

As the New York financier predicted, Rawhide rose quickly from her ruins. But not for long . . .

The wild joyride was nearing its end. A nation-wide panic was sweeping West from the Eastern seaboard . . . and Rawhide was in no position to weather a panic. Too little of her wealth reposed in her mines; too much of it in the golden tongues of her promotors. While her surface ore had been, perhaps, the richest ever discovered in the West, it had not held up with depth. With only about $1,500,000 of actual gold production to her credit, Rawhide folded up for good.

Last time I returned to the old gold camp at the foot of the Sand Springs range, only nine persons were still living there. Of all the hundreds of buildings that had lined those streets, only forty-odd years before, not more than a dozen remained; not one business house was still in operation, and in all the dry, thorny, desert-reclaimed space of the old cemetery, I found but four grave markers on which the inscriptions might still be read.

Covering an immense area in the one-time heart of the business district lay a twisted tangle of blackened litter—bank vaults, bedsteads, broken thunder-mugs, grocery scales, oil drums, bottles, silverware, fragments of glassware and dishes, chains, cables, broken concrete . . . everything a man might need in this world or the next—but all of it melted and welded and heat-twisted in the Big Fire in 1908.

But for these mementos—a dozen decrepit buildings, four headboards in a weedy graveyard, and a mass of charred rubble—Rawhide, the ring-tailed roarer, had ceased to exist.

When Death Rode the Jarbidge Stage

(Continued from page 45)

discarded his bloodied shirt and coat. They'll tell you, too, that the $4000 in stolen money was never found, and that it still must lie buried somewhere in the canyon near the lower end of town. . .

But even this angle of buried loot is not exceptional in the annals of Western stagecoaching and, in the final analysis, the Kuhl case stands unique for only one reason: it marked the closing of an era.

For more than one hundred years highwaymen had preyed upon carriers of the United States mails, striking from ambush, robbing and killing, and living to kill again.

But that night of December 5, 1916, when Death rode with the Jarbidge mail, was the last time in the history of Nevada that a horse-drawn stagecoach was held up and robbed, and its driver slain.

Wild Horse Roundup

(Continued from page 43)

would get on the highest ridge to follow the plane as it flew past. Roy agreed to cut away a small section of the lead surface on a wing above the cabin. We set the automatic camera with control from inside the cabin, to get shots of the plane's diving down on the horses.

One morning Roy flew over a hundred miles, searching. He found a buckskin stallion standing defiantly on a high butte, statuesque and unafraid—until the plane dived straight down on him with the siren screaming.

The stallion wheeled, plunged down the steep cliffs into the canyon below. Roy knew the mares and colts would be close by, probably hidden in the deep shadows. He circled for position, put his nose down, and dived straight into the narrow canyon. He pulled out in a steep climb after firing his gun to frighten the horses out of hiding. Looking back over his left shoulder, he saw the herd led by the huge stallion, racing out of the canyon towards open country.

Soon they were strung out along the well-worn trail leading north, just where Roy figured they'd go. He counted twenty-two, including colts, frisky with the cool early morning air in their nostrils. They kept a steady pace without being spooked much. That gave Roy a chance to go upstairs and look over the country for strays he might encourage to join the herd.

HALFWAY back to the trap, in a grassy pocket beyond the first ridge to the west, a smaller bunch was grazing. Roy came down behind the herd he was trailing, brushing their tails to remind them he was on the job. They took out at a gallop. The plane banked, straightened out close to the ground, skimming the sagebrush as Roy flew full throttle to sneak up on the new bunch.

It took some quick and fancy flying to persuade the small herd to leave green pastures and climb out of the valley to the high country above. But Roy crowded them relentlessly. Once on top, it was easy for him to set their course to join up with the other trail about eight miles ahead. He eased up the pressure on the new herd and went over to give the first bunch a boost.

Now the horses were making an easy twenty-five miles an hour, running parallel to one another. The plane buzzed one bunch, then hedge-hopped at full speed to give the others the same treatment. Soon the horses saw one another, and Roy brought the two bunches together. Horses, in trouble, like company—just as men do. But Roy took no chances. He buzzed them furiously, letting the shadow of the plane flick by just where they could see it, but not feel it.

As they neared the trap, Roy went upstairs, so Frank could spot him coming into home port. Frank could tell when Roy had a bunch and how many were in it by the way the plane maneuvered. If the horses were especially ornery and hard to drive, he could tell that, too, and got ready to handle them accordingly.

We could see the plane above the horizon as it zigzagged back and forth to bring the two herds together. Frank's mount for this part of his job was Slippers, and the horse became alert and tense as the plane came nearer. Frank was frozen. He kept his eyes glued to the distant slopes leading down into the wide basin before us. None of us dared move. We checked lens settings, but it was anybody's guess as to where the best action would take place and whether we could cover it.

Soon a thin column of dust stood out against the horizon. The drive was coming along. Roy circled high, set his course towards the camp and flew full speed. When he was about 500 feet away he cut his motor, came down lower in a tight circle about our position.

He stuck his head out of the cabin and shouted, "There's thirty-four. Watch that black stallion. He's wary."

Roy flew back, gave the horses another convincing switch of the plane's tail. They broke over the crest of the ridge and galloped down into the basin. They had to be kept on the run now, so they wouldn't spread out or get a notion to bolt up one of the innumerable draws leading out of Frank's trap.

Frank mounted Slippers and waited tensely for the moment to give his mount the reins. Three of his riders were also poised, waiting for Frank's signal.

Time raced with the wild bunch. Heads high, seeming to sense danger, the horses came nearer. The exhaust of the plane's motor was louder now, the menacing whine of the siren grew closer.

What a picture! I started my camera, hoping to pick up a fill-in distant scene.

"Cut that thing off!" Frank cautioned quietly. I did, but not for long. The horses were opposite us. As if shot out of a catapult, Frank and his riders were hard on the heels of the mustangs, waving sacks, yelling like Indians. The riders spread out in a hurry, sealing off any attempts by the herd to divide up into small groups and dash to freedom.

With telephoto lens in position, the action before us faded quickly into distant uncertainty. The spectacle moved along our "stage" at 35 miles an hour!

A big cloud of dust left its trail and disappeared beyond the canyon walls as the drive was squeezed into the narrow throat of the trap. We saw the plane come in again, low, and disappear into the canyon. Then it reappeared, climbing almost straight up as if coming out of the earth itself.

WE went down to the corral where Frank was already roping and throwing the horses, one by one. He let them know right off that, with his lariat, strong legs and arms, iron nerve and real know-how, he was their master.

As the horses milled around, crowding frantically against the corral, Frank dropped a loop where front feet would come down. There was a quick jerk to tighten the loop close to the hoofs, and with his body braced against the horse's weight, Robbins would time his pull to send the horse crashing to the ground. Before the dust had cleared, another cowboy had thrown himself on the mustang's head while Frank inspected the animal.

Frank put in use a trick he had learned from the Indians. He sewed up the noses with buckskin cords, to cut down breathing capacity. Thus, he could hold each day's catch out on the range. When he had a herd of 200 or more horses, he could trail-drive them easily to the railhead without loss along the way.

With his knowledge of horses, Frank catalogued each one personally as he handled it. Stallions and mares with strong blood lines would go into his own special breeding herd. Other sound horses were put aside for buyers who came from many states. Old and crippled ones would be sold to the meat-processing plants for cat and dog food. Horses with brands would go to their owners, upon payment of roundup fees.

Frank's moment of satisfaction came when he climbed up on the top rail of the corral, looked over the bunch, and said, "There's some mighty fine slicks in there."

My moment of satisfaction came the day the many hours of patient waiting paid off through my camera lens. My eyes were glued to the narrow opening 200 yards ahead of me, my right thumb pressing lightly on the motor switch of my camera, when I heard the sporadic buzzing of a light plane. As the plane pulled out of a dive, idled above for another pass, a thundering noise bounced off the canyon walls. I knew this was the moment I had waited for. I heard the plane's deafening roar as it dived again, barely out of sight around the corner.

Just then the lead horses broke into view. My camera motor began clicking off film. In a split second the canyon floor was crowded with wild, neighing horses, as the plane zoomed close to their backs, climbed almost vertically to miss crashing into rugged, eroded cliffs ahead. One hundred yards away now, the herd was in tight formation, racing to avoid the plane and the four yelling, mounted men who had dashed out of hiding.

THE herd charged directly for my camera position, close to the ground, right in the middle of the narrow passage leading to the trap. My camera was placed so that some of the horses would be forced directly over it. On they came, heads high, eyes searching for an escape passage, but forced ahead by the sweeping momentum of two hundred horses massed behind them.

With my camera recording the spectacle from low down, each fraction of a second brought them closer, directly into full view of the wide angle lens. Heads and straining muscular bodies went out of view over the top of my finder, enormous hoofs were planted right in front of the lens, as the lead horses veered sideways, just enough to miss the blind.

This was a boulder eight feet high which provided ample protection for my crouched body, so long as the horses didn't wheel and start backwards out of the trap. My camera was snug against the right hand side of the rock, far enough forward to record a full view of the action. A smaller boulder, about three feet high, was rolled in close to the right of the camera. This was to protect it against side swipes.

When the first few horses had passed, a cloud of dust stirred up by the thundering herd quickly enveloped the scene. Then only indistinct, grotesque forms flashed past and over the camera, as the confused horses stumbled on the smaller boulder. On they came, unable to stop, blinded by dust, feeling their way by pressure of body against body.

Towards the end of the herd, young colts, unaware of the man-made trap ahead, were squeezed into the opening between the large and small boulders, right over the camera. Hooves whizzed past as I ventured to poke my head out to check the camera. Just then a sharp crack overhead tilted the camera backwards till it was shooting almost straight up. One colt's hoof struck the top of the magazine. I let it be, to get a belly view of the other horses as their bodies swept on and over.

To the deafening accompaniment of pounding hooves, fast action was crowded into fleeting seconds.

THE scene was in the bag. As the dust cleared, I raised up to look toward the horses, and saw the cowboys close the gate of the corral trap.

Inside the stout seven-foot fence, a milling mass of sweating horseflesh could barely be seen through the narrow spaces between the heavy poles. We swung cameras around, with telephoto lenses in place, picking up spectacular shots. We photographed powerful stallions climbing the almost perpendicular walls of the dead-end of the canyon, only to fall back 30 or 40 feet into captivity with their mares and colts.

It was not until all our film was developed and put together that we could tell whether we had really captured a wild horse roundup, with all its fury and excitement. We had no love interest, no intrigue, no mystery for our story. Our lead characters were Frank Robbins, one of the West's most successful mustangers, Roy Lamoureaux, a self-made and daring pilot—and wild horses, among the last of their kind. They worked without a script, on a location that was an eroded, high altitude mesa astride the Continental Divide in the Red Desert of south-central Wyoming.

I have photographed "people and places" in the far corners of the world. But not even on the battlefield have I seen more valiant warriors than the magnificent wild stallions, fighting among themselves for the supremacy of their herds and then, at the last, fighting a losing battle to maintain their freedom.

Most of the wild horses are gone, now, leaving the range to cattle and sheep. But before it was too late, we captured a saga of the Old West. Our cameras recorded, in their last hideout, the wonderful wild horses that once roamed in freedom over the open ranges of the West.

Mad Killers of El Dorado Canyon

(Continued from page 24)

dicate that the two pairs missing from Hancock and Taylor have been used."

One week later, on Washington's Birthday, 1911, Wait, May and McKinney were forced to again admit defeat and return to Las Vegas—Wait, so completely exhausted he had to be confined to bed under care of a physician. Queho, said his trailers, had succeeded in making his way into the McCullough Range, where general roughness and wildness rendered it completely impossible to effect his capture.

In March, 1919, Nevada's Governor Emmett D. Boyle posted a reward of $2000 for capture of the slayer of Mrs. Maude Douglas, Hancock, and Taylor—an amount further supplemented by a $500 reward offered by the State of Arizona, $300 by Clark County, and $100 each by Roy D. Jacobs and Fred L. Ingraham, of Yuma, thus boosting to $3000 the total bounty on the half-breed's head.

And the hunt went on.

Many times during the years that followed, according to Frank Wait, he and his posse would be traveling so close on the heels of their quarry that coals of Queho's campfires still would be hot when found by his pursuers; yet not once in all that long manhunt did any member of the posse ever lay eyes on the killer they were seeking! Queho's ability to evade capture amounted to diabolical cunning, said Frank. Slipping away from the most skillful trackers employed to trail him, cleverly side-stepping every trap set for him, he continued his orgy of blood, striking without warning and apparently without reason.

Thus had twenty years gone by when Undersheriff Wait—while following a fresh Queho "lead" through the Valley of Fire in 1930—one day was electrified by a messenger's report that the 'breed was roaming through Fremont Street in Las Vegas!

Burning up the road to the county seat, Wait found the report was true—Queho had been there!

How many scores had he slain?

None. None at all.

What had he done?

He calmly had entered a grocery store, calmly selected a can of peaches, calmly paid for it, and calmly departed!

That was all he had done.

And, strangely enough, upon leaving that Fremont Street grocery store in 1930, Queho apparently walked into oblivion.

NEVER again would he be heard of as a living person; and if he ever committed another murder, it is not a matter of record.

Another ten years passed; and on a morning in February, 1940, prospectors Charlie Kenyon and Art Schroeder were inching their way along a dizzy canyon wall about five miles upriver from El Dorado. Charlie had spotted a small cave near the base of a hundred-foot sheer drop; and while shallow caves are not of infrequent occurrence in these volcanic ranges, something about this particular cave had attracted his attention.

That fascination lay in the fact that the cave's entire mouth appeared to be sealed with a carefully-laid rock wall!

Laboriously making his way to the place, Charlie picked and pried and pounded at the crude masonry until he had made a breach of sufficient size to admit his head and shoulders.

Once inside the grotto, his eyes beheld one of the most surprising sights man ever looked upon in Nevada.

In the sombre half-dark of that canyonside sepulchre huddled the mummified remains of a corpse later identified as that of Queho, the mad killer of El Dorado Canyon!

Draping Queho's desiccated cadaver was an old canvas coat and a pair of faded overall pants, the claw-like fingers of one bony hand clutched at the sunken belly; and spread upon the dusty floor of the cave lay all this man's worldly possessions.

Included among those chattels were a .30-30 Winchester rifle and a 12-gauge Hopkins and Allen shotgun, both loaded and cocked; a pouch of powder and some cartridges, a crude bow made from a cottonwood limb, three steel-tipped arrows and seven untipped arrow shafts, an empty canteen, and a strangely-mixed assortment of primers, knives, tools, scissors, files, pencils, buttons, a bunch of keys, a sewing awl, $1.46 in change, and a watchman's badge—No. 896.

"Doc" Gilbert, it was recalled, had been wearing a badge bearing this number on the day he was slain at the Gold Bug mill, more than thirty years earlier.

Frank Wait, who had been assigned to the case by Sheriff Sam Gay in 1919, had since become chief of police of Las Vegas. At this point in the grisly drama, however, all interested parties still were speaking to all other interested parties, so formalities were waived and Frank went out and brought in his man.

It is customary, I believe, for stories of manhunts to end with capture of the culprit, most especially when that culprit is as dead as this culprit was.

But not the story of Queho!

Like John Brown's body, the story of Queho was to go marching on . . . and on . . . and on.

THE killer's mummified cadaver was taken to Las Vegas and the Palm Funeral Home, then operated by my good friends, Gene and Anna Parks. Anna fixed Queho the best she was able, in view of his condition—even having a special casket made to fit his huddled and dried form—and about that time there arose a mighty hassle concerning which agency of government should get the remains.

Clark County wanted the body. The City of Las Vegas wanted it. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks wanted it for a side-show attraction at their Helldorado Village. And I seem to recall that even Uncle Sam tried to cut himself in on the remains by virtue of the fact that the cave in which it had been found is situated within the jurisdiction of Boulder Dam Recreational Area.

As result of all these varying opinions, long friendships ripened into feuds. Mr. A stopped speaking to Mr. B, and everyone grew suspicious of everyone else.

Meanwhile, curious citizens—more than five thousand of them—streamed through the undertaking parlors where Queho lay in state. Anna, who invariably has a dozen smoking irons in the fire, became completely fed up with the business of acting as unpaid guide to a rack of bones. Also, with the arrival of hot weather that summer, Queho grew smelly and had to be removed to a private room.

It was Anna who eventually tossed the prize bombshell into the body-claiming feud.

Whoever got Queho, said Anna, would have to pay Queho's bill for mortician services rendered, and for subsequent storage.

By that simple announcement, the entire picture underwent a miraculous change.

Whereas, before, everyone had wanted Queho, now nobody wanted Queho. Most especially, Anna and Gene Parks didn't want him. . . . But Anna and Gene were stuck with him.

Like the Man Who Came To Dinner, Queho remained as their uninvited guest for three years. Three long, *smelly* years! And all that while Queho's bill for lodging continued to mount.

WHETHER through some strange feeling of responsibility to Queho, or out of sympathy for the Parks, Frank Wait eventually paid all charges against the mummy of the canyon assassin he had sought for so many years; and since Frank wasn't making a personal collection of dead Indians, he presented Queho's remains to the Elk's Lodge of Las Vegas.

The Elks, in turn, built a nice little "cave" at their Helldorado Village. They fitted the front of the "cave" with a sheet of plate glass, and within the crypt they installed Queho, surrounded by all his chattels and hereditaments.

During the years in which the Mad Killer's mummy has been one of the stellar attractions of Helldorado Days, staged each May in Las Vegas, that man-made cave and its grisly contents have been viewed by hundreds of thousands of curious citizens—almost every one of whom seems to have a different idea of how it all happened.

And so a few bones and dried skin, some tattered rags and the assorted odds and ends of Queho's estate are all the physical evidence left to remind oldtimers of the mad murderer of El Dorado Canyon—by far the most cunning and deadly of any killer in Nevada's turbulent history.

When Cooper Wright Met the Mob

(*Continued from page* 27)

"They just gave me a laugh. I stood and glared right back at them. Tuck was pretty pale, looked kinder scared. He knew I hadn't had any use for him ever since he skinned a farmer out of his rent money. Nothing legal I could accuse him of, but damn crooked. Well, I stood my ground, staring at them until there was a lot of yelling over toward the jail.

"That yelling made the fellows in there with me a mite careless. The ones that were standing up broke for the window to try and see. Tuck got up out of the chair and that's when I made a grab for it. Tuck fell over like a dead beef when I laid that chair up beside his head. That broke the chair, just what I needed. One hickory leg of the old chair made as dandy a shillelagh as any Irishman ever wanted.

"I tapped each man as he turned from the window, gave him a nice lovin' tap with my hickory club. Piled them all up and then tended to Tuck again, for he was showing interest in things.

"Sounded like all hell was broke loose, from the yelling outside. I put my boot heel on Rod's belly to lift me up high enough to get a good swing out the window. Hickory stick and a good kick, then I was out that window and dropped to the ground.

"'Course the fellows out there had my six-shooter, but I had took care of little things like that soon after I was elected sheriff.

"I had about a dozen .44 Winchesters planted in the right places over town. Six-shooters didn't amount to much. Everybody had a six-shooter. But them .44 Winchesters was the wickedest guns in the country. I always kept them oiled, loaded, and in shape. I never was very far from a .44 Winchester.

"I ran into Jake Lewis' store, grabbed a gun I had hid back there. Before anybody knew it, I was right in the middle of that mob. Them men had run a log from the woodpile out the top bar of the jail window across to a post-oak limb and were just starting to pull Joe Jessup up. Had even took my hangman's rope that had done duty in two legal hangings.

"Somebody yelled, 'There is Cooper Wright,' but I yelled louder than that. 'Turn loose, you-son-of-bitches! You're not going to hang a man, not while I am sheriff.'

"There was about twenty men had hold of that rope. They turned loose plenty quick when I went down the line prodding them in the neck with the Winchester. Turned loose just like a steer will give way when you poke him with the prod.

"Joe fell down plenty limp. I saw then the rope was tied in a hangman's knot. All hell couldn't loosen that rope, and I was destitute of a knife.

"'Somebody give me a knife. Quick!' I didn't speak a bit gentle or soft.

"Jess Young, the city marshal, was standing there, all dressed up in a new uniform, first uniform I ever saw in Texas.

"'Cut that rope,' I told him. 'Damn you—cut that rope quick!' If I didn't have any more nerve and guts than you have, I'd pull that uniform off and throw it in the well!'

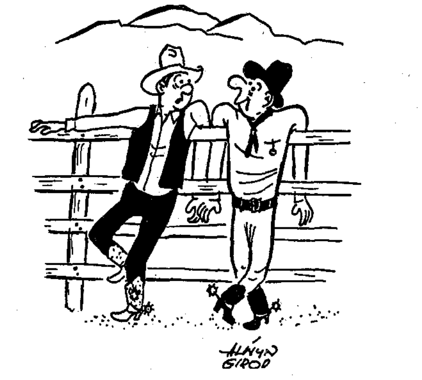
"'Bout the time we got the rope loose on Joe Jessup's neck, John King, the county attorney, started to make a speech about law and order. I told him to save his talk till election time; said he would need it then. Then I made him help carry Joe over to Doc Crew's office back of the drugstore.

"Doc took good care of Joe, had him up in a few days and back in jail. Wasn't any more excitement. The judge knew he never could get a jury in that county, so he changed the venue over to Gray.

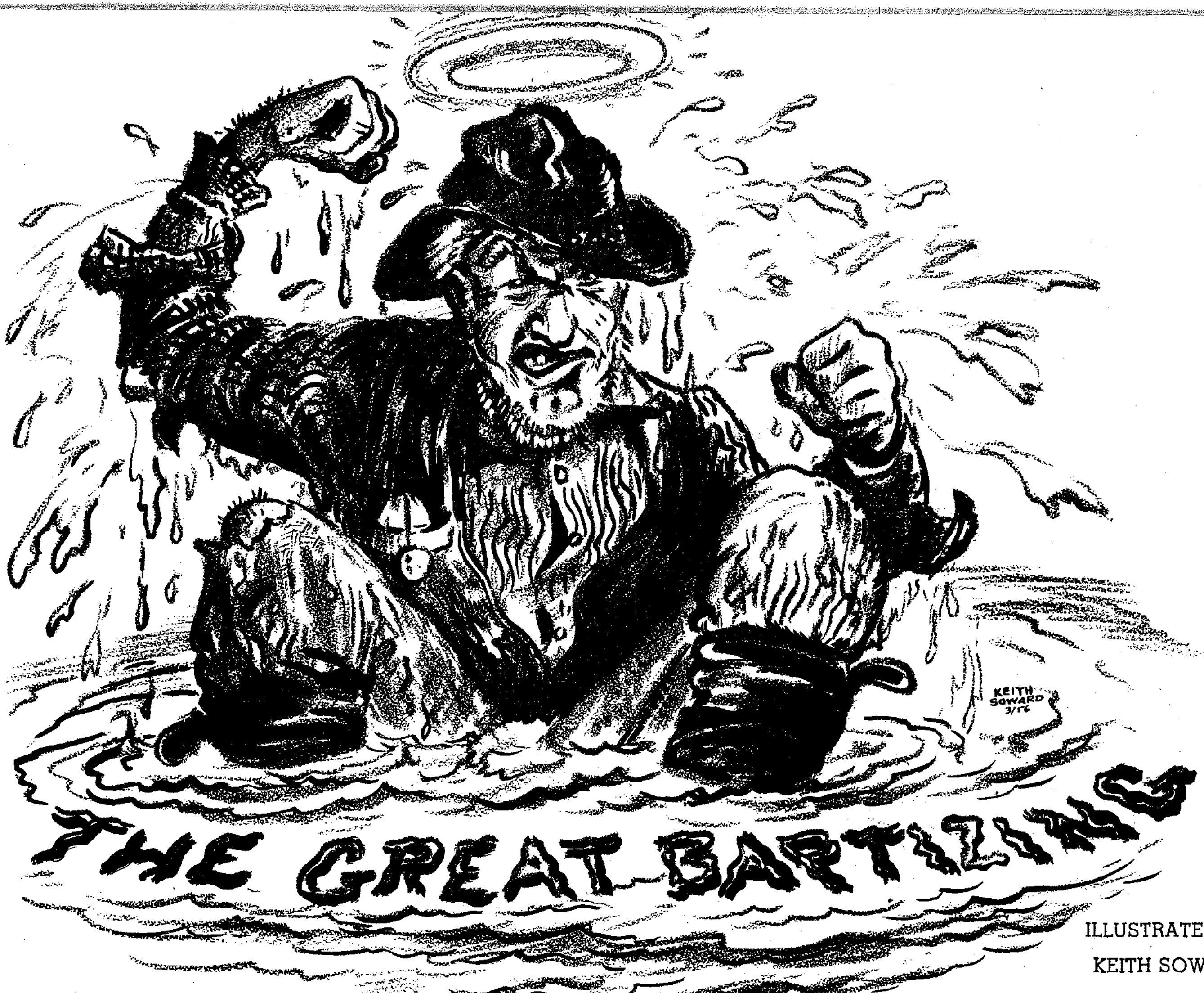
"Jury gave Joe ten years, but then the damn governor pardoned him after three or four years.

"Ma Jessup died the next winter, took down with grippe first and then had pneumonia. Kate and the boy drifted off somewhere; hope it was somewhere where folks didn't know nothing about them.

"Funny thing, though. You know what? That next election was the first time I ever run for office without an opponent. Whole damn county voted for me, too!"



"Pulled a fastie on that city dude! Traded the Grand Canyon—to be moved up East, cut up and sold for cellars. I got the Brooklyn Bridge!"



THE GREAT BAPTIZING

ILLUSTRATED BY
KEITH SOWARD

It sure was a rip-snorting time on that Sunday back in '95 when the young cowpokes decided to help the old-timers get religion.

By GEORGE PHILLIPS

I REMEMBER 'way back—les' see, 1895 from 1956; yes, just 61 years—when we had one of the most successful baptizings in the state of Arizona. We had no telephone or radios and not much rural mail in that thinly-settled country in those days. Word was sent out by grapevine to all ranches within a hundred mile radius that the Creek wagon would begin rounding up the last Sunday in May. We'd meet on that day where the old overland stage road crossed Sandia Creek.

'Tis said that present-day cowboys haven't got the vim and pep we old-timers had fifty and sixty years ago. Well, in a way they haven't—it's just their different environment. We had no movies, no hotspots and such, so us old-time punchers just bottled up our fun till we had an audience. That was usually at the spring roundup meets.

Looks like I'm going to use up all my kindling before I get my fire started, so I'll buckle right down to cases.

Our wagon boss was about fifty years old and very religious. He never cussed nor drank liquor nor caroused, and we onery, sinful punchers respected him. Yet somehow he always set the roundup meetings on a Sunday. About forty punchers were gathered together on that beautiful Sabbath of which I write. They came from far and near. Each cowboy had his mount of hosses, ten to fifteen each, a pack hoss, and a bedroll.

Well, the first thing of course was to kill a beef for dinner. A two-year-old beef usually lasted two days, and there was always frijole beans, Arbuckle coffee, spuds, and a sack of sugar. Sometimes the cook would build us a concoction of rice and raisins called a "spotted pup." 'Twas sure mighty ample truck to a bunch of hungry cowboys.

After dinner we younger ones—buttons we were called—repaired to the stream to dabble in the water. Three or four boys had brought fishing lines and hooks along, and soon had a nice string of channel cat for the cook to prepare for supper. Since the Indians had left, some ten or fifteen years before, the stream had never been fished and it was just a-jumpin' with fish.

Running water has a peculiar fascination for cow-country folks; they like to splash in it, fondle it, and maybe even drink a little of it. The stream was about ten feet wide, straight up-an-down banks, and the prettiest salt grass meadows on both sides. Some chuckleheaded peeler remarked, "Wouldn't this be a dandy spot for a baptizing?"

Well, it was Sunday and everything was quiet and serene and beautiful—up to then! Now Bill grabbed Sam, who had mentioned "baptizing," and tried to throw him out into the middle of the stream. They scuffled and rasseled, and finally both of 'em fell in. That set the rest of us off, and in less than an hour every button had been baptized half a dozen times.

BUT even a bunch of husky young cowpokes will eventually play out and get winded, so we lay down on the bank to figure out some deviltry. After debating the matter at some length, we decided that the old codgers were in greater need of baptizing than we were. Some of those old stiffs had never had the chance to be baptized, or if they had, maybe they'd backslid and fallen from grace and needed another immersion to save their souls. Well, by golly, we were just the boys to do the job!

Now those old cowpokes hadn't drawn near the stream to witness the show we'd put on. They were kind of leery, and, like old crippled cows in a roundup, they stayed clear to keep from getting jammed. We buttons had to go to the

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Pedro Loco

(Continued from page 11)

of the permanent population of the great plaza lined up against warmth-absorbing walls. Only the blanketed and the coated could be at ease on the benches. And there in the windy sunshine the two Americanos saw Pedro Loco. He was wrapped in the blue coat he always wore and sat humped up like an old buzzard. He looked at the pair of prospectors and grinned. They could not resist pausing for a few words.

"I thought you'd have that fine dog with you," Pedro Loco said.

One thing leads to another. Living in Chihuahua City at this time was a fairly rich and unfairly grasping American, whose name may be indicated by the letter C. C stands for Coyote, but I never have understood why human beings want to libel coyotes and burros. C was, of course, in the mining business. At various times he had employed Victor Lieb and Bill Adams to examine properties for him and to do other work. He now came to them saying that he wanted two or three locations out in the Victorino country examined.

They told him they had just been prospecting in that region, had geologized it thoroughly, and failed to find the least indication of mineralization—no matter what the Conde de Majalca had found. But C had some money to spend on these prospects, he said, and was going to spend it. The pardners engaged to make the examinations he wanted.

After they had spent about two weeks in the Victorino, C came out and agreed that further exploration was useless. The next morning the prospectors told their *mozo* to pack up, and the outfit started back towards Chihuahua City. But just as they were leaving camp, an oldish Indian whom Victor Lieb had once bought a panther-killing stallion from, and whom he had more than once hired as a helper, rode up. He was a Mexicanized Indian who lived away back in the mountains, where he had a few head of stock and a corn patch.

"Listen. Don Victoriano," the Indian said, "I have been wanting to see you for a long time. I know something that will interest you."

He got off his horse, pulled an old brass-bellied forty-four Winchester rifle from the deer-hide scabbard on his saddle, laid it between some rocks, and carefully sighted it.

"Look," he said.

Victor Lieb knelt and looked out beyond the line of sights.

"What do you see?" asked the Indian.

"I see the mountains."

"Yes, and you see the gap where the Arroyo de los Fresnos comes out from them. That is thirty miles from here. On a little mesa on the right-hand side of that gap is an old smelter. I have seen it. Cutting into the gap, a little beyond, is the Canon Cantada. Vaqueros tell me that between the smelter and the mouth of the Cantada there are ruins of a mining camp. Go there and perhaps you will find something."

Lieb and his pardner had supplies enough to last three or four weeks. They had nothing to do. They decided to investigate. C wanted to be in on the chance, also. He even offered to finance the expedition, and on these terms he was taken in, the three to share equally whatever might be found.

THE GAP of the Arroyo de los Fresnos proved to be an ideal camp—water, wood, deer all around, turkeys so gentle they would come into camp, grass belly-deep, and bear. The ruined smelter had an oak tree growing out of it that appeared to be hundreds of years old. Scattered here and there were signs of ancient workings, but the slag about the smelter—rich slag—showed that it had not come from these workings. The problem was to find the origin of the slag.

Lieb decided to move camp from the smelter over to the ruins of the old mining camp, not a great distance off. The outfit moved, and Lieb took his horse to stake him out on a little bench. While the stake-rope was being tied, a fly or something caused the animal to stamp. The ground under the horse's hoofs sounded hollow. At this moment Lieb's eye caught sight of an outcropping vein. He yelled for the *mozo* to bring a pick. The whole camp came running.

Digging down at the exact spot where the horse had stamped, the men very shortly struck a layer of logs. They were of the enduring juniper and were as sound as they had been the day they were buried—no doubt fully two centuries before. The rocks and soil above them all having been removed, the logs were lifted out. They covered the mouth of a shaft. Leading down into the shaft were the old-time chicken ladders, notched logs, still slick from the wear of moccasins and bare feet of Indian miners. The ladder appeared to be as sound as the juniper logs. Getting lights, ropes, and other equipment, the discoverers began to descend.

For three hundred feet they climbed down. The air was dry, and not a log of the ladder was shaky. At the bottom, against a highly mineralized ledge, were the remains of a fire, which had no doubt been built to heat the rock, against which water would then be dashed to make it split. Beside the charcoals were several *ollas*—earthen pots—in which water had doubtless been carried. There, too, were several *zurrones*—the bags of rawhide in which the native miners carried their burdens of ore upward, suspending them from the forehead. Truly this was a lost mine worth finding. This was the ore that had been worked at the smelter and that had left such rich slag.

Lieb drew up all the papers for denouncing the mine. He placed the papers in his instrument box, which was never locked. They would have to be filed with the Government. That night C left, saying he had to get back to Chihuahua City and would meet his pardners there. He rode to a railway station not so distant as the City, but Lieb and Adams agreed they would load a mule with selected ore samples and go on horseback. When they reached Chihuahua City a week later and Lieb went to get his papers to file them, they were gone. They had been filed by C under his own name alone.

HOW bad luck followed him; how the Madero Revolution came on and a pair of *gringos* slipped out, took possession of the mine and were working it when bandits surprised them with bullets; how Pancho Villa sent the soldier of fortune Holmdahl after the bandits; how he chased two of them horseback into the corral at the Rancho Gueracbic, jumped his horse over the rock wall, then with a sixshooter killed them at such close quarters that he came out of the horseback duel powder-burned but unwounded—all this is hardly a part of the story.

Was the mine that Victor Lieb's horse found one of Majalca's old mines? It was a good mine, but nobody knows its authentic history.

"No, that was not Majalca's mine," Italian Joe asserted.

We were where all trails begin—in the plaza under the old bullet-pitted cathedral in Chihuahua City. Many years had passed since Pedro Loco had made his last trailless trip and been added to the legended past.

"The reason why I have been poor for thirty years," Italian Joe went on, "is that Majalca property—Pedro Loco."

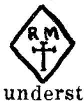
I looked at Joe's sockless feet, clad in moccasins made of strings. I gave him a match to light the long cigarette he had rolled in a shuck. About every minute as we talked, one of the two hundred shine boys that belong to Chihuahua came along begging to polish my shoes.

"And I have found it," Italian Joe went on, "but not where many think it is. I found it by accident. I was camped in the Victorino, prospecting. One evening I saw a man and a boy coming down the mountain with two little mules dragging pine logs. When they saw me, they asked me where the water was. I knew then they were not of that part of the mountains. I told them. They watered their mules and made camp. That night the man and I talked of many things.

"He told me of a waybill he had seen to Majalca's mine and treasure. He described a canyon, a seep spring, a marked rock, and other points the waybill called for. I told him about old Pedro Loco. We decided to look for the mine. It was a terribly dry year. We got into the canyon that waybill called for. We came to the seep spring, but it was as dry as a bone and the ferns there were all dead. After one day of thirst we quit looking for the mine and went to looking for water. On the evening of the second day I shot a rabbit and we drank the blood. The next morning we came to the most twisted tangle of trails I have ever seen. They were centuries old, not an animal track on them. I decided to try an experiment.

"We unsaddled and turned our mules loose with drag ropes on. They headed south and struck a fast walk. We followed and before long caught up with them on a little mesa. We brought them back to the saddles and again turned them loose. They were too dry to notice the dry grass. Again they headed south. I told my pardner that we would catch the mules now, saddle them, and give them their heads. I knew they had smelled water. After traveling about a mile, I saw a rock with carving on it, but I was too thirsty to see straight or to care about anything but water. Less than an hour later the mules brought up at a little spring unmarked by a single bush or tree.

"After a while I went back to the rock. This is what was carved on its face.



"I guess you understand that the R M means Real de Majalca—Majalca's mines. We never could find the way into the storage cave though. I have been back into that region many, many times. I know Pedro Loco went there, too. That is why I say the Pedro Loco Mine has kept me poor. I wish I had never seen the sign. It has kept me from profitable pursuits."

Lost Mine of the Klickitat

(Continued from page 35)

her slipping away, and he stealthily trailed her as she stole out of camp.

The woman traveled for miles up the Little Klickitat River, at last coming to the mouth of Black Canyon, a deep, dark canyon that comes in from the east to meet the Klickitat.

At the mouth of Black Canyon stands a large crag that projects out into the river. To pass this crag, a traveler must swim or wade through a huge eddy of water that surrounds its base; the only alternative being to climb a steep zigzag trail leading to the top of the crag and thence down into the canyon beyond. Arriving at this point, Morgan saw his wife take off her clothes and make a tight bundle of them together with the food and blanket she carried. He watched her start wading up-stream through the swirling eddy, then rushed madly up the trail across the top of the crag and down to the bottom of the canyon, where he hid in a clump of brush to await her reappearance.

Mrs. Morgan never appeared around the base of the crag. Waiting until the sun was high, Morgan took off his own clothes and started wading back around the crag, hoping to surprise his wife in some cave or crevasse. But there was no cave or opening where she could hide. Morgan gave up the hunt and returned to his lodge at the Indian camp.

Mrs. Morgan was never seen again nor heard from, and the secret of the mine was lost with her. The Klickitats hunted for months for some trace of her body, but nothing was ever found.

THE first season we were in our new home, a young squaw appeared at the house and asked Mother for work. She said she was a good housekeeper and knew how to wash, iron, and take care of kids. She was very light-colored, neat, and clean, and could speak a little English. She told Mother she was a widow, her husband having been killed the year before in a fight with a grizzly bear. She was left with two young boys to support. She gave Mother a long Indian name, but asked to be called just "Ann."

The young squaw proved to be a good worker, and Mother engaged her to come in one day a week and do the washing and ironing for us kids. Ann's two boys, Domineck and Schenums, were about my age, and we became inseparable pals. Ann, who in the meantime had learned that Mother's name was Mary, asked to be called Mary Ann. She was known by that name ever after.

After Morgan's death, Mary Ann told us her story. She was Morgan's daughter, but—hating him for the rat he was—had refused to be called or known by his name even though her two brothers were known by the names of Joe and Sigh Morgan.

Her father had been the most despicable man living. He had married her mother for the sole purpose of locating the mine and appropriating the treasure. When she refused to tell him the location of the mine, he had beaten her, burned her with brands from the fire, made her drink whiskey until she fell into a drunken stupor. Each fall, after her annual trip to the mine, Morgan would beat and kick her black and blue in his wild rage that she would not divulge the secret of the gold. The Indians knew of his brutality, but tribal law prevented any action being taken in family troubles unless the wife complained. And Morgan's wife, through some inscrutable sense of misguided loyalty known only to women, never complained to the tribal council.

Came the night that Morgan followed Mary Ann's mother from camp. She never returned—but Morgan returned and told the Indians practically the same story he had told Dad. But Mary Ann, as well as all the tribe, knew that Morgan lied. He had caught her mother and—trying to make her tell him the secret of the gold—had killed her and somehow disposed of her body. Without proof, the tribal council could not condemn him to death.

Thus was lost the secret of the fabulous gold mine that had been known to the Klickitats for many years.

Suspended around her neck with a buckskin thong, on festive occasions Mary wore a crude handmade cross of gold. The cross had been made and given to her by her mother. She had preserved it by keeping it carefully wrapped in buckskin and buried in the ground. Her father had beaten her in a vain attempt to make her give it to him, and had often tried to steal it from her.

This is the true story, as told to my family by the Klickitat Indians themselves, of the Lost Mine of the Klickitat.

Blizzard Bull

(Continued from page 25)

was so cold it hurt our lungs. Our one hope was to keep moving. We were cold through and through from the first. It was more than any man could stand.

"Three hours must have passed. We were still walking. But I couldn't tell I had any feet. Worse part was I began to get drowsy. I was stalking along half asleep. Ollie was staggering, too. Something 'way back in my brain kept me moving. I knew the minute we stopped that all was lost. As for myself, if I fell down, lying there would feel so good I'd never get up.

"It was still daylight when Ollie stumbled and fell. He just lay there. I pounded and yelled, and he dragged himself to a sitting position. Then he lay back down. Nothing I could do would get him up. Finally, I hoisted him across my shoulders and somehow got going, but very slow. I left both of our rifles, but we still had our belt guns. I just shuffled along. It was no use. I wasn't getting anywhere.

"THEN I saw shadowy forms drifting by. I thought I was dreaming. But then one passed fairly close to me.

"It was buffalo. They were drifting south, rumps to the wind.

"I dumped Ollie on the ground.

" 'Buffalo!' " I yelled. 'Buffalo! Wake up, Ollie!'

"Close alongside came a big shaggy creature, a bull. I shot him six times with my forty-five. He slumped to his knees, then rolled to his side. I reloaded. Next came a cow. My forty-five at close range did the work.

"The excitement and the noise had aroused Ollie, although he still moved in a daze. No more buffalo came by.

"There was one thing to do and we did it. We gutted the two buffalo and crawled into the warm caves of their bodies. But no way I could turn would put me all inside. Part of one leg was exposed."

He paused and I realized, without asking, what had happened. Jenks had crawled into the smaller of the two refuges. He had put Ollie in the big one.

Jenks went on: "The fellows found us next morning without too much trouble. The sky had cleared."

Jenks hopped spryly to his bunk and started pulling off his boot preparatory to turning in. He gave me a leathery grin.

"It ain't been so bad." He reached down to pat his peg leg where it stood beside the bed. "We'll show 'em, won't we, baby? We got us one tough leg that don't never need cover—not even on a night like this."

Spur Talk

(Continued from page 37)

a lot from the spurring. Slim got back on, but barely, his leg didn't swing over quite far enough. If Little Feller had been fresh he would have lost his rider right there—but, he wasn't fresh.

Slim spoke, and I could tell by the rasp of his voice that his throat was mighty dry. "This is it, you son-of-a-bitch." But in his cussin' I could hear respect.

The Appaloosa made only two more high, hard, honest jumps. I could hear his guts beat at his sides. Slim winced away from the jar when he hit. Then he struck him with the spurs once. He swung his legs out wide and dug the steel in where the horse's neck joined his shoulders. It popped almost like a gun, only not as sharp. The horse stopped again. There was no need to go any further. We turned around and came back through the same gate, only this time I opened it.

That night and for several, there in the bed-rolls, I could hear Slim moan, roll and talk to Little Feller. The next day Slim had me ride Little Feller back over to McDonald's. When I asked him if it would be all right, he said, "Why, sure."

He was right, but I wonder how he knew. Maybe Little Feller had told him that day over by the gate that he'd never buck again. One thing I know, if the horse did say anything, Slim would sure as all hell have understood, because he's the kind that talks horse language.

Tales of the Branding Iron

(Continued from page 17)

in Fort Worth, Texas, in the year 1884, a young cowboy named Burk Burnett won a cattle ranch in a poker game. Feeling that Lady Luck had bestowed one of her rare favors upon him, Burnett decided to show her his appreciation by adopting four sixes, "6666," as his brand; four sixes had been the hand which had won him the ranch. The lady must have appreciated his gesture, for she continued to favor him. He built his small spread into one of the largest and most important ones in the state. Later one of the most productive oil fields ever to be discovered was found on his land, and the town named for him, Burkburnett, became famous in boomtown history. Burnett's phenomenal luck, his "6666" brand, his great wealth and his offering to Lady Luck became a western legend and one of the many tales of the branding iron.

Old Thunder

(Continued from page 19)

Old Thunder's eyes were cold with contempt as he answered the half-breed's questions with a silent nod towards the closed door at the opposite end of the room.

Half an hour later Old Thunder was summoned to the office of the Indian Agent. The Agent, a portly man, grey of hair and stern of feature, asked La Plunt to tell the policeman his story.

Speaking the tongue of his mother, La Plunt said to Old Thunder. "Two sleeps ago, the sub-agent sent me to get Indians to haul wood. I left early in the morning. It was night when I returned. The fire in the stove was cold. On the floor was the sub-agent. He was dead. On the soles of his bare feet and on the palms of his hands were many burns. He had been tortured before he was killed. And he had been scalped."

Old Thunder stood in silence. Not a muscle of his face moved. Only his eyes betrayed the fact that he had heard. They glowed like the dying coals of a fire when the breeze stirs them to fresh life.

"The sign," asked Old Thunder calmly. "Which way did the tracks lead?"

"The sign led east, towards the burial ground," said La Plunt. "I followed the sign for a quarter of a mile. Then the wind blew hard, like a blizzard, covering all track."

"Tell Old Thunder," said the Indian Agent, "I want him to leave right away. Tell him to bring in the man or men that killed the sub-agent. Tell him to bring them in, dead or alive."

La Plunt translated word for word the Agent's instructions.

Old Thunder drew himself proudly erect. There was an odd mixture of pride and hatred in his voice as he answered.

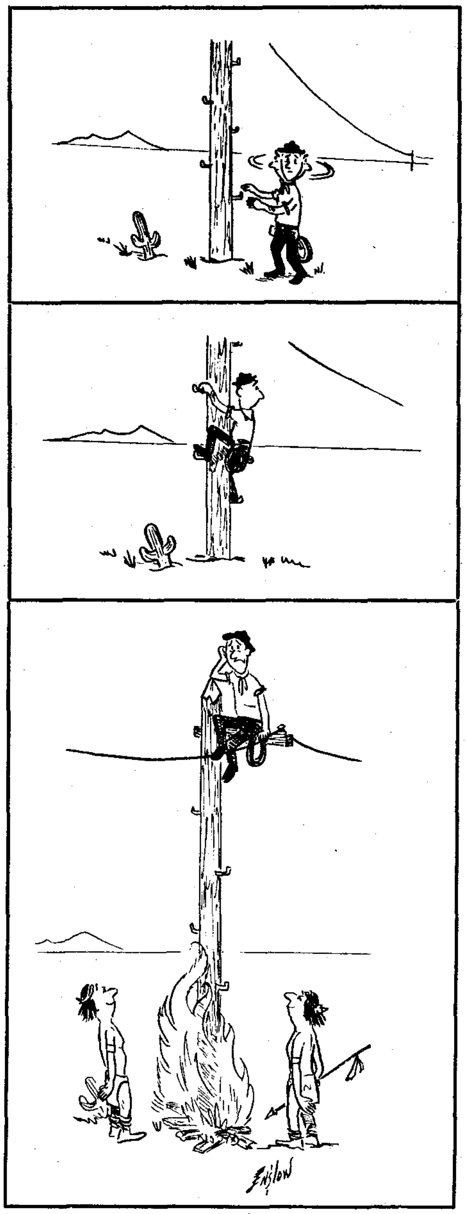
"Tell the *wach-pachta* that before the next Chinook melts the snow outside his house, Old Thunder will bring in the men who killed the sub-agent. I have spoken!"

THE moon had risen when Old Thunder, staking his pony in a cut-coulee where the buckbrush was thick and the dry grass lay plentiful beneath the blanket of loose snow, made camp for the night. Quickly clearing a small space in the snow, he built his fire, filled a small tin pail with snow to melt for tea, and took a sack of jerked venison from his saddle. He filled the bowl of his pipe with a mixture of *kinnikinnik* and agency tobacco, and seated himself beside the fire to await the heating of the melting snow in the pail.

Far into the night burned his tiny camp fire. Wrapped in the folds of his heavy blanket, Old Thunder sat and smoked. Now and then he rose to place fresh sticks on the fire. Motionless as a figure of stone, his wide lips closed about the stem of his smoke-blackened pipe, the old man sat wrapped in deep thought.

Time and again a strange picture came to haunt his thoughts. The picture of two Indians, one young, the other old, standing beside the dead body of a girl that lay huddled beside the blossoming wild rose bushes. He heard again the sweet notes of a song bird and the voice of the old man, hoarse with grief, asking the Manitou to help him avenge the death of his daughter.

The sombre eyes of the policeman looked old and the flickering firelight, reflected in them, seemed to light in their depths the shadow of untold sorrow. Above, in the bare limbs of an old cottonwood, an owl voiced its mournful cry, and Old Thunder bowed his head.



Beneath the folds of his blanket, his fingers touched the buttons of his blue coat. Into his eyes crept a look of haughty pride in his past record as an Indian Policeman. He was duty-bound to obey the *wach-pachta's* orders, but in his heart was a deep sorrow.

Daybreak found the policeman and his pony breaking trail through the crusted snow. Steadily the white ball of sun rose in an overcast sky. Old Thunder, riding the ridges where the wind had bared the ground of snow, urged his pony forward. The slow trot of the pony seemed untiring and only at rare intervals did the pace slacken.

It was mid-afternoon when he pulled his pony to a halt on the long ridge above Lodge Pole. Far below lay the cluster of log buildings that was the sub-agency. Two miles to the east was the Assiniboine burial ground. For some minutes Old Thunder sat his horse in thoughtful silence, then turned his pony eastward, avoiding the sub-agency and heading directly towards the high knoll that marked the burial ground. His head bowed on his chest, he rode slowly up the draw to the top of the knoll. The pony came to a halt, and Old Thunder slid to the ground. He stood for a long time beneath the grave of the daughter of Takes the Shield, his gaze fastened on the fresh scalp that hung from the platform. Again deep sorrow filled the eyes of Old Thunder and he seemed very old and very tired as he walked towards his pony.

THAT night the old policeman made camp among the scrub-pines at the foot of the Little Rockies. That night Old Thunder made his medicine.

On the bald top of a wooded butte, wrapped in his blanket, the old Indian named two stars for the two men whom he sought, then seating himself, prepared to await the judgment of the Manitou. Far away in the night, from the direction of the burial ground, the howl of a wolf sounded. If Old Thunder heard, he gave no sign. Never did his gaze waver from the two stars he had named.

Minutes lengthened into hours before the Indian finally rose, his limbs cramped and stiffened from the cold, and descended to his camp. The two stars had fallen. Manitou had decided.

But the heart of Old Thunder was on the ground. He shivered as the wind penetrated his blanket, chilling his aged bones to the marrow.

Dawn of a new day found him again on the trail. He now traveled on foot, using the snowshoes that had been tied to his saddle. In and out among the pines he moved, hunting for sign. It was not long before he found the trail he sought. Two pony tracks, coming into the hills, one behind the other. Further on, he came upon the blackened ashes of an abandoned camp fire. He pondered for some time over a strip of bloodstained cloth beside the cold fire. This bit of evidence explained to the trailer why the men traveled on horseback where it would have been better to go afoot. One of them was wounded. The end of the trail could not be far away.

Old Thunder moved more cautiously now. He stopped often, listening. Occasionally as he traveled, he slipped the buckskin sheath off the .45-90 he carried and warmed the mechanism with his blanket until the gun grease around

the magazine lever grew soft and oily. Then he would slip the gun back in the sheath.

As darkness came on, the trail became more difficult to follow. He sat down. But he made no fire. He did not even light his pipe. Always his eyes swept the dark mountain side. Then he saw that for which he watched. A pin point of light, high up on the mountain. The policeman knew the exact location of the wood chopper's cabin, from where the light came, deserted save in summer. He rose and his feet pushed on swiftly.

Squatted on the dirt floor beside a small rust reddened stove were Takes the Shield and Spirit Boy. The older man gazed with sombre eyes into the shadow of the cabin. He was thinking of the fresh scalp that hung from the platform above his daughter's grave. His lips moved inaudibly and his long fingers carressed his knife hilt.

Opposite *him* sat Spirit Boy. The younger Indian's face was drawn with pain as he bound the swollen, frost-bitten wound in his thigh.

Outside in the snow, the buckskin scabbard fell from Old Thunder's long barreled rifle. For a full minute he crouched beneath the window, warming the breech with his hands and breath. The old rifle raised slowly. There came a dull click as his thumb pulled back the hammer. Then the sights lined with a spot on Takes the Shield's bared chest.

The tinkle of shattered glass was drowned in the roar of the rifle. Takes the Shield, a look of startled surprise in his widened eyes, pitched slowly forward and lay still, a thin crimson stream staining his chest.

Dazed by the unexpectedness of it, Spirit Boy sat for a second. His glance shot towards his rifle a dozen feet away, leaning against the wall. He sprang to his feet. A second roar obliterated the echoes of the first shot, and Spirit Boy fell face downward across the dead body of his father.

TELL the *wach-pachta* that before the next Chinook melts the snow outside his house, Old Thunder will bring in the men that killed the sub-agent."

This speech, interpreted by the half-breed La Plunt, came back to the Indian Agent as he watched the pinto pony of Old Thunder wallow through the melting drifts that covered the parade ground. Tied to the pony's tail was a second pony. The Agent's jaw dropped in astonishment as he made out the strange burden borne by the second pony.

Dragging head-downward in the snow, one on either side of the pony, their moccasined feet lashed to the horn of the empty saddle, were the stiffened bodies of Takes the Shield and Spirit Boy.

Old Thunder, Indian Policeman, had kept his word.

The white light of a winter moon shone coldly on the Assiniboine burial ground, causing the long poles and their burdens to cast weird, fantastic shadows on the snow-blotched ground. Beneath the two new graves, a gaunt wolf sat on his haunches, his nose lifted skyward, hungrily sniffing the night air.

Far below, beneath the naked branches of a giant cottonwood, a tiny fire burned. Beside the blaze, his head bowed in silent grief, sat Old Thunder. By his side, wrapped in a neat bundle, lay the well-worn coat of blue, and in its stead the old Indian wore the painted robe of his fathers. Old Thunder, Indian Policeman, had followed his last trail.

Then on the night air, weird, barbaric, came the death chant of an old squaw mourning her dead. Her wrinkled face streaked with death paint, heedless of the bitter cold, she swayed to and fro, the wind whipping her wisps of white hair about her face.

Thus mourned she who had borne two sons—Takes the Shield and Old Thunder.

The Great Baptizing

(Continued from page 55)

chuck wagon about a hundred yards away to extend our invitation "to all or any of you oldsters who have sinned and want to repent, come hither to be baptized and have your sins washed away—or at least, thirty or forty years of accumulated filth. Salvation is free today. Come and get it while you may!"

Those old codgers acted real bashful; they didn't seem to care a hoot whether their souls were saved or not. We asked 'em politely, starting off with old Tom.

"Now, Mr. Tom, what church do you belong to—if any? Do you believe in immersion for the washing away of sins? If not, *why* not? Just trot along with us to the creek, get baptized, and set a good example for the rest of these old sinners . . . You won't, hey?"

Tom wouldn't—and, furthermore, he threatened in coarse language to break the neck of the first blankety-blank button that laid a hand on him. Fighting words, and the old boy meant 'em too.

"Tut-tut, Mr. Tom, you ought to be grateful to us for worrying about your immortal soul . . . grab him, boys!"

One lone stiffened-up waddy can't fight a whole bunch of fool boys, so we lugged old Tom to the creek. With solemn ceremony, accompanied by appropriate vocal music, we soused him under. Tom came up, spouting the most vile, profane, and abusive language our shrinking ears had ever heard. Someone hollered, "Boys, it didn't take! He's still cussin'. Shove him under again, and hold him under till he blubbers."

Turned out that old Tom was a good scout after all. He saw the humor of the situation after his second baptizing, and spoke up real prompt before we could duck him again, "Boys, don't sock me under again. I believe I'm saved—it's took. I'm cleansed anyway, and if you wish, I'll help you baptize that whole bunch of sinners one at a time. Let's go round 'em up right now!"

The old fellers swore something scandalous when they saw us coming for 'em with converted Tom leading the way. They tried to scuttle off and hide in the high sacaton and salt grass, but they didn't get far before a couple of buttons picked them off and dragged them, squalling like trapped cougars, to the creek of salvation. It wasn't hard running 'em down. You know, an old cow-servant becomes bow-legged in the course of time (unless he has his legs broken and straightened out every few years) and he can't navigate with much speed across those high sacaton and salt grass bumps. Those high centers are hell on an old model's differential. He can't go far until he hangs up and can hardly wiggle loose.

Those old cowpokes fought and cussed and blowed like Gila monsters, and they were just about as helpless. 'Twas certainly a task to chase 'em down and tote 'em a couple hundred yards to the crystal font and immerse 'em. However, we buttons were just plum full of religious spirit, and nothing these old sinners could do discouraged us. We worked with a right good will, and soon the job was finished. When you're toiling in the vineyard to save sin-ridden souls, you've gotta be damn tough!

Outside of a few black eyes and torn clothing here and there, the Great Baptizing was a howling success.

That happened a mighty long time ago. Was any lasting good accomplished? *Quien sabe?* But it sure was lots of fun. Practically all the old-timers involved have passed on, and many of the buttons. I was a button in those days, and have now passed my Biblical span of three score and ten by another decade and then some.

Old Father Time moves relentlessly on, and one by one us old-timers fall by the wayside, but anyhow we old cow-servants have had our fun.

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN FROM ENGLISH EYES

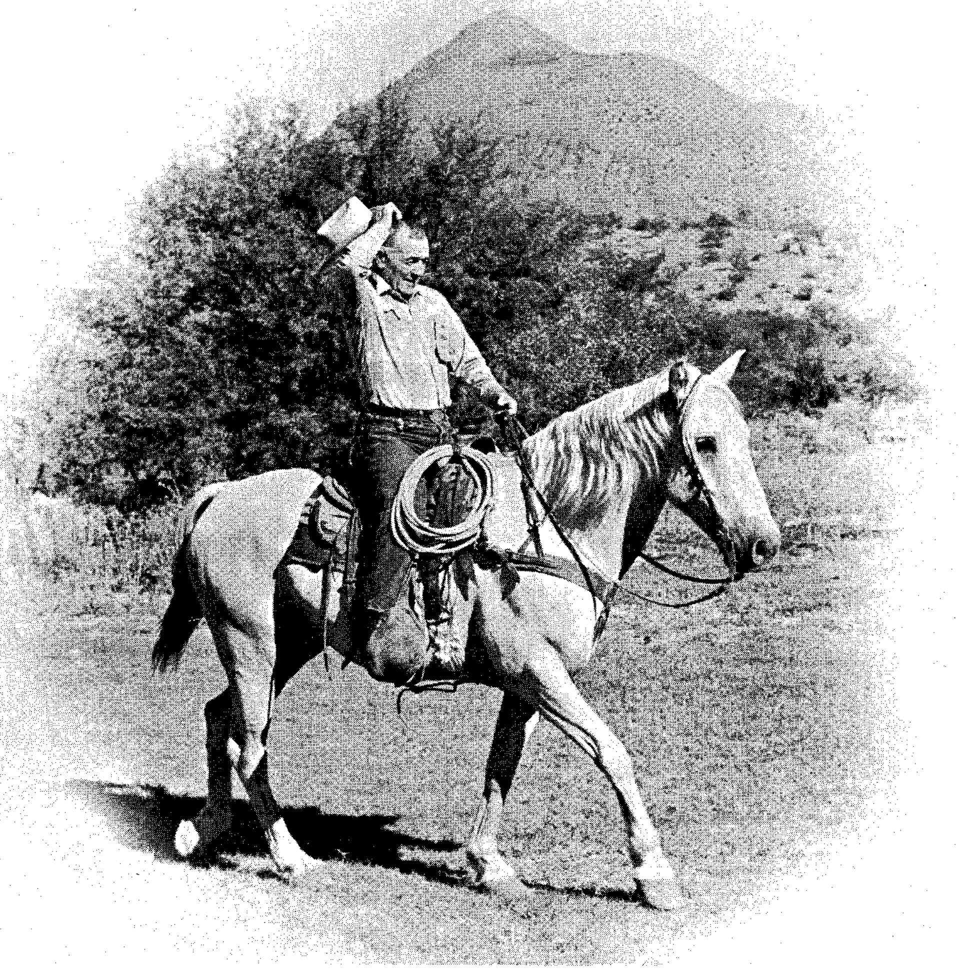
Submitted by Raymond W. Thorp

From the London *Spectator*, July, 1875:

"John Wesley Hardin, a noted divine, has perpetrated one of those acts so eminently characteristic of American civilization; and we call attention to it as an average example of the mode of administering justice in the United States.

"Texas is one of the those wild border states located on the Gulf of Mexico, and bordering on the Rio Grande. The city of Comanche is a flourishing town whose population is composed largely of desperadoes and Comanche Indians from Indiana. About two years ago Hardin, who was a religious fanatic, went inside a saloon and without the least provocation shot and killed Sheriff Webber, and then commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. This led to a general engagement between the whites and Indians, which was finally put down by a regiment of Texas cavalry called the Rangers, but not until many lives had been sacrificed.

"During the battle Hardin escaped, and has ever since been a terror to that region. The chief judge of the province had to be escorted from one town to another under guard of a company of Rangers and a battery of Gatling guns, which inspired terror to the band of savages led by Hardin. The daring leader has at length been captured and sentenced to two years penal servitude. The people are very superstitious, and look upon the desperado as a much-abused individual."



Rancher Jo Flieger and a favorite quarterhorse

The Haunted Corral

(Continued from page 9)

realized that help was at hand. Between the two of them they all made it safely across.

Introductions were in order and Jo found that Gussie was the new "school marm," and had been in the habit of picking up these children on the way to school, but this morning the creek had been nearly bank full and she came nigh not making it.

Came spring and the dashing cowboy married the pretty school marm. Jo had recently bought the Painted Cave section from Ed Haskins, so he and his bride moved into it and made themselves "to home." As it turned out they were cavemen for seven years during which another series of human events added to the mystery of the bloody trail of ghosts and gold at the nearby Haunted Corral.

It was a time and place where myth and reality merged and yet the efforts of contemporaries have yet to solve the mysteries that enshroud the place. Not knowing what was in store for them, the happily married couple went blithely on their way. They worked from dawn to dark and modified and painted until the Painted Cave became a castle unique.

Gussie was a strong, robust woman and a natural-born homemaker. She could get more out of a Dutch oven than the man who invented it. Her lighthearted attitude and salty humor, along with Jo's packrat tendencies to acquire things, became a byword among the ranchers in the Aravaipa and San Pedro Valleys.

The Fliegers had long since completely fenced in the meadow, built a barn, and made a dam below the clear water spring. In the meanwhile Jo continued to hunt wild horses and cattle. With Gussie's help—riding like any man—and some hired hands, they had built up a good sized herd of stock from which they made regular shipments to various buyers.

At times they entered into working agreements with other ranchers, agreements which helped particularly when it came time to market their stock. The prime cattle were sold to Tom Carlton at Casa Grande for Cudahy, the best of the horses were "broken" to the saddle and sold to distant ranchers and local farmers, and the broomtails were dogchowed to Doctor Ross.

THERE was only one cloud on the rosy horizon: Haunted Corral. Every now and then rifle shots were heard banging and echoing up and down the canyon and they all came from its direction. One day when the Fliegers had been away from home all forenoon, they returned to find that they had had callers. The intruders had dug a hole three feet deep directly in front of their Painted Cave home and had unearthed, among other things, a large old Dutch oven.

A human skull and many human bones were mixed in with the rubble of freshly dug earth. Nothing was missing from the cavehouse and there were no clues as to who the diggers might have been. After reporting the incident to the authorities an occasional law officer would drop by the Painted Cave, accept the hospitality of Gussie's table, inquire about any strangers in "these parts" and volunteer all the latest news.

One deputy left a book which he said was now getting a lot of discussion in the valley, although it had been published five years previously. The book was by J. Frank Dobie, entitled *Coronado's Children*, in which the historian wrote: ". . . a pariah from his own people, known only as Yuma, a trader, who with his Apache Indian wife, penetrated Apache lands where no white man before him had dared intrude. They rode up Aravaipa Canyon from Old Camp Grant for they [she] knew the secret . . . wonderfully rich in gold . . . vein of rose quartz of the Aravaipas. . . ."

Naturally Jo and Gussie entered into the discussions of the past—and the present as it applied to them. In town the news and rumors revolved mostly around George Apsey. True, the sinister old seaman's Indian wife and halfbreed children had long since vanished from the scene. When pardoned after seven years in the Yuma Penitentiary, he too had disappeared. One of the rumors was that he had secretly recovered his gold treasure and gone into the ship's chandler business in Los Angeles. The facts and fancy of his case had been widely published in the local papers.

The Tucson *Daily Star*, the Arizona *Republican*, and the Phoenix *Gazette* had the largest coverage. The Florence *Blade-Tribune* and the Globe, Arizona *Silver Belt* did their best as weeklies.

William MacLeod Raine, in his book, *Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws*, gave a graphic description of The Apache Kid's depredations in the wild Aravaipa Canyon country, but like most other historians could only guess at what actually had happened to the legendary savage.

People will talk. People will misunderstand. Long before Apsey had been arrested it had been rumored that he had arrived at the Haunted Corral with saddlebags bulging with gold that he had somehow gathered while at sea. In addition, his Apache-Mexican wife was believed to have been the possessor of treasure buried in the neighborhood by her Aravaipa ancestors after their numerous raids in Mexico. More wealth was believed to have been added from several unsolved one-man stagecoach holdups and the robbery of a Southern-Pacific express car while the train was stopped for water at the town of Cochise. Cochise County Deputy Sheriff Henderson definitely identified some coin wrappers found at the Haunted Corral as being similar to ones taken in the robbery of the gold shipment from the express car.

It was definitely known that Apsey was penniless when he was arrested and put on trial for murder; he didn't have the money to pay for a lawyer to assist in his defense. It was also known that when he was taken to Yuma he was penniless, but what his wife had in her possession when she disappeared was not known. So, if even half of it all were true, there had to be a hoard of loot stashed away somewhere in the vicinity of the Haunted Corral.

Rumors of The Apache Kid also popped up to plague old memories and to trouble new ones. One side maintained that The Kid was still alive, another group said he was dead. The last time he had definitely been seen in Arizona was when Walapai Clark had shot at him up in Holy Joe Canyon. The Kid was known to have used the Haunted Corral as a headquarters, and along with his murdering and raiding in Arizona and Sonora, he quite likely had accumulated a bag of booty which very likely was buried someplace near the Haunted Corral.

Jo Flieger was believed to be as well

acquainted with the Haunted Corral and neighboring hills and caves as anyone, including the Towner brothers. And he was prosperous. Where did he get all his wealth? Had he found the hidden treasure of The Apache Kid and Seaman Apsey? It was food for thought, and the natives and others made the most of it.

The Hearst Newspapers Syndicate ran a series of articles on "Murders in the Southwest," and had speculated that Apsey had recovered his loot and bought a sheep ranch in Tierra Del Fuego!

The Associated Press, in a later series of articles, anticipated coming events and claimed that the several caches of loot at the Haunted Corral had yet to be found.

Bud Ming recalled that in 1920 he had guided a tuberculosis plagued World War veteran up the Aravaipa, but the frail man gave it up after a few days. Other adventuresome men had made sorties into the area in an effort to locate the buried treasure but none was believed to have been successful.

Rumors, of course, had it that some of the nocturnal visitors at the Haunted Corral down through the years had been The Apache Kid, or George Apsey (or both) returning to dig up their ill-gotten treasure. The Kid was last seen for sure back in 1894; Apsey had been released from the Yuma Pen in 1897 and, since this was in the 1930s, they would now be old men. Both were hard men, had lived a hard life, and could still be very much alive.

ONE FACT that would have substantiated this theory was a glimpse Jo Flieger had one moonlit night when riding up trail toward the corral after a business trip to Florence. A sudden chill raced up his spine. Riding along, thinking of his problems, he had the glimpse of a man shinnying up the face of El Capitan where a branch of the giant sycamore rubbed against the rock.

He spurred the pinto but before getting close enough to recognize anyone in the uncertain light, the mysterious figure had made it to the top of the spur and disappeared. By horseback it was over a mile by a roundabout trail up along the canyon wall to the rimrock above the corral; from a spot behind the corral an active man could climb the cliff in a much shorter time. Jo dismounted, tied up Rainbow, and climbed.

He got to the top, his gun ready, but saw no one. In the moonlight he found a good lasso rope tied to a rock spur, its other end hanging down over the spur within the tree branches. He pulled the rope up and estimated it was about forty feet long. It had a seaman's overhand knot about every two feet of its length!

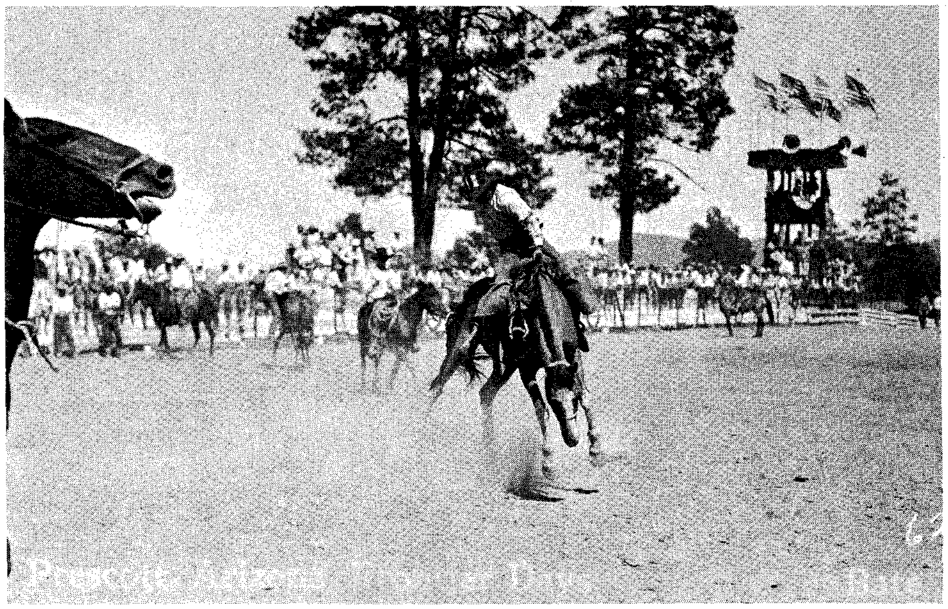
Jo looked around on the bare shale for tracks. He could barely make out his own boot prints, and he couldn't find any others. Whoever had been there had either been barefoot or had worn moccasins—or was a ghost.

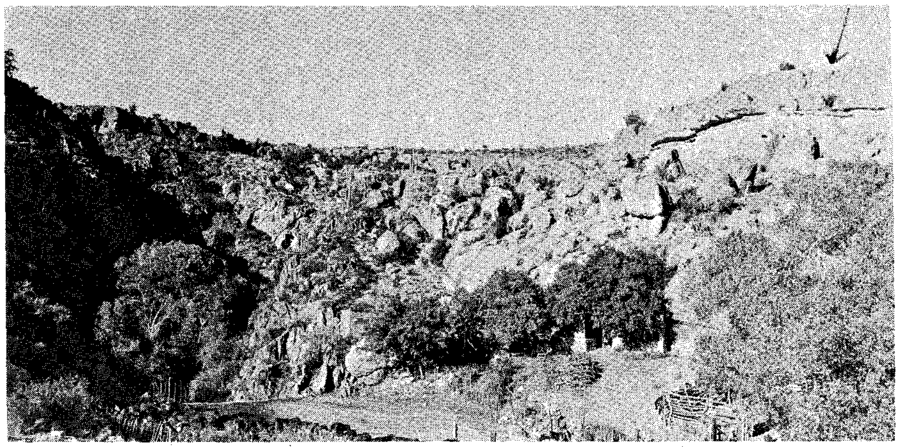
"I damn sure saw somebody," he said firmly to himself, "and this place scares the hell out of me!"

Jo began to wonder what was at the bottom end of the rope. "Reckon I oughta climb down and see."

He dropped the loose end of the rope back down between the tree and the cliff; then, taking a deep breath, he made his way down the rope, knot by knot. The end came at a small cave—unknown and hidden from view below—less than half way down the sheer cliff wall.

Jo worked a match out of his shirt pocket with one hand and struck it. The cave seemed so shallow he could see its end and something shiny inside. He reached in and felt all around. Something moved beside his questing fingers and he withdrew his hand quickly, thinking it was a snake.





Old postcard at top shows Joe Flieger on Bald Hornet at Prescott, Arizona, Frontier Days. Below is pictured the rocky ledge area where the wounded inspector fell. Arrow indicates point of fall into a cedar clump several feet below.

Another lighted match, however, revealed a tin can which he thrust inside his shirt, then reached in again. He felt something small, flat and smooth. In the moving shadows of branches and moonlight he saw what appeared to be a gold coin. He quickly thrust it into his pocket and searched further. After finding one more coin, a silver one, he was satisfied the cave was empty and made the laborious climb back up to the top.

Puffing from the exertion, he examined his find. One was a U.S. double eagle dated 1885. The second coin was a Republic of Mexico *Ocho Reales* "'dobe dollar" dated 1843. The container was a five-pound size Clabber Girl Baking Powder can, with a trademark design that had not been in use for about thirty years. Yet the can was in good shape and free from rust. Obviously it had been hidden carefully away all these years.

"Just about what old Apsey would have used to stash away gold," Jo muttered to himself. "The old boy must still be alive an' kicking . . . got in a hurry when he heard me coming, and dropped some of his swag. Wonder if he's got any more in one of them other holes?"

Jo worked his way back down the cliff trail, got back on Rainbow, and took the shortest trail home to the Painted Cave. Gussie was waiting for him, a pot of coffee on the stove. He showed her the coins, and in her calm-mannered way she waited for him to tell her all about it. They sat up half the night discussing their problems, past, present and future, yet did not come up with anything nearly approximating things to come.

"Let's hire a good man and his wife to help us out," was her suggestion. "We can build a little house for them, give them a small herd of stock, and let them ranch on shares. When the Towners know we mean business they'll leave us alone."

"Okay," Jo replied. "But from now on keep that double-barrel buckshot gun handy when you're home alone, and I'm not going anywhere anymore without a gun. Too many strangers around these parts lately. Besides, Hank Towner will like me less than ever now and Joe Buzan has had it in for me ever since I bought this Cave spread."

"Forget about Joe," his wife advised. "Someday he'll get his come-uppance. Folks say, anyhow, that he's trying to sell out . . . and move away."

FIVE miles down the canyon at the junction of Ash Creek lived an elderly rancher named Johnny Meadows, a former outlaw who had reformed. He was regarded as a forthright man and owned a fair-sized herd of cattle and horses. He would have done all right, too, if the Towner-Wheeler gangs had left him alone. Meadows knew they were stealing his stock, but couldn't prove it. When he called in the State Brand Inspectors, tension between him and the rustlers became worse.

He had a young cowboy named Cecil (Curly) Fipps working for him who was very loyal. Curly, a slim-built bronc rider, said he was from Oklahoma but didn't say more. He was very fond of horses, yet there was a wild streak in him and he was always ready for a fight be it with fists, guns, knives or bottles.

That he was more deadly than he appeared was discovered when he accompanied old Meadows into Winkelman one Saturday to pick up supplies. Meadows went into the Wagon Wheel Mercantile Store, and Curly went into the adjacent saloon for a beer. Henry Towner and One-Lamp Wheeler saw Meadows and waylaid him when he came out of the store. They almost beat the old man to death. Curly, in the saloon, was belatedly told about the one-sided fight and he came out raging like a wolf, but the outlaws had eluded him.

Local feeling hit the boiling point over the incident, but nothing was done about it until the following Monday when the gang drove a bunch of broncos in to the shipping pens. Meadows was still laid up, but Curly and his partner, Bert Woods, and several sympathizers made their way to the corrals. The pens were full of horses and the wranglers were loitering around drinking from a jug while waiting for the buyer. Curly Fipps cussed out Hank Towner and challenged him to a fight, giving him the choice of weapons. They went at it with fists.

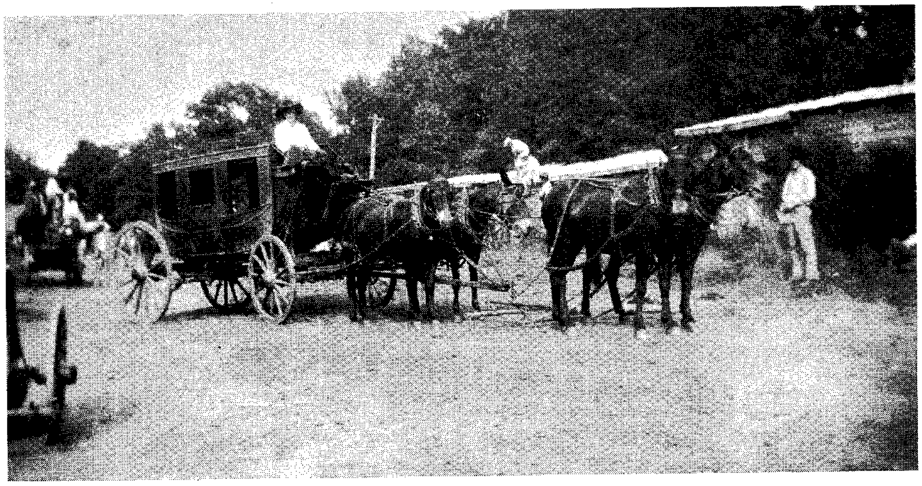
Woods belted Wheeler on his bad eye just for the hell of it and that started a free-for-all. It turned into a wild, bloody battle. Ten men became involved right in the corral of spooky horses. In short order Curly and Towner were both in need of a doctor. The fighting stopped when the corral operators advanced with pitchforks.

The gang did not like that very much, but there wasn't much they could do about it then as too many people had taken sides. The next day, however, some of Towner's wranglers caught one of Meadow's best stallions, a fine paint, and cut him in such a way that he had to be shot to put him out of his misery.

A short time later, Mrs. Henry Young, an elderly widow and owner of a small spread, sold Joe Buzan a bunch of Hereford heifers. Buzan had Wheeler and his riders put his brand on them, but they didn't stop at the twelve he'd bought. They kept on branding every 3-N heifer in sight as well as ten more of the widow's, using battery acid to blot the widow's 3-N brand and make it appear an I-Bar-Open-A.

Jo Flieger, while checking his own stock in the area several days later, noticed the altered brands and told Mrs. Young about it. She wrote to the State Brand Inspectors for Pinal County. The Board sent "Doc" Deaver to check into the allegations.

Deaver, a tall, weather-darkened man, sleuthed around for a few days and ascertained that Bill Wheeler and Henry Towner were doing the dirty work for Joe Buzan, who paid them $5.00 for every maverick they branded and for every brand they altered. Deaver continued prying into the affair, looking for definite evidence, as so far all he had was hearsay.



Stage used on the 101 Ranch

After several more days in the hills he rode over to the Painted Cave Ranch one evening in time for supper. Jo was at home but Gussie was not, so the two had to do their own cooking. Gussie had left the day before to visit her ailing mother in Texas. Flieger and Deaver sat up late talking about range conditions and what to do about it.

The next morning Deaver said, "Jo, I'd like to have you ride around and show me some of the heifers that had their brands tampered with."

When they started out, Deaver was well-armed but Jo had neglected to take even a saddle gun. A mile or two west of the ranchhouse they located a small bunch of whitefaces in an arroyo; one of them was a heifer freshly branded with Buzan's Reverse C B, the others, belonging to Jo, still carried his OK brand.

"This could be one of the last ones they rustled from the widow," Jo remarked. "Her spread runs right along here. Buzan's is 'way down there."

"That's all the evidence I need," replied Deaver. "But let's see if we can spot one or two more, then come back and pick up this heifer and put her in the pasture by your corrals. Then I'll ride down off the hill and take Buzan into town."

They circled around and located two more heifers that belonged to the widow: one with Buzan's fresh brand on it, the other with the altered I-Bar-Open-A. The men did not bother either of them but started back to pick up the first one they'd seen. Jo took the long ridge and Deaver stayed down in the arroyo. From a high point Jo reined in and looked around to see if Deaver had located the heifer.

All at once he saw two horsemen appear from behind a clump of cedars several hundred yards away. He recognized Bill Wheeler and Joe Towner. The riders cut diagonally across the ridge, and then Jo spotted Deaver below. The pair rode at a brisk trot, straight for the Inspector. He apparently did not see them until they were almost on him.

Joe Towner was in the lead with Wheeler a half dozen jumps behind. Wheeler rode in behind Deaver, then wheeled his horse to flank him, and drew his six-gun at the same time. The gun was leveled at the Inspector's back. Jo, unarmed and probably as surprised as Deaver, yelled a loud warning.

Deaver cut at an angle toward Flieger and it was Wheeler's chance; he fired his six-gun at the Inspector from the side. Jo saw Deaver's reins fly up and saw the official fall forward across his saddlehorn. Wheeler took a second shot and Deaver's hat flew off. By now all the riders were at a gallop. Jo then saw Towner holster his six-gun and jerk at his carbine; it seemed stuck in the scabbard but he soon cleared it.

Knowing that he was next, Jo spurred Rainbow and headed for his ranchhouse, the nearest place to get a gun. Doc Deaver was dead, or so Jo thought, and he'd be next on the rustlers' list. If he and Deaver were both found dead, close together on the lonely range, the finder would come to the obvious conclusion that the lawman had caught his rustler red-handed and they'd shot it out. The Towner-Buzan gang had a cunning frame going for them.

With Rainbow running as only a wild horse can, Jo headed into a short hollow when the first bullet fanned hot air past his face. He took one quick look back and saw it was Towner who had shot at him. The bullet struck the eroded bank just ahead and dirt flew up. Rainbow swerved to the right. Towner fired twice again, the rifle bullets hitting the dirt behind the running horse. If Rainbow had not dodged after that first shot, the second and third ones, right on line, would have hit either the horse or its rider.

A BULLET whistled by from the left. Jo saw then that Wheeler—and two heretofore unnoticed riders—had cut across below him and were riding to intercept him before he could get to the Painted Cave. He recognized Henry Towner but the other man was a stranger. Jo's next bet was to try for the Haunted Corral itself. Since the outlaws were all out gunning for him there quite likely would be "nobody at home," and maybe he could "borrow" a gun.

Rainbow virtually flew off the yellowstone shelf, landed in the brushy bottom and tore through it to the corral. Luckily the gate was open and Jo rode in, dismounted and closed the gate. He climbed out the back and ran over to the cave. There was nobody home—nor were there any guns.

Jo heard more rifle shots from up in the hills but knew they were too far away to have been aimed at him. Who were they shooting at? Could it be the widow's heifers to destroy the evidence of blotted brands?

Back in the corral he tied the reins to the saddlehorn, opened the gate and turned Rainbow loose, hoping he'd head for home and not revert to the wild, yet either would be better than have the rustlers get their hands on him and the silver-mounted saddle. Jo knew that the gunmen were now more desperate than ever and would never let him get away to tell tales.

Aware that he was marked for death, Jo started down the canyon on foot, keeping to the underbrush where a man had a fair chance to "out-Injun" anyone up on the ledges with a long-range 30-30. Instead of circling back for his Painted Cave ranchhouse—which was what they expected him to do—he kept on going downstream to the nearest cabin, which belonged to a sodbuster friendly to the local ranchers. He lent Jo a horse.

Jo made it into Winkelman on a lathered plow-horse and stopped in front of the sheriff's office. Here he was armed with a Colt six-gun and a Winchester carbine, and with Deputy Ivy headed back into the hills. After some scouting around they found several spots of blood and two empty 30-30 shells. From this they deducted that Deaver had been shot out of the saddle and was dead somewhere nearby. They worked back and forth, searching around the rocks and brush and arrived at the Painted Cave corrals.

As they cautiously approached, Jo was pleased to see that Rainbow had come home and that even with his reins still tied to the horn he had managed to help himself to half a bale of hay. There was no sign of the gunmen. Jo concluded that the outlaws had gone on to the Haunted Corral. Twilight of the long day had already descended on the silent scene.

As Jo exchanged horses, someone yelled, "Who's that?" and Jo recognized the voice.

He yelled back, "Flieger an' Kent Ivy!"

In response Doc Deaver came sliding down the trunk of the big old oak that grew near the entrance to the cavehouse. He was bruised and bloody, but showed no bullet holes. Assuring the two-man posse that he felt all right, he went on to tell all what had happened to him.

"Wheeler took the first shot at me . . . my horse buck-jumped and I ducked forward to make like I'd been hit while I drew my gun.

"Wheeler yelled, 'That's the last stolen cow you'll ever look for, you so-an'-so.' Wheeler fired again before I had my gun cocked. I got a quick shot then and hit him on the right hand and he dropped his pistol. His horse started running like a scared jackrabbit. I fired after him until my gun was empty and missed every time. Damn it! I figured I'd better put some ground between me and them so I'd have a chance to reload.

"Joe Towner was about a couple hundred yards away. He took a couple shots at me. Wheeler, who was closer, must have got out his rifle 'cause he shot at me and missed again. His hand must be bunged up. I headed for the cave here and they took long range shots at me—must've been nigh twenty shots all told."

"Damn sorry shootin'." Ivy commented.

"Er, well, I saw Towner was cutting across at an angle for that hump there," Deaver pointed, "which would head me off along the rim. He made it to the hump, jumped off his horse, and went down on one knee to get a good shot at me. His slug hit my loose jacket, just above the belt, and this time I figured he'd got me. I jumped off my horse and lit in a bunch of brush right near the rim. Didn't know how close I was to the edge, but I rolled over to what looked like better cover and fell off the ledge.

"I lit on top of that big cedar yonder," he pointed again, "and tumbled on down through it, then fell headfirst down off the first bluff. Damn near broke my neck. I lit on the main ledge and saw I was right above your place. I eased on down to it, then climbed the oak, figuring it was safer than the cavehouse. I'd dropped my gun somewheres along the line. And I felt real beat up, but glad I wasn't hit after all. I reckon they figured they had me because I heard them shooting after you."

Jo, Deaver and Ivy got mounted and headed back down the canyon to town to organize a manhunt. Starting the next day a posse checked at every known hideout and rustler ranch, but found only acey-deucy cowboys who "didn't know nuthin' nohow." The gang leaders had simply vanished. A separate posse trailed Joe Towner and Bill Wheeler over a week and found them only when Wheeler came in to the local doctor's office to have his festered hand treated. They were arrested, but released the next day on a $10,000 bond each.

Time passed and for some unknown reason nothing more was done about the case. Soon the gang was back in business in their old haunts.

THERE was tension in the air. It was drawn tight like thin stretched rawhide drying in the sun. People demanded to know why the law did not arrest the whole Buzan-Towner-Wheeler gang and bring them to trial. Ranchers all over the San Pedro-Aravaipa region were ready to testify against them; they'd all had cattle and horses stolen—cattle had been stolen from a poor widow, Old Man Meadows had been beaten nigh to death, a fine paint stallion had been so maimed he had to be shot, honest men had been waylaid and beaten, the list of crimes went on and on. It had come to the point where even cowboys had to ride the range in pairs for their own safety.

During this phase of discontent Curly Fipps stopped by the Painted Cave Ranch. Gussie, just back from her visit with her mother, fixed a place at the supper table for him. The Fliegers asked him to stay overnight. Curly had been riding part-time for Jo and was considered a true friend.

During the evening's conversation Curly said that he was tired of the way the law was dilly-dallying around with the Towner gang. If the law wasn't in cahoots with the rustlers, how come they didn't pinch them all and throw them in jail? He stated he aimed to do something about it before they pulled some other caper and some good men got killed.

Jo told him that it was none of his business—and to let well enough alone. The officers knew what they were doing—secretly gathering evidence—and Curly would only get hurt if he tried to make a solo try for revenge.

In the morning as Curly mounted, he thanked his hosts but stated firmly that he was going to do something about the situation, and soon. He at least would collect some hide to pay for the loss of Meadows' good paint stallion. The cowboy rode off and Jo stayed home all day, trying to get caught up on some chores.

About mid-afternoon Curly came loping back. Jo was splitting some rails when he saw his friend ride up, and he noticed the hard set to the young man's face and eyes.

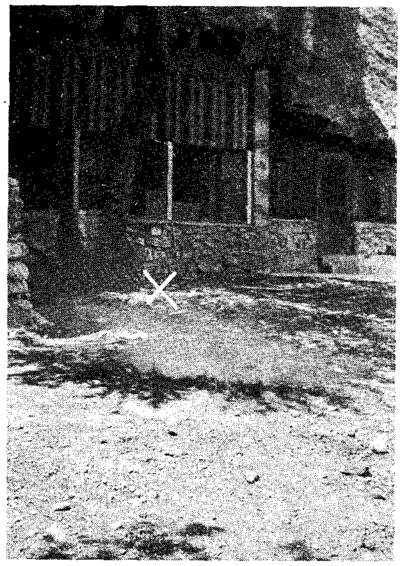
Curly dismounted, helped himself to a drink at the spring, watered his horse, then said, "I got him!"

"You did what?"

"I got Hank Towner. Would have got Joe and Wheeler, too, but they weren't around. I blew his guts all over the Haunted Corral. You shoulda heard that s.o.b. yell!"

Jo was so flabbergasted he sat down on

Water tank on Painted Cave Ranch rangeland.



X marks the spot where the Dutch oven was dug up in 1935.

the woodpile. The way things had been going, something like this was bound to happen; these rangeland feuds had a way of erupting into violence. It wasn't the first time. But with a friend like this, who needs enemies?

Curly leaped back up into his saddle without using the stirrup. "Don't say nothing yet about what I told you, Jo. Maybe I can get Wheeler too before he high-tails it to Mexico."

With that he cantered off; Jo watched him go. Here a friend had confessed to killing his enemy, and he had to keep quiet about it. There were complications. The young cowboy had done a good job apparently, but it put Jo in a bad spot.

The Painted Cave section was adjacent to the Haunted Corral section—and folks knew that he and the Towner brothers were not on a friendly footing. They had been arguing over water rights and grazing rights for years. Both sides had threatened each other.

If Joe Towner now figured Jo had shot Henry, the older brother would certainly come looking for him, and wouldn't hesitate a second to sneak up from behind and shoot him in the back. He might even shoot Gussie too. Jo went inside, told her what Curly had told him, and strapped on his six-gun. He wasn't to wear it very long.

ABOUT midnight the dogs started barking sharply. It had been a strenuous day and Joe was awakened from a deep sleep. He went to the open window and looked out. In the starlight he could see some mounted men in the front yard between the barn and the corrals.

"Who is it?" he yelled from the window.

"We're the law from Winkelman and Mammoth. We want to talk with you."

Jo pulled on his clothes, strapped on his gun, lit a lantern and opened the front door. There in the front yard stood Deputy Sheriff Red Kinsey, Constable Fred Brown, two others, and Joe Buzan. There were guns in the hands of the officers; there was a cat-that-ate-the-canary look on Buzan's ugly face. That he should be riding with a posse took Jo aback.

Kinsey said: "Did you know that Henry Towner was killed today?"

"No," replied Jo. "I did not."

"Was Curly Fipps here today?" the deputy inquired.

"No."

"Very well, you will have to come with us. The County Attorney wants to see you. I'll take your gun. Get your horse and let's go."

Jo was taken in to Winkelman, and his horse was stabled. His guards loaded him into a car and took him to Florence where he was locked up in the Pinal County jail.

The following day, May 25, 1937, he was escorted into the office of Prosecuting Attorney Virgil Chandler. The office was crowded with men, deputies and newspaper reporters.

Chandler got the ball rolling. "We'll just talk this thing over," he said blandly, then almost shouted, "What did you kill Henry Towner for?"

"I did not kill him," Jo replied.

"We have a witness who says you did."

"It's his word against mine."

"We have two witnesses."

"By the sounds of this I'd better get a lawyer."

The Associated Press man demanded, "Did this killing have anything to do with the old Haunted Corral killings?"

"That's a dumb question!" Jo fired back then decided to answer nothing else.

Someone said, "I saw Tom Fulbright out in the hall when I came in."

"Ask him to come in," Chandler ordered. "Nothing but the best for our friend."

Shortly after that, when the newsmen saw they were not getting much satisfaction out of Jo, he was taken back to his cell. An hour later he was escorted out into the ante-room and met Thomas Fulbright.

After discussing the case for a time, the attorney said, "I'll take your case. Now, don't say another word to anyone, least of all to the newspaper people. Take it easy now, hear?"

Jo was kept locked up and the following day was taken before Justice of the Peace, Roy Guild, on whose desk Jo happened to notice a newspaper with a scare headline, printed in red:

HAUNTED CORRAL FEUD REVIVED IN ARIZONA

Jo figured it was an out-of-state paper as none of the local papers used color. Before he could make sure, Guild quickly picked it up and laid it aside. Fulbright noticed this little by-play and pulled the Tucson *Star* out of his pocket.

"This'n is a better paper, anyway," he said, "but a typical example of too much running off at the mouth. That conference yesterday was just window dressing by the politicians to please the press."

Jo read the four-column headline:

RANCH SLAYING LINKED TO 'HAUNTED CORRAL'

Beneath it was the sub-title: *Bloody Feuds of Past Have Grim Sequel . . . Henry Towner Murder Suspect Held In Florence Jail.*

"Florence, Arizona, May 28, (AP)—Bringing to a close a two-day investigation into the back country cattle feud death of Henry Towner, rancher, County Attorney Virgil Chandler, of Pinal County, today filed a murder complaint against rancher Jo Flieger, 36. . . .

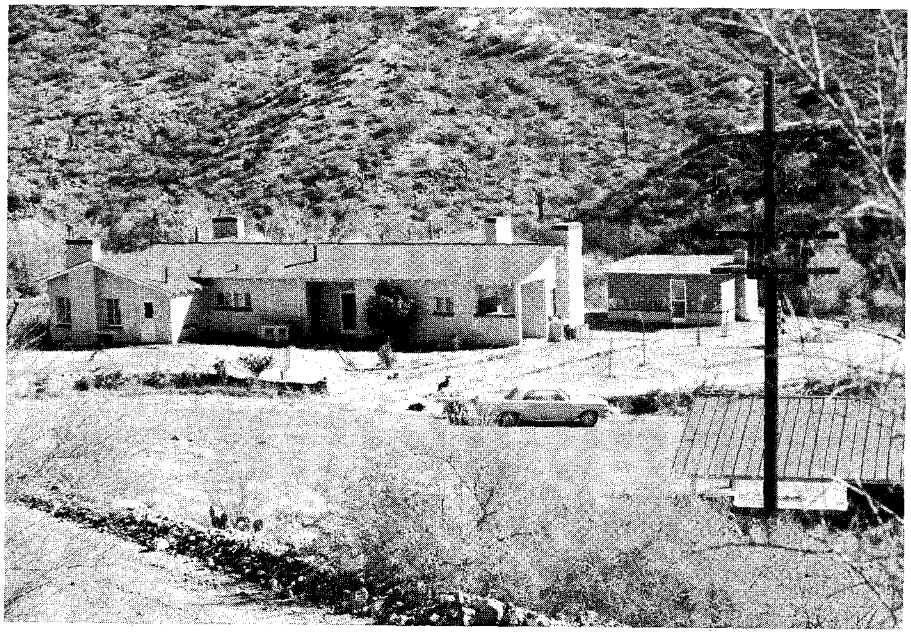
"Chandler said that there were many things in connection with the slaying that his probe had not yet revealed. Among them were the three shells from the 30-30 rifle, which brought death to Towner as he crossed the notorious 'haunted corral' on the old Apsey ranch last Tuesday. Range and waterhole disputes, which for years kept the eastern Arizona cattle country in bloody feuds, was believed by Deputy Sheriff R. C. Kinsey, who arrested Flieger, to be responsible for the latest flare up."

There was another column date-line from Mammoth in the San Pedro Valley, gateway to the Aravaipa: "Cattlemen of the district . . . noted in the days of the Old West for feuds and shootings, are taking sides in connection with the shooting and the arrest of the other rancher."

This item went on to recall other killings that had taken place at the notorious Haunted Corral over the past fifty years.

THE ATTORNEYS discussed the case at great length after which Jo's bond was set at $25,000. Within two days the citizens of the region, including Doc Deaver, raised $45,000 for his defense. Guild, however, would not release Jo im-

Present day Painted Cave Ranch house



mediately, stating he must investigate the qualifications of the bondsmen!

Jo was transferred to a different cell, a small, filthy hole, already occupied by two hoboes who were also charged with murder. Sanitation conditions were nil; there was no furniture nor even water; the air was hot and foul.

When they hauled Jo out for the preliminary hearing, he flatly refused to appear in court until he was allowed to wash and shave and wear a clean shirt. Someone recognized an adamant man when he saw one, and laws or no laws, Jo was escorted under heavy guard to the nearest barber shop. He got a bath, and while getting a haircut and shave he was permitted to read the previous day's paper.

An exclusive *Republic* dispatch, dated Florence, June 3, said in part, "A preliminary hearing for Jo Flieger, Aravaipa rancher, charged with murder in connection with the slaying of Henry Towner, another rancher, will be held at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning before Roy Guild, Florence Justice of the Peace. . . . Towner was wounded fatally the afternoon of May 24 when shot from ambush with a rifle as he was driving a herd of steers into the Haunted Corral on his Apsey ranch in Aravaipa Canyon. . . ."

After much confusion the preliminary hearing opened and the prosecution pulled its first big surprise. They put Henry Towner's wife, Lena, pregnant and with another baby in her arms, on the witness stand. She testified that she had heard the shots, but had not seen the assailant; also that before her husband died he had told her that Jo Flieger had shot him.

Next, Bill Wheeler took the stand and said that he had hauled Towner from the corral to the house in a wheelbarrow, and that Henry had told him that Jo Flieger was the one who had shot him.

The next surprise witness was Doctor Ernest Love. He testified that he had found the holes of *four* rifle bullets through the body of Henry Towner, any one of which would have been instantly fatal. There was a babble of comment from the spectators after this testimony, but Guild ordered the crowd to be quiet.

Joe Towner then took the stand and said that Flieger had threatened them both "if they did not lay off his cattle, and if Hank butchered any more of his beef, he would kill him."

The proceedings looked black for Jo, yet Fulbright and his assistants just sat there and let the State's witnesses testify without much said in his defense.

"We'll just let them show their hands for now," Fulbright explained. "That way we'll soon find out what they've got up their sleeves."

Cecil (Curly) Fipps was the next witness called. Known as a rowdy young cowboy, he now looked scared and not at all sure of himself as he took his place on the witness chair.

The prosecutor asked, "Did you see the accused on May 25?"

"Yes."

"Tell us what happened."

"I was at his ranch. He borrowed my new black hat, rode away, and when he came back he said he'd taken a shot at Hank Towner. That's all I know."

"That's a damn lie!" Jo shouted and sprang to his feet. He turned to his attorney who was pulling him back down. "That dirty tramp is the one who killed Henry Towner!"

Fulbright said, "You should have told me that before."

"I'd promised Fipps I would not squeal on him!"

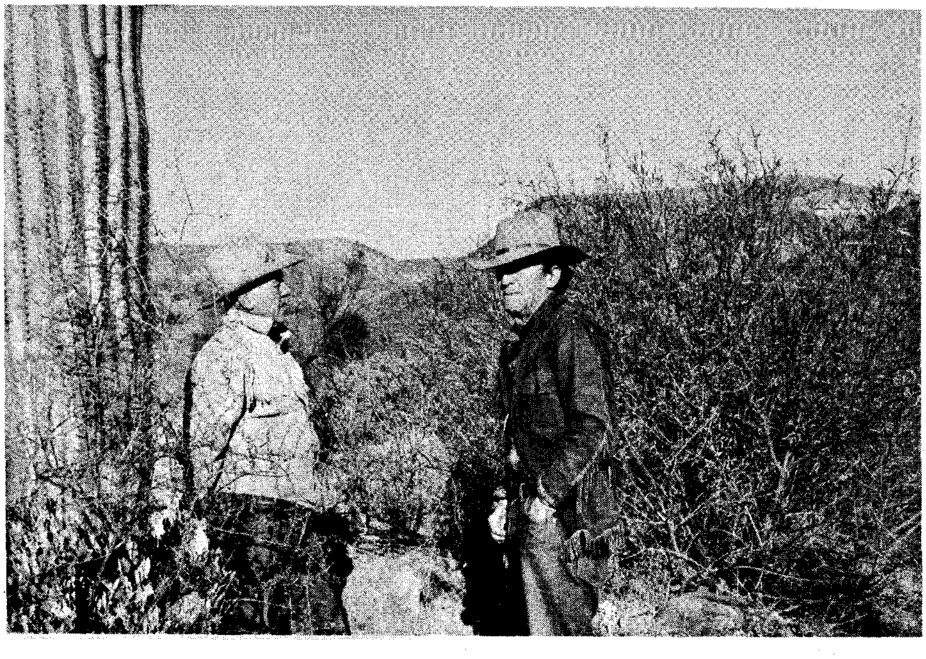
"Well, you sure got yourself into a mess."

The hearing ended soon thereafter and Jo was escorted back to his cell.

JO was kept cooped up on murderer's row for ten days, and all the time he could feel the noose getting tighter. Even though the required bail had been posted the officials refused to honor it. He was becoming like a caged cougar—ready to claw at anything. Blamed for a murder he did not commit, woven around by a web of false testimony and unrevealed evidence, he couldn't find out even from his own attorney what was being done to clear him. Obviously somebody was trying to railroad him. Only bad news and rumors were allowed to get through to him.

Joe Buzan was not letting any grass grow under his feet. He and the local hooligans were making hay while the sun shined. Buzan even had Jack Barker, a well-known San Pedro rancher, come see Jo in the cell and make him an offer for the purchase of the Painted Cave and all his Aravaipa property. His final remark, following Jo's flat refusal, was, "Man, you haven't got a chance to beat this."

The author and Jo Flieger (in white jacket) on Painted Cave Ranch.



In the meanwhile the newspapers and radios of Arizona were having a field day and the politicians were in their glory. The Associated Press had two men assigned to the case; one of them filed this story: "Florence, June 4, (AP)—The dying words of Henry Towner, rancher shot from ambush at the famed 'haunted corral' near Mammoth, named Jo Flieger, cattleman, as his killer, the slain man's widow testified at a preliminary hearing today. . . . Mrs. Towner, mother of two children, testifying under the questioning of Pinal County Attorney Virgil Chandler, said she heard her husband scream for help 'right after some shots were fired.' . . ."

Another AP dispatch said in part: "Florence, June 5, (AP)—The small justice courtroom was thronged with cowboys of the isolated Aravaipa Canyon district as Sheriff Walter Laveen took the stand to testify regarding the horseback journey he and Virgil Chandler, county attorney, made while investigating the slaying. . . ."

One AP dispatch reported: "Sheriff Walter Laveen announced that Curly Fipps, who had formerly lived with Flieger and his wife, Gussie, was being detained as a material witness. Fitts [sic] was not called to the stand today, however. . . ."

The Florence *Blade Tribune*, a weekly, stuck strictly to local citizens and local color: "Doc Deaver, veteran Arizona peace officer; Walter Laveen, sheriff; and Red Kinsey and Sam Westerman, deputy sheriffs of Pinal County testified that they investigated the rangeland feud killing of Henry Towner, for which Jo Flieger, rancher and former 101 Ranch Wild West show performer, is accused. . . ."

"Even the prosecution is confused," said Fulbright after the preliminary hearing was over. "They've had a dozen investigators on the stand and no two stories come out alike. Statistics are mixed up and rules are ignored. If I can't get this case thrown out for lack of reliable evidence, I'm going to demand a change of venue. It will be impossible to get an impartial judge and jury in this county. Take any half dozen newspapers of the many that have come to my attention today. None of them agrees on a damn thing. They have no sense of responsibility. They have the dates mixed up; they have locations all out of kilter; they can't even spell names right; things that happened on one day are presented as having happened days earlier, or weeks later."

"What can you expect?" Charles Reed, his assistant, interrupted. "There are dozens of reporters here and most do their reporting from the local saloons where they get their news from locoweed smoking cowboys. Then they read the other guy's dispatches and compete with each other to see who can tell the biggest lie, or whatever it is their editors want them to tell."

"Yeah, well, we can't change it to Gila County. Look what the Globe Arizona *Record* claims their sheriffs did to help solve the case. They've got it all cut and dried."

The only consolation for Jo was that

most of the papers seemed to be taking his side in the matter. True, the politicians were making political hay, and it was all for free as this was an election year, but he wasn't running for office. (As it turned out very few were reelected.)

The better class of citizens, the voters, showed where their sympathies lay, and rumors were rife that a conviction of Jo Flieger would only lead to mob rule in the Aravaipa country and the rustlers would soon grab everything worth stealing. Also, in the interim, local folks were doing all they could to make Jo feel a little comfortable. Local ladies, led by Mrs. John Bugg, brought home-cooked meals regularly to his cell, and did many other little things that only a good woman can do to make a man feel that life is worthwhile after all.

Gussie Flieger came to see her husband daily, and stayed as long as the rules allowed. Unable to hire competent ranch hands, they worried about their livestock unattended sixty miles away from the county jail. Gussie had taken to carrying a .38 calibre automatic pistol in her handbag just in case, and Jo told her to slip it to him through the bars if worst came to worst as he was not going to be "gassed" for a crime he did not commit, and he intended to take a certain character or two with him if it came to that.

ATTORNEY Fulbright was getting that worried look that was not customary for a man confident that he had his case all wrapped up. His client, instead of being out on bail, had now been placed in solitary confinement. The investigating officers had persistently overlooked and ignored clues that had been pointed out to them. Instead they were going on testimony sworn to by biased witnesses, some of them characters that were suspects in other crimes, others that were out on bail awaiting trial. Too, the stubborn refusal of the authorities to permit his release on bail put up by bona fide citizens all augured against the accused. But Jo kept on fighting, thinking. never giving up.

On the fourteenth day he said to his attorney, "I know how we can get this mess straightened out."

"Oh? How?"

"You put me and Curly Fipps in a room alone together. Have witnesses listening in from the outside. Leave the transom open. I can get him to tell the truth."

"The sheriff and his cohorts won't stand for that."

"Well, then tell it to the newspapers. Call one of those news conferences and we'll give them our side of the story."

"Well, it won't hurt to try but you know Fipps knows he will go free if they convict you." Fulbright then named off two lawmen, four regular citizens, and one newsman, whom he believed would be ideal to listen in on any sub rosa conversation.

The set-up was arranged by Fulbright, and by ten the following morning Jo was taken to a room in the courthouse by Deputy Walker and locked in. Within five minutes Curly Fipps was brought in and the door was again locked. Curly was pale and nervous. The two men looked at each other, making silent appraisals as adversaries will.

"Howdy, Curly," Jo said after a while.

When Curly nodded, Jo asked, "Curly, what have you got against me—to kill a man and then try to blame it on me?"

The cowboy remained silent, his eyes downcast.

"You might as well have shot me, too, and be done with it," Jo went on. "They got me hogtied and ready to brand right now, so tell me what did happen. They'll gas me for something I didn't do, and that'll be that!"

Curly looked up and suddenly blurted, "They lied to me!"

"Who's *they*?"

"Them lawyers . . . them sheriffs: Westerman an' Laveen! Th' bastards! When they picked me up they asked me, 'What did you shoot Towner for?' I told them I didn't kill him. They said 'Flieger told us that you did.' I was dumb enough to believe them. So I said, 'He's a damn liar. He's the man who did it.' They patted me on th' back and said, 'Stay with it, Curly—you'll be all right.' "

"Looks like we both got framed," Jo replied, feigning a calmness he did not feel.

"They had to railroad somebody. After the hearing I knew that you had not squealed on me, and I began to feel sorry I said what I did about you."

Jo knew then the young cowboy was breaking and he said softly, "Tell me about it."

Curly related how he had left Jo at the Painted Cave ranchhouse that morning and started over to the Haunted Corral. Nobody was there except Towner's wife and her kid, and she didn't see him. Curly then hid out behind the corral, figuring that Towner and some of the gang would show up soon. Curly said that he waited there a couple of hours, smoking a bunch of cigarettes rolled in magazine paper since he had run out of Bull Durham papers.

Jo nodded. These cigarette butts had been found at the scene of the crime by the lawmen, yet were never produced at the hearing. If they had been offered in evidence they would have gone a long way toward clearing him as most everyone in the Aravaipa country knew that he did not smoke. Also, they had measured the fresh boot tracks. They were all big boot tracks. Jo wore size six boots and Fipps' were number nines—another fact not brought out at the hearing.

Finally, Curly went on, he heard Hank Towner driving a bunch of cows down the canyon. Pretty soon the cattle entered the corral. Towner got off his horse to close the gate. Curly raised up from behind the far corner of the corral with his 30-30 carbine ready and caught Towner off guard. He stated that he told Towner what he was going to do and why. Towner started talking, trying to stall for time, with a chance of getting in a fast shot first. Curly knew that Bill Wheeler and others were trailing behind with the calves and would soon show up to start branding them.

Curly said that he heard Wheeler coming closer, and in a moment Hank Towner—descendent of old-time gunslingers—drew his six-gun. Curly's first shot made Towner's shirt flap; he fired two more shots as fast as he could work the lever of the carbine. He thought he saw splinters fly from one rail in the corral gate so he wasn't sure how hard he'd hit Towner. He took a fourth shot, and it seemed to have split the older gunman wide open.

Then Curly admitted he got panicky for the moment and ran for the rocks and brush nearby. Looking back, he saw Wheeler gallop up to the corral gate, his six-gun ready, and he took a shot at something. But at the hearing Wheeler never let on that he had seen the real killer. Curly then worked a roundabout way to his horse and returned to the Painted Cave and told Jo what he had done.

Old Painted Cave corral—Jo and cattle.

WHEN Curly finished relating the true facts of the case, the lawmen and citizens, listening in from the adjoining room, entered quickly. Obviously the cat was now out of the bag. The rustler gang was after Jo Flieger, to get rid of him permanently, and someone with political influence had almost made the plot work.

County Prosecutor Virgil Chandler was the first to loudly exclaim, "I knew all along that Flieger was not guilty of this killing. It took something like this to prove who the real killer was!"

Sheriff Laveen also come in and fatuously agreed with Chandler; he thrust out his hand but Jo refused the handshake.

They snapped handcuffs on Curly and took him back to jail. Jo was immediately released and he headed back up the Aravaipa Canyon to Painted Cave Ranch. The newsmen again gathered from all points, and as the long hot summer dragged on—with many of the officials out campaigning for office—the various news media gave a running account of the case, as well as rehashing history. They revived the Ghosts of The Haunted Corral and the Bloody Trail of Gold from the days of the Aravaipa Apaches, through George Apsey and The Apache Kid, up to and including the present range feud and the culminating blaze of gunfire.

In the Superior Court of Pinal County on October 11, with Judge Ernest W. McFarland [later to become a United States Senator, and a Governor of Arizona] presiding, Cecil (Curly) Fipps pleaded innocent to murder charges growing out of the fatal shooting of Henry Towner on May 24, at the Haunted Corral. The date for the trial was set for December 2, and the judge ordered Fipps held in jail without bond.

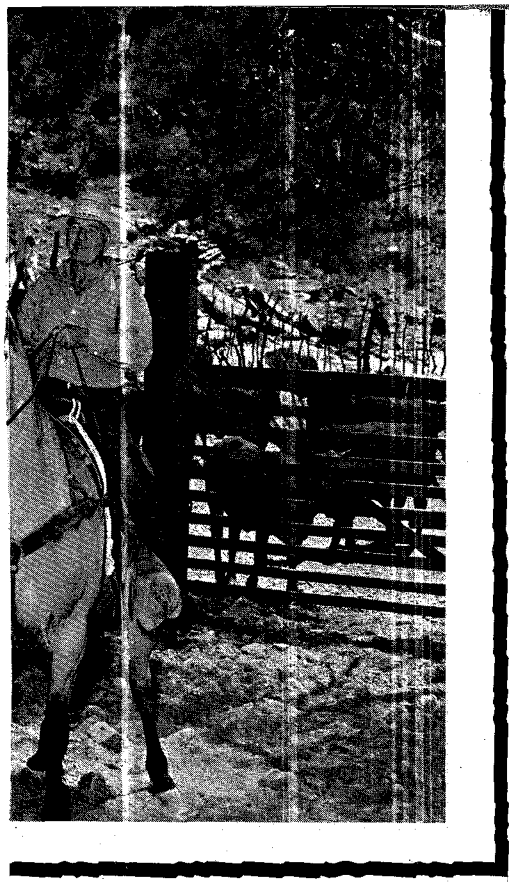


Photo by Balestrero of Western Ways

Joe Towner and Bill Wheeler, having pleaded innocent to two charges of assault with intent to commit murder (filed by Jo Flieger and Doc Deaver) were at liberty under $10,000 bonds, and their trial date had been set for November 29.

However, the two old rustlers weren't of a mind to sit around to wait and see. They promptly jumped bond and rode out on the owl-hoot trail. The first news came from a small rancher in neighboring Gila County. The two outlaws had held him up and stolen his two best saddle horses. Once again cattlemen began riding in pairs; the range war had flared up all over again.

Sheriff Charles Byrne and deputies of Gila County began a relentless search for Wheeler and Towner. The outlaws were wanted in connection with the attempted killing of Jo Flieger and Doc Deaver in Pinal County, and the reward offered for their arrest was quite substantial. Gila ranchers also began complaining about their cattle being stolen, and the officers knew that Wheeler and Towner were well acquainted with the area.

In an abandoned cabin owned by "Mountain Man McDougal" the posse found considerable evidence of recent occupancy. They also found a brand altering outfit, several fresh beef hides, and plenty of fresh spoor of cattle in the small corral. The trail of the vanishing herd led in the direction of the nearby San Carlos Apache Reservation. The posse now believed the outlaws were attempting to escape through the Galiuro Mountains into Mexico.

"Would it do any good to say I'm sorry?"

D. J. PARSONS, U.S. Department of Justice ballistics expert, was brought into the case. A range detective, well-known throughout the Southwest, was sent for; however, before more assistance for the manhunt could be mobilized, the fugitives were captured at Henderson's Ranch in Aravaipa Canyon. The two old hellions had underestimated the temper of a group of unarmed homefolks holding a family reunion picnic and had got themselves thoroughly beaten up. Sheriff Laveen was notified and he put them under arrest. They were thrown into jail, then given medical attention which they sorely needed.

The outlaws were placed on trial on the date originally scheduled. Their defense attorneys gained a delay, however, and after a hung jury, the second trial of Bill Wheeler began on December 18. On December 22, the jury found him guilty of assault with intent to commit murder, and Judge McFarland gave him a ten-year suspended sentence with the proviso that Wheeler leave the State of Arizona immediately, never to return.

In recommending the suspended sentence for Wheeler, Pinal County Prosecutor Virgil Chandler told the court, "I am not so much interested in the punishment of one person as I am in bringing to an end the range troubles that have brewed in the Aravaipa Canyon for generations."

The case of Joe Towner, charged jointly with Wheeler in the attempted murder, was vacated by Judge McFarland at the request of Virgil Chandler.

In the meanwhile, Lena Towner had sold the Haunted Corral property to Joe Buzan for a quick cash deal and then promptly left the country. A short time later Buzan turned the spread over to Dave Miller for a good profit and, with no charges against him, just disappeared.

Curly Fipps, the young cowboy who was the cause and the end result, had been brought to trial on December 2, 1937. Abruptly forestalling what had been heralded as a sensational trial in the Haunted Corral slaying of Henry Towner, Fipps pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree, and was immediately sentenced to serve from twenty to ninety-nine years in the State Penitentiary.

Shortly thereafter in a story entitled "Range Feud!" which Chandler wrote for *Daring Detective Magazine*, he explained his reasoning: ". . . in view of the mass of circumstantial and conflicting evidence that had piled up in the Jo Flieger-Curly Fipps-Towner Brothers-Bill Wheeler case of range feuds . . . the mistaken identities and utter confusion of the many witnesses, and in the minds of the juries, it was onlv fair. . . . "

A more comprehensive account of the events and trials soon appeared in *Official Detective Stories* magazine under the title of "Terror Of The Haunted Corral," by Jerry Richmond, Special Investigator.

For a time Jo and Gussie went into semi-seclusion in their Painted Cave ranchhouse. The mass of hundreds of clippings and tearsheets from local and nation-wide newspapers and magazines have filled an enormous scrapbook, started another, and covered the walls of the Painted Cave. The stories begin with the Aravaipa Apaches, then the Haunted Corral, caches of treasure, the Apsey and Apache Kid days, to the day when Curly Fipps was sentenced to the penitentiary.

Today, twenty-seven years after the shooting ended, the Fliegers have become the most respected and probably the most wealthy ranchers in the Aravaipa-San Pedro Valleys. They control a spread of 34 sections—21,760 acres of land—some owned outright, the rest by government lease.

At home in his beloved hills far up along the Aravaipa Canyon, Jo is the gentleman rancher with a vast herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle—the forebears of which he imported from the King Ranch in Texas—roaming the multicolored range of lush filaria and abundant water. Corrals and stables hold herds of fine quarterhorses (and a few broomtails). At Western Stockmen Association meetings he deals in horses that are priced up to $5,000 and more.

Two Jeeps and four trucks of assorted sizes furnish most of the transportation over roads he has bulldozed across the rugged hills; horses take him the rest of the way into what once were the hunting grounds of savage Apaches, furtive gunmen and acey-deucy cowboys.

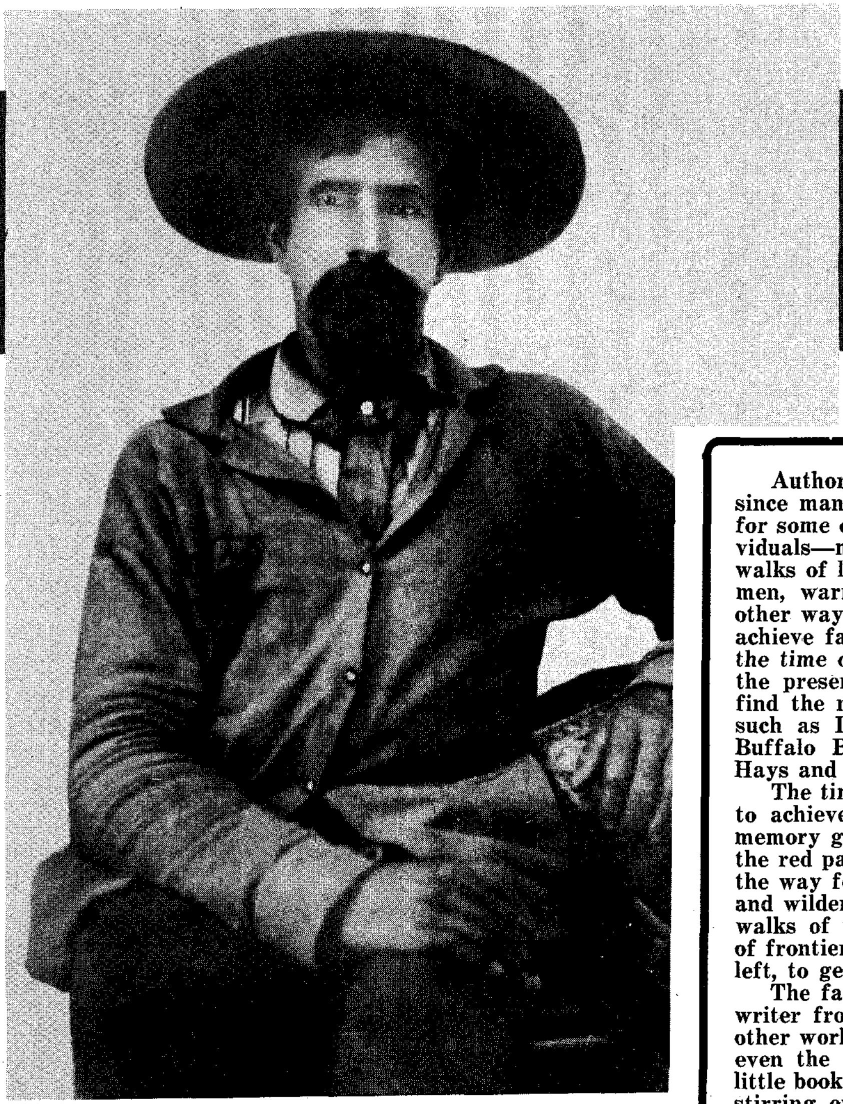
In their new Painted Cave ranchhouse, elegant as a diamond, Gussie is the gracious lady, with an Indian maid at her bidding, and a cook who knows how to set a ranch-style table. Palm trees shade the front patio and an orange grove extends to the west shelf of the canyon. The huge picture window that encloses one wing of the great house gives the proprietors an unparalleled view of a land of canyons and mesas and rangeland. The guest easily visualizes the wild Apache riding his paint pony, the chaps-garbed cowboy with his ever-ready gun, the wild horses and the longhorned cattle roaming that vista, and he sees the eagle sailing high across the canyon under the dome of the incredibly blue sky.

EPILOGUE

Today the visitor turns east off the highway between Winkelman and Mammoth and drives up the Aravaipa Canyon as far as the road allows. A heavy fence with a locked gate closes off what is left of the road which leads to the Painted Cave Ranch buildings out of sight beyond a high hill. There is a "No Trespassing" sign posted here, along with directions which should not be ignored. When you are admitted, Jo and Gussie soon make up their minds whether you are an acey-deucy or the real thing.

To get to the Haunted Corral—in the still isolated area where wheeled vehicles cannot reach it—you ask for a horse. Jo's opinion of you is then evidenced by the kind of horse he gives you for the perilous ride. If some intruder tries to crawl through the fence, and succeeds, he may easily get lost, certainly leg-weary and foot-sore, as feral broomtails no longer roam the hills. Even if one does find the Haunted Corral he would not know what to do or what cave to look into . . . and to find what? Besides, there is something about the spooky place that "scares the hell out of you!"

The Life of



Big Foot Wallace in Early Life

Author's Note: At all times during the past ages, ever since man began to have a history, it has been a custom for some one to keep a record of noted events and of individuals—men who have stepped aside from the ordinary walks of life and have made themselves a name as statesmen, warriors, generals and frontiersmen, and in many other ways. America has been the widest field for men to achieve fame as scouts, trailers and Indian fighters from the time of Miles Standish and Captain Church almost to the present time. In this list of noted frontiersmen, we find the names of many who have a national reputation, such as Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, Simon Kenton, Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Edward Burleson, Jack Hays and Big Foot Wallace.

The time has passed now in the United States, for men to achieve fame as Indian fighters, but let us keep the memory green of those who stood between civilization and the red path of the savage. They cut the brush and blazed the way for others to follow. They subdued the wild beast and wilder men, but they are fast dropping aside from the walks of man, and soon none will be left to tell the tale of frontier days. Now is the time, while a few of them are left, to get correct history.

The facts contained in this book were gathered by the writer from the old frontiersman himself, who says that other works purporting to be his history are not true—not even the origin of his name. One of the objects of this little book is to give the people a true history of the many stirring events in the life of the great Ranger Captain. The name of Big Foot Wallace in after years will be to Texas what Daniel Boone's was to Kentucky.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER ANDERSON WALLACE, better known as "Big Foot," was born in Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the 3rd day of April, at 5 o'clock in the morning in the year 1817. He weighed thirteen pounds, and his nurse said he could kick harder and yell louder than any youngster she ever saw. Big Foot Wallace is of Celtic origin. His ancestors back to a very remote period lived in the Highlands of Scotland and his great-grandfather, Samuel Wallace, died there. They can trace themselves back to a near kinship to the famous Sir William Wallace, Regent of Scotland and leader of the Scottish army in the war against King Edward of England. Also to Robert Bruce, through his grandmother Elizabeth Bruce.

The Wallaces were all powerful men physically. The subject of this sketch in his prime was six feet two inches in his moccasins and weighed 240 pounds. He has long arms and large hands, and his hair, before it turned grey, was black and very thick and inclined to curl. He had one uncle who was seven feet in height and one brother who was six feet and five inches. History states that Sir William Wallace was almost a giant in strength and none could stand before him in battle. The sword which he used in the war with Edward is preserved at Edinburg and is a wonder to all that behold it on account of its size.

It is also related that on one occasion, as a historian was traveling in the Scottish Highlands gathering data, he learned that a very aged lady lived nearby who had seen Sir William when she was a very small girl, but had a great memory and could tell many interesting incidents connected with the days of Bruce and Wallace. This author was anxious to get facts in regard to the great strength of Wallace and at once set out and found the ancient dame and made known his mission. "Oh, yes," she said, "I knew Sir William well, and also Sir Robert (Bruce). Sir Robert was a fine man and his strength was such that he could overthrow two common men, but Sir William could overthrow two such as Sir Robert."

Samuel Wallace, grandfather of Big Foot, came to America after the death of his father, whose name, also, was Samuel, and settled in Virginia where the town of Lexington now is and at one time owned half of the land now covered by the city. This was prior to the Revolutionary War and when it broke out, his grandfather and his granduncles, William, James and Adam, joined the American Army and all of them, except grandfather Samuel, lost their lives before the war was over.

William came home on a furlough and died one mile from Lexington and his body was the first one placed in the cemetery there and the longest one ever put there. He was seven feet in height. His death was likely caused from the terrible winter through which Washington's army passed without sufficient quarters when many died with maladies caused from cold.

Both the others were officers and men of great strength and both were killed in the battle of Guilford Courthouse in South Carolina. James was a colonel and Adam a major. The command to which they belonged was cut off and massacred by Tarleton's Cavalry, only one man named Plunket making his escape by feigning death. This notorious cavalry and the "Queen's Rangers" commanded by Simcoe had the reputation of giving no quarters and were the same fellows who massacred the small force at the Waxhaw settlement when Andrew Jackson, then a youth, was captured. Andy was wounded by an officer with a sabre because the young patriot would not black his boots.

Many cavalrymen, however, bit the dust at Guilford when the two Wallace brothers fell. To prove with what desperation these two fought, one has only to look at the swords which they used on that day and which are preserved by some members of the family at Lexing-

See inside back cover for map of Wallace's old hunting and fighting grounds.

BIG FOOT WALLACE

A PAMPHLET WRITTEN BY A. J. SOWELL IN 1899, AND ITS PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY WILLIAM A. A. WALLACE, THE NOTED FRONTIER CHARACTER

ton. Both are hacked and gapped from the hilt to the point. No common man could handle the one carried by James. It is six feet in length and heavy in proportion. The other is shorter but thick and heavy. It will be remembered by readers of American history that the American forces were defeated at Guilford and during the retreat the British Cavalry closely pressed the patriots and many were slain. It was here that Colonel Wallace, rallying a portion of his men to cover the retreat, was cut off and hacked to pieces by Tarleton.

The Father of Big Foot Wallace was named Andrew, and his mother was Jane Ann Blair. There were six brothers of them, named as follows according to age: James, Samuel, William A. (Big Foot), Joseph Blair, Andrew and Alexander Anderson. There were three sisters: Rebecca Jane, Elizabeth, Martha, and one half-sister, Sarah Wallace.

BIG FOOT grew up on his father's farm near Lexington and they had a large orchard of very fine fruit. Many people came there in the fruit season to get it. There were also many strawberries on the old Wallace farm. In this way, diversifying the time in farming, hunting and going to school, he spent the first twenty years of his life. He was fond of a gun and being alone in the woods and would sometimes play truant and spend the day in his favorite pastime of hunting or fishing.

So that our readers who are not familiar with Texas history can better understand the times just preceding the advent of Big Foot into Texas, although he did not have that name at the time, we will state that the Mexican Government had held out extraordinary inducements to the people of the United States to settle in Texas, which was, at that time, in the early 1820s, a vast, unsettled wilderness except for here and there an old Spanish mission around which clustered a few settlers.

Over this vast domain, one thousand miles in length and six hundred in breadth, roamed twenty-two tribes of Indians. The country's warm climate, clear streams, vast herds of wild game and nutritious grasses made it a veritable paradise to look upon. Soon the restless American pioneers began to pour into it and by 1835 many settlements had been made in the eastern and middle portions. However, by this time the Mexicans had become jealous and uneasy at the vast number who were coming in and concluded to stop all further immigration of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to disarm those who had already come.

Santa Anna was in power as President of Mexico, and his brother-in-law, General Cos, was in command of a troop at San Antonio. In September of 1835 he sent a force to Gonzales in DeWitt's Colony to bring off a small cannon which had been furnished the Texans by the Mexicans for defense against the Indians. The settlers, believing that their rights were being encroached upon, refused to give it up and a fight ensued in which the Mexicans were defeated and driven back to San Antonio. General Stephen F. Austin, who is called the Father of Texas, as he was head of the great immigration scheme, raised a force and marched upon San Antonio and shortly after arriving there two of his officers, Colonel James Bowie and Colonel Fannin, defeated a Mexican force sent out to meet them by Cos at the Mission Concepcion, below the city on the river.

Several other skirmishes followed this battle, and then the town was stormed by Colonel Ben Milam. General Cos and his army were captured and then liberated and sent to Mexico, where the defeated Cos, smarting under his discomfiture, made known all these things to his august brother-in-law, Santa Anna.

When the news of the Texans' revolt was heard in the States, many chivalrous and spirited young men at once flocked to Texas to aid their countrymen in their unequal struggle. Among these were Samuel Wallace, brother of Big Foot, and his cousin, William Wallace. When Santa Anna heard of the victories of the Texans, he at once raised an army and led them in person in an invasion. In the meantime, most of the volunteers who had defeated the Mexicans at San Antonio, thinking their services were no longer needed, had repaired to their homes, and only a small force under W. B. Travis was left to garrison the town. Colonel Fannin with a somewhat larger force was sent to hold the post at Goliad.

This was the state of affairs when the invading army from Mexico arrived before San Antonio. The Texans retreated into the Alamo, and Colonel Travis sent messengers to Fannin and to the people East, to the former asking him to come to his relief with his cannon, and calling on the people of the Colonies to also raise men and come to him. Fannin attempted to come and bring his cannon, but his carts broke down so that he could not move his supplies or ordnance, so he went back with his men to Goliad.

The people in the East were aroused and in convention assembled at old Washington-on-the-Brazos, selected General Sam Houston to lead the armies of Texas to fight the invaders. While all this was going on, however, Santa Anna was besieging the Alamo and on the 6th day of March, 1836, stormed the fort with six thousand men. The Texans . . . perished, after fighting one of the most desperate battles ever recorded in history.

Santa Anna then sent a large force against Fannin who, in trying to carry out the orders of General Houston, had evacuated the fort at Goliad and was overtaken by the Mexicans on the Coleto Prairie and here another desperate battle ensued which lasted all evening and through the night.

Many were killed and wounded and no water was to be had. The cannons were rendered useless on account of having no water to cool them and when daylight came, Colonel Fannin, who had his leg broken in the battle and seeing no chance to break through the Mexican lines which now completely encompassed them, made terms with the Mexicans for a surrender. Nearly half of his men had been killed and wounded. The balance were still ready to fight but, at the request of their beloved commander, came forward and laid down their guns and pistols. Could they have foreseen the dreadful tragedy which was to ensue, they would have sprung forward and, seizing them, once more drenched the plains of Coleto in blood.

They allowed themselves to be disarmed and marched back to Goliad with a promise that in eight days they would be liberated. The way, however, that the Mexicans gave them liberty was to carry them out on the prairie when the eight days had expired and shoot them down without any chance for their lives. Here Sam Wallace, brother of Big Foot, and William Wallace, his cousin, lost their lives. They had joined the Georgia Battalion and a braver set of young men never died for any country. Also here perished Major Benjamin Wallace, another relative, whose people emigrated to Georgia, and who came with the volunteers from that state. Besides these, there was one other Wallace killed of the same connection, making four of that historic name who, with their blood, watered the tree of Texas history.

NEWS traveled slow in those days and it was a long time before the Wallace family learned from the newspapers of the day that their kin had met death by treachery at the hands of the Mexicans. William Alexander (Big Foot) said he was going to Texas and avenge his brother and cousin's death. His father tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he was determined, and said he would spend the balance of his days killing Mexicans. One thing that so exasperated him was the fact that his brother and cousins were put to death after they surrendered. He was young and strong of limb and handled his heavy rifle as an ordinary man would a cornstalk.

Before Wallace could get off to Texas to take a hand in the struggle for liberty, news came of the famous battle of San Jacinto in which the Mexican Army was overthrown and Santa Anna himself was taken. That gave freedom to Texas and ended the war, but still Wallace was bent on going, and in the following year set out in company with his uncle, Joseph Blair; his cousin, James Paxton; and three other men named Reese, Gardiner and Warren.

They came by way of New Orleans and remained a short time there. Big Foot, while circulating around town to see what was to be seen, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a man and knocked him through a fire screen into the fireplace. Seeing another of the party advancing on him with a heavy cane, he made a lunge at him with a knife and cut him severely in the side. In doing this he broke the rivet of the knife and put it in his pocket as he ran out and went to the hotel where his party was. They saw something was wrong, discovered blood on the pocket where he had replaced the bloody weapon, and at once told him to throw the knife away and change pants, after he had told them the circumstances. The officers failed to locate him and in a few days the party began to look for a ship to carry them to Texas.

Wallace had a cousin in New Orleans named Samuel Ruff who had been a surgeon in the United States Navy eight years. He said he would show them a ship to take passage on, as the Gulf was dangerous to cross and many ships were lost. The vessel he told them to take was the *Diadem* and he said it was one of the best schooners afloat and would carry them through all right.

So on the *Diadem* they took passage for Galveston, Texas. Little did the young Virginian dream of the fearful ordeals through which he would have to pass in the great West, in Texas, and in Mexico.

During the passage from New Orleans to Galveston their vessel encountered a fearful storm and it took a good ship indeed to weather it. As the saying is, waves rolled mountain high and the ship pitched and tossed something like a Texas bronco, only on a more colossal scale. Sailors and all on the vessel got seasick except Wallace. They accused him of being a seaman when he would eat his regular meals when all the balance were so badly torn up and disgruntled in the region of the stomach. His uncle, a man of strong nerve, had to give in and as Wallace expressed it, "puked like a dog and wished the whole derned thing would go to the bottom."

There was but one woman aboard and she could not be still anywhere, but would tumble about all the time, out of a chair, out of her bunk or any place and would lie wherever she fell until Wallace (who was the only one who could do so) would pick her up and put her back where she fell from. He said he "wanted to keep her on her pegs if he could."

When the ship arrived at Galveston all on the ship except Wallace had to be carried ashore. This was the 5th day of October, 1837. Galveston had also suffered from the storm and all the shipping on the Gulf had been wrecked or driven ashore along the coast. Wallace says all that saved their party was the staunch ship his cousin put them aboard at New Orleans.

Instead of going to bed as the balance did when they got ashore, Wallace went around to take a look at the place and soon saw two large schooners high and dry on some sand hills right in town. Great was his surprise to see two men laying off a town and offering lots for sale. They tried to sell him one. "What!" he said. "Make a town here where water was so deep a few days ago? I will take one, however, if you put mine on a boat." The men laughed and went on with their work.

DURING the stay of Wallace and his party on the Island of Galveston they visited the home and fort of the pirate, Lafitte, where he lived when he was "monarch of all he surveyed and his rights there was none to dispute." It was then, says Captain Wallace, at the time of their visit, called Campeche.

From Galveston the Virginians went to Bastrop on the Colorado, an old settled place but with few people still living there.

The excitement of war being over in Texas, the elder Wallace concluded to go back to the old home, and tried to get his nephew also to return, but no, he said, this country just suited him, there was plenty of game, and that was all he asked from any country. Here he was going to cast his fortunes, come what might.

His cousin, James Paxton, also concluded to stay and went to Houston, then just starting, and got a position as clerk in a store. After a year he decided to go back home and had packed his trunk and gone down to Harrisburg to take a boat for Galveston when he was seized with a malady something like cholera morbus, while his trunk was being carried aboard. In half an hour he died, and they buried him at Harrisburg. The balance of the party, except Wallace, went back to Virginia.

From Bastrop, Wallace drifted up to a settlement where LaGrange is now. Only one man lived there, Colonel John H. Moore, but eight others lived on the west side of the river opposite. Many people came on up the river hunting settlements, and on one occasion while the Colorado was overflowed, quite a lot of immigrants were waterbound on the side which Colonel Moore lived on. He made a proposition that if they would stop there and settle he would lay off a town and they could get timber off of his land to build houses. This was agreed to, the town was laid off, and that is the way LaGrange started.

Captain Wallace says that a man named Boone put up a saloon and one cold winter his whiskey froze and the people were under the impression that he watered it pretty freely. Each man who belonged to the Texas army during the war for independence was entitled to a grant of land, and so as to secure the land to which his brother Sam was entitled, Big Foot went to Houston and took out administration papers on the estate, after complying with all the laws relative to that kind of a transaction. It was while here in Houston attending to that business, that he first met General Sam Houston, who went on his bond as administrator. The validity of the claim was proved up as to the identity of Sam Wallace by men who participated in the fearful battle, but made their escape during the butchery of the prisoners. These were Hunter, Neily and Smith, the two latter belonging to the same company as that of the unfortunate and gallant soldier.

Having attended to his business, Wallace went back to LaGrange and enjoyed the new country to his heart's content, hunting, going on scouts after hostile Indians, and farming some. He rented land from Ed Manton, but almost failed, he said, of making a crop on account of going on so many scouts. His first fight with Indians was in 1838, when a band came down from the mountains and carried off stock in the vicinity of La Grange, and then went on down the country. Big Foot Wallace and five other men struck the trail and followed after them.

One of these men was Gorman Woods and another was named Black. Young Wallace was eager to have a battle and strained his eye to catch a sight of the hostiles as mile after mile was passed over on the trail and finally they came in view, fifteen in number, traveling down the Colorado valley below Bastrop. Some of the men were Indian fighters, especially Black, and the men were told to gallop toward them and scatter some as they went and if the Indians made a stand to fight, to dismount and shoot so their aim would be better. If they ran, each man was to single out an Indian and pursue him, running on his right forty or fifty yards away so the Indian could not effectually use his bow without turning. When the Indians discovered that they were pursued, they scattered and commenced a precipitate flight. The chase lasted several miles, each man urging his horse, trying to come within shooting distance of an Indian, and occasionally the crack of a rifle was heard. When the chase was over two Indians were dead and one wounded. Wallace succeeded in getting up within fifty yards of one and, getting in a good shot, brought him from his horse dead.

The Indians used bows and shot wild in the flight and did not succeed in hurting anyone. At this time there were immigrants moving near where the fight took place, or at least on a line of their fight, and the Indians came upon them and sent one of their number, covered with a bearskin, to spy them out. While the party was at supper a Negro servant who was out looking around came in and said he saw a bear and his master told him to take a gun and shoot it. The Negro did so and wounded the Indian, but he got away.

When Wallace and his party arrived and found the Indians had passed there, they took up the trail next day and found the Indian who still had on the bearskin and had been left by his companions. Black got down from his horse and shot him again and then scalped him before he died. Wallace said this was a new and horrible sight to him, especially as the Indian tried to turn and look the white man in the face while his scalp was being taken off. Black was a regular Indian hunter and showed them no quarter. The Indians had killed all of his family. Black also took part of the skin from the Indian's body and made razor straps out of it.

ON ONE occasion Wallace went down to San Felipe and there met up with Judge R. M. Williamson ("Three-Legged Willie") who said to him, "Hello, young man, what brought you to Texas?"

Young Wallace replied, "I had more wives than the law allowed me and could think of no better place to come than to Texas."

The Judge laughed at this and asked him to come in and take a drink with him, which he politely declined to do, but another man in the crowd walked up and said he would *make* him drink. Wallace now faced this man and said, "My friend, you will have to spell able first."

At this juncture Judge Williamson drew a pistol and said to the aggressive man, "Let that young fellow alone; if he does not want to drink today some time likely we will meet in the road and he will have a full bottle and we will want a drink." Wallace stayed five years in Texas before taking a drink of whiskey or a cup of coffee.

The country along the Colorado being new and sparsely settled, game was in abundance. Wallace was fond of hunting and being alone in the woods, and took long trips on foot with his rifle on his shoulder, looking at the country and shooting game as desired. On one of these occasions he was captured by the Indians. He had gone to Buckner's Creek especially to kill a deer and was surprised to find none in this noted range when he arrived there. They were generally in droves and no trouble to kill, but search where he would, none could be found. The cause of this absence of the deer was the fact that Indians were around and the animals had been scared off.

The disappointed hunter walked about until he became tired and then sat down on a post oak log to rest. In a short time, however, he was surprised and somewhat alarmed to see an Indian step in front of him and stop. Wallace sprang to his feet in an instant and aimed his gun at him but was at once surrounded by a large body of redskins making signs for him to lay down his gun. Wallace, thinking that he had no chance for his life, backed against a tree and determined to sell it as dearly as possible.

The first Indian who had come in front of Wallace while he was sitting on the log and who was the chief, motioned for all of the Indians to leave, which they did at once and soon disappeared in the thickets near by. The chief then turned and walked off beckoning for the white man to follow him. Feeling relieved that he was not executed at once and knowing that a hundred snakey eyes were watching from cover close by, Wallace at once quit the tree and followed.

The chief led the way through the thickets and tangled forest until he came to a large Indian encampment. A curious crowd of squaws, children, old men and young bucks gathered around him and he was told to sit down on the ground. Soon the warriors who had been left behind silently came in and a council was held among them, and one made a speech. When he was through, another got up, and so on.

While this was going on Wallace had time for reflection. Only a short time before he had been at home in Lexington, Virginia, with his parents trying to persuade him to abandon his trip and not run the risk of losing his own life in Texas trying to avenge the death of his brother. Now he was a captive among the Indians in the wilds of Texas, and his captors were even then, no doubt, debating whether they should put him to death or not.

A squaw soon came out of a wigwam, and she also made a talk. Taking Wallace by the hand, she led him into the wigwam, showed him some meat and made signs for him to sit down and eat. He was satisfied now that he was safe for the present, but determined to escape the first opportunity.

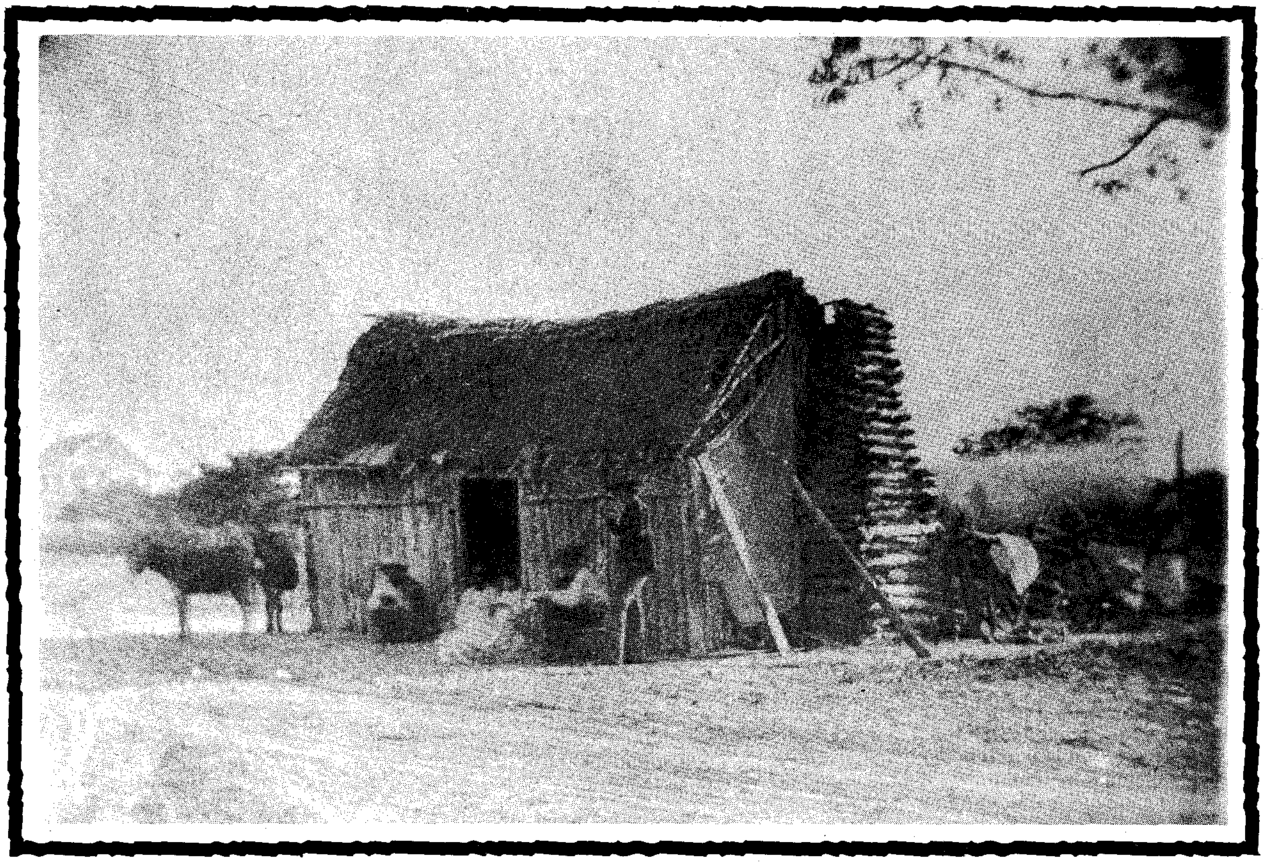
In two weeks he seemed to like his new life so well they allowed him to go out on a hunt with the chief's son. Wallace soon escaped him and went back to the settlement, but much was his surprise when he arrived to find the chief had preceded him, and wanted to make a treaty with the whites.

The chief's son had hastily returned when Wallace had walked off from him, and told the news of his escape; and the chief, fearing the anger of the whites, took a near cut, and being fleet of foot, arrived first. The Indians had been pretending to be friendly.

The people had been very uneasy about Wallace, and looked for him and buzzard signs far and near, thinking he had been killed. The chief now set out in company with some white men, including Wallace, and went to see General Houston to make a treaty with him. The chief was so afraid some of the white men might shoot him, he put part of his blanket around Wallace and they went in that way together. Houston, who was always a friend to the Indians, made a treaty with the old man who was greatly pleased and said Houston was the smartest man he ever saw, and himself the next!

These were Lipan Indians who made treaties and broke them at will. They were a branch of the Comanches, and always treacherous.

ON THE 14th of April, 1838, a fine muscular-looking young man might have been seen standing among the ruins of the Alamo in San Antonio, gazing upon the scene of the desperate battle which had taken place there two years before. The young man in question who stood there with flashing eyes was Big Foot Wallace who had just arrived from the Colorado, and for the first time had trod the streets of San Antonio. Around the dismantled fort of the Alamo signs of the battle were on every side. The walls had partly been demolished by cannon shots, and the gates had been torn and twisted around and piles of rock



Mexican house—San Antonio

Photos from Helen Reynolds Collection

were here and there scattered about.

The first Mexicans Wallace saw after coming to Texas were Rodriguez and Manchaca, down near Houston, who were carrying a dispatch from General Rusk to General Houston. They could speak English and Wallace stopped and conversed with them awhile. Carrying Spanish gourds filled with water, they were a curiosity to the newly arrived Virginian.

There were no canteens in those days and these gourds took their place. Of various sizes from a pint to two gallons, they were very small in the middle, not more than two inches or less in diameter, and large at each end with a small neck for a mouthpiece. A strong piece of rawhide or buckskin was tied around the small place in the gourd and then hung to the horn of the saddle, which exactly balanced it as the loop could not slip where it was fastened around the middle. After the two Mexicans passed on, Wallace remarked to someone who was with him that those fellows must have come from a dry country if God made such gourds as that for people to carry water in! These gourds were in demand by travelers. Years later, while Wallace was living in the West, he planted one of the gourd seed in a rich place and sold $20.50 worth of them from one vine.

They were hard to clean on account of their peculiar shape and all of the bitter stuff and seed had to come out at the small mouth. Wallace, however, devised a plan to clean them without much trouble. He noticed that a great many large red ants were around his place, and that they were very fond of sweet things and would work very diligently carrying away such a prize. He concluded that he could make them clean his gourds.

When the gourds were so thoroughly dry the seed would rattle in them, he poured a quantity of molasses or wet sugar into each and then awaited results. The ants soon discovered the sweet deposit and at once began to explore the gourds and bring out the seed at the mouthpiece which had been cut off to the size of the mouth of an ordinary canteen. Every gourd was cleaned with not a seed or fibre left inside and was ready to carry water.

WALLACE and a party who came with him from San Antonio found a boarding house and as his companions did not seem to want to ramble much "as there was nothing to see," as they expressed it, Wallace said he would go and look around and find out what the country was. He went up to the head of the San Antonio River and to the springs at the head of San Pedro and explored the irrigating ditches. When he returned to his companions, Big Foot told them this was the finest country he ever saw—that if it did not rain, they had the ditches already cut and full of water to irrigate with, and that in his rounds he saw plenty of deer which were snorting at him all the time.

Wallace stayed in San Antonio until 1839 and during that time took trips around and killed many deer. He says all he had to do to get a deer was to go out soon in the morning and kill as many as he wanted along the San Pedro Creek west of town, as all the settlements and houses were down on the river, except the old Catholic Church. He kept his boarding house well supplied with venison.

The Indians were hostile and made many raids into town, killing and carrying off Mexican captives, who then constituted a very large majority of the inhabitants of San Antonio. A sentinel was kept in the tower of the Catholic Church at all times to look out for Indians who could be seen coming a long distance across the open country in daylight. When such was the case the man at the church rang the bell to notify the people of the danger, so they could all get indoors and those away from town and in hearing of the bell could run in.

Sometimes the Indians would come in the night and remain on the outskirts until daylight, then make a sudden onset upon those who had stepped out of their houses and kill or carry off such as they could. The Mexicans were poorly armed and could make but an indifferent fight with them. On one occasion, early in the morning, Wallace left his boarding house and went to pick dewberries over near the Alamo. His landlady was a Mexican.

While picking the berries, he heard the bell ring at the church, but not knowing its significance, paid no attention. A Mexican woman, however, saw him from a house near, and putting her head out of a window, called, "Correr! correr! Los Indios! los Indios!"

Not knowing what this meant as he had as yet not learned the Spanish language, Big Foot kept on until he got all the berries he wanted, and then returning, asked his landlady what "Correr! Los Indios!" meant. He was informed that it meant "Run! Indians!" He then learned that a raid had been made on that side of town, and that two women had been captured and a boy wounded. Wallace was so near them that he could hear the women crying who were being carried off.

On another occasion he was outside of town and, hearing the bell, at once made tracks back to the village, but found out that this bell was also used for calling the people to church. He said that afterwards when he heard the bell he couldn't tell whether the Indians were coming or whether they were going to have preaching!

IN 1839, when Austin was selected to be the future capital of the young but fast growing Republic of Texas, and contracts were being let for building public houses, many flocked there and workmen's wages were high. Wallace, hearing of these things, bade farewell for a season to San Antonio, and at once set out for the new capital. There had been a small settlement there before, called Waterloo, but when the site was chosen for the capital, its name was changed to honor Stephen F. Austin who brought the colonies to Texas.

When Wallace arrived in Austin, there were few houses but many tents and shanties, and Wallace says it seemed to him that the majority of the population were gamblers. He knew several of the citizens there, having become acquainted with them down the country before the town was started. These were Barton, Miller, Herrell and some others.

There was a demand for men who could hew logs for the buildings that were being put on both sides of Congress Avenue, and some were to build the President's house. Wallace was expert with a broadax, having learned to use it well at his home in Virginia. A man named Woods was a contractor to get out logs and employed Wallace to hew at a salary of $200 per month and board. He worked at this two months, and then went to rafting logs of cedar, from high up the Colorado where good logs could be found in the flats near the river.

When the last load was being put on the raft, Wallace became worn and thirsty pitching logs off a bluff, and going down to a spring to get water, soon discovered Indians had been there. He also saw tracks where they had stood behind some trees and watched him pitch logs off the bluff. Going back to the raft, he informed his partner, William Leggett, of the situation, and said they must load and get away before dark, as the Indians had found them out now and it would not be safe for two of them to remain there another night.

By hard work the raft was loaded, and dropping down the river three miles, they tied up under a bluff where no one could approach them and remained until morning. Then they went on down to town all right. Wallace would not go back anymore to bring logs, as he said he had enough of the business anyhow, but some Germans went up after logs and were all killed by the Indians.

Shortly after this Wallace came near being killed in a well. His partner, Leggett, had let a bucket fall into Treasurer Brighams' well, and had to get it out. He asked Wallace to help him. They got a tub, and fastening the rope to it, Wallace told Leggett to get inside and he would let him down.

"No," said he, "I will let you down."

"But," said Wallace, "I am too heavy for you to hold, but I can let you down all right."

Leggett contended that he could hold him easily, and finally Wallace got in the tub and started down; but as Big Foot feared, Leggett gave out and let loose, and down went the tub at a most terrific rate to the bottom. In the descent Wallace skinned his face and hands against the sides of the well, and landed in water up to his shoulders. Then he discovered that there were no less than seven snakes in there, swimming all around him.

The tub was split all to pieces and, seizing one of these fragments, Wallace beat off the snakes and killed them without being bitten. While this was going on, Leggett looked in the well and sang out. "Are you killed?"

Wallace said, "No, I have got life enough to kill you when I get out of here."

"What shall I do?" said Leggett.

"Go," said Wallace, "and bring Asa Brighams' Negro here to pull me out."

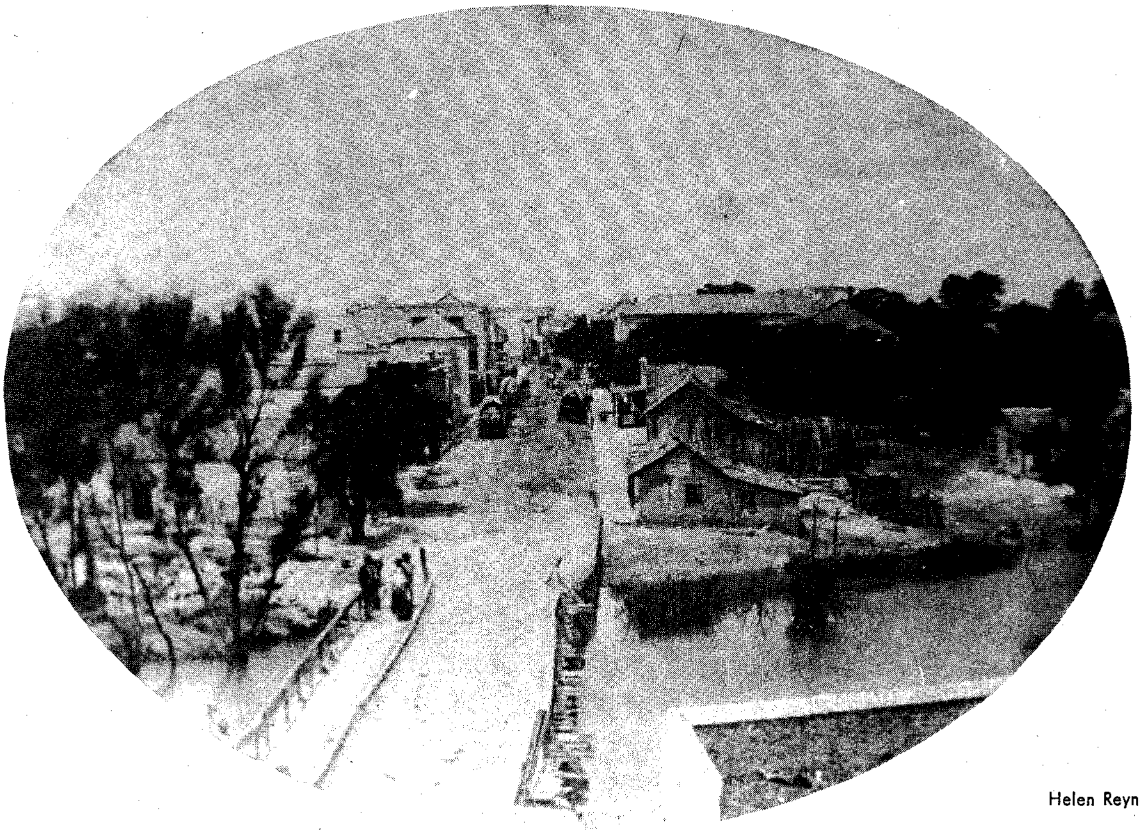
This was at once done and the Negro pulled him out. Wallace looking around, asked. "Where is Leggett?"

"He's gone," replied the Negro.

AUSTIN was on the extreme frontier, and nothing but one vast wilderness beyond, in which Wallace delighted. It best suited his roving disposition and hermit-like nature. He loved the wild woods, and gloried in all the primeval scenes of nature, her lofty rock and cedar-capped mountains, deep canyons, dark brakes and forests, clear springs and swift rushing river, the deer, turkey, buffalo, wild horses, and the painted savage—all had charms for him. He would take extensive rambles up the Colorado, and then make wide circles back to the settlement, shooting game by the way and eating and sleeping when inclination came to do so.

In Austin at this time was a good-natured, jolly Irishman named William Fox, and he and Wallace formed a partnership, and renting a house in town, kept "batch" there together. They took contracts for jobs, one of which was to haul rock from the mountains to build houses, and made lots of money.

Also in this country, at that time, was



Helen Reynolds Collection

Old San Antonio

a famous Indian called "Bigfoot," who gave the settlers great trouble, killing whomever he could and stealing horses and other property. He was a wily rascal and the whites tried in vain to catch him. His tracks measured fourteen inches with his mocassins on, and he was large in proportion, being six feet and eight inches in height. He would come into Austin at night and go from place to place, and next morning his track was plainly to be seen in the sandy soil. Wallace had trailed him many miles, trying to come up with him and get a shot, but in vain.

Wallace could pick out his track from a hundred—not only by its size but because the big toe in his right moccasin was always out and showed its imprint in the soil. He had been wounded in the knee once by a settler named Tom Green, which caused him to step awkwardly, and caused this toe to wear a hole in the moccasin sooner than any other place. It is believed by some that Wallace got the name of Big Foot for killing this Indian, and when interviewed by the writer of this history, the question was asked if it were so, and he said, "No, Westfall killed him on the Llano. I trailed him many times, and saw him three times at a distance, but never got a shot at him."

Then I said, "There is another in circulation—that the Mexicans gave you that name while a prisoner in their hands in Mexico after the battle of Mier, because they could not find a pair of shoes big enough for you in the City of Mexico."

"No," said he, "that is not so. There were men in command who had larger feet than I. The Mexicans all have small feet, and they could not find shoes large enough for any of us. My feet are not large in proportion to my body. See?" and he held them out for my inspection, and it was so. "No. 9½ or 10s," he said, "fit easy." If his feet had been smaller they would have been out of proportion to his massive frame. "But," the old man continued, "I did get my name from the Bigfoot Indian—but not because I killed him."

The story is this: One night in 1839, the Bigfoot Indian came into the town of Austin, and in prowling around went into the kitchen of a man named Gravis, and then went on up to the house where Wallace and Fox lived. Next morning Gravis trailed the Indian to their door, and without trying to trace it any farther, roused up Wallace and said it was him who had been in his kitchen. Wallace also wore moccasins and made a large track, and he was about to whip Gravis on the spot, but the latter got out of the way and told Wallace to prove himself clear and there would be no need to fight.

Wallace said he could do that, and at once went and placed his foot with the moccasin on, in the Indian's track, and made Gravis come up close enough to look at it. He showed him how much longer the Indian's track was than his. This was convincing to Gravis, and he apologized to Wallace and went off. During this episode, however, Fox had come to the door and was listening to all that was being said, and while Wallace was standing in the big track, and calling Gravis up to look at it, the Irishman laughed and said, "Now, Wallace, when the Bigfoot Indian is not around, I will call you Big Foot."

Others took up the name, and sometimes when a man would say "Bigfoot," meaning likely the Indian, another would ask which one was meant, the Indian or Big Foot Wallace. So the name has stuck to him since, and has been famous along the border for half a century. After the controversy with Gravis was settled, Wallace got his gun and took up the trail of Bigfoot and followed it far into the mountains but could not come upon him, and had to return, like many times before, empty-handed.

ELEVEN MILES above Austin, on the Colorado, there is a noted place called Mt. Bonnell. The name was derived from the publisher of a paper in Austin who, with his friends, occasionally went up there for the purpose of hunting and recreation. The paper was called the *Intelligencer*, and was owned and edited by William Bonnell. He lost his life in the famous Mier Expedition.

In the fall of 1839 Wallace was alone on one of his long rambles, and came to the base of the famous mountain, and here met with one of his many exciting adventures. This mountain comes in between Cypress Creek on the east, and the Colorado River on the west, ending abruptly against the river on one side and Cypress on the other. The rock walls tower high on both sides, and it is one of the grandest and most romantic places in all the country. On the side next to the river there is a narrow passway which curves around with the river, and which a man can safely pass by being careful and hugging close to the cliff. A misstep or slip would carry him into the river fifty feet or more below, and there is no chance for two persons coming in opposite directions to pass each other.

From time immemorial this had been a great rendezvous for Indians, and they had passed around this cliff in single file so often that a smooth pathway had been worn. When Wallace, in his rambles, came to this path, he at once began to follow it, in order to save a long, tedious trip around the mountain the other way. Being by this time a cautious frontiersman, he kept his rifle ready in his right hand, and moved slowly and carefully around.

Upon arriving at a point where the trail made a curve around the face of the cliff, and when he could only see a few feet ahead, he was greatly surprised, and somewhat alarmed for a moment, by coming face to face with an Indian, and only a few feet away. The red man was also greatly surprised, and for a few seconds each gazed at the other without uttering a word.

In all emergencies Wallace thought and acted quickly. If the Indian had sprung at him before he could have brought his rifle up, both would certainly have fallen over the cliff together; but he took in the situation at a glance, and punching out his rifle, without taking aim, fired. The Indian had slightly turned, as if about to make an attempt to escape, when the loud report of the big rifle echoed among the cliffs, and reverberated through the deep gorges and dark canyons for miles around.

The daring hunter at once turned, and as hastily as possible began to retrace his steps. The unfortunate savage, who had received a death shot, plunged headlong from the path, and before the sound of the gun had ceased to echo, his body was heard to strike the water below. Not knowing how many Indians might be following the one he shot, Wallace continued his flight away from the spot even when he was clear of the dangerous trail. Making a wide circle around the mountain, he got back to Austin without further accident.

It was a fortunate thing for him that he did get back, for Bigfoot was in that vicinity, and it was one of Bigfoot's warriors that Wallace had killed. These Indians belonged to the Wacoes. Wallace raised a party of seven men at Austin, and next day went back to the scene of his adventure, and there discovered the trail of Bigfoot and his band, and found where they had pulled the dead Indian out of the water and carried him off, but their trail was lost among the rocks to the north of Mt. Bonnell.

WHEN Austin was first settled, water was scarce in town until wells could be dug to supply it. Wallace dug the first well in the new capital. A saloon keeper named H. I. Savoy offered to pay $12 per foot, sand or rock, to anyone who could get him plenty of water. Wallace took this job, and at once went to work.

He struck water at a depth of nineteen feet, and so strong was the vein when he dug into it, that the water flew up in his face and he cried out. "Draw me up, quick, before I drown in here."

Nearly everybody in town came to look at the water, and bring their buckets to get some of it. This well was on Congress Avenue, on the corner of Pine Street, and is still in existence, the best well in the city, and goes by the name of the "Wallace Well."

There were many buffalo in the vicinity of Austin in those days, especially north of town, where there were no roads and little traveling except by hunters and Indians. One day Wallace was out in that direction, and seeing a herd of eleven buffalo, tried to get a shot at them, but they, keen-scented animals that they are, got wind of him and ran in the direction of town, and he followed them in a lively chase. At this time the City of Austin was being laid off, and stakes had been driven along both sides of Congress Avenue designating streets and sidewalks, commencing from Capitol Hill. The stakes had little red flags tied to them and when the buffalo came over the hill, they took off down towards the river between these stakes, turning their shaggy heads and eyeing the red flags suspiciously as they passed. Wallace and his buffalo created such a noise and dust as they entered town, that all the people ran out to see what was the matter, and some of the men tried to head them off. But the big game would not turn and they had to give way to them and let them pass.

The bluff on the river south of town was very high and steep, and the water deep below and when the buffalo arrived, they made no halt but at once leaped off. The splashing they made when they hit the water was heard by the people in town. The animals were not hurt and swam straight across the river, their black heads up and looking like huge sea monsters. In this manner the last buffalo that made a track in Austin was run through there by Big Foot Wallace.

Wallace made a great amount of money selling meat in town to those who did not hunt, or were too busy or afraid to leave town. One load of turkeys and bear that he brought in once sold for $70. A man named Reinhart, and his partner, Ladd, also hunted, and would go out with a wagon and yoke of oxen to bring in their game. Wallace told them that some day the Indians would get them but still they plied their trade, as they were making money.

One time the Indians came, but they saw them in time to leave their wagon and run. Reinhart got away easy, but Ladd's boots were too big for him and he could not run. They crowded him close until they ran him out of his boots, and then they fell behind. When his heavy boots came off, he said he felt so light he could almost fly and, getting into a drift near the river, hid, and they could not find him.

The Indians went back to the wagon, and killing both of the oxen, scalped them, taking off the hide from the forehead. The hunters had a dog with them, but he got lost in the chase. Wallace and several others went to the wagon when they heard the news, and found the dog in the wagon and a flock of buzzards around the dead oxen. Ladd was with the crowd, and the dog was greatly delighted to see him.

A man named Rogers was with Reinhart and Ladd when the Indians chased them but he, being on horseback, had left the wagon just before the chase and gone off in quest of game. When he didn't come back, it was feared the Indians had killed him, which afterwards proved to be true. The party searched for him, and it was the evening of the second day before the body was found in a ravine not more than half a mile from the wagon. The searchers were attracted to the spot by buzzards. By this time such a stench was coming from the body that most of the men recoiled, and the horses tried to run away from the spot.

At first no one seemed inclined to bury the unfortunate man. Finally Wallace said there was no use talking, he had to be buried, and if no one would help he would do it alone. Dismounting, he tied his horse, pulled his heavy bowie knife, and commenced digging by the side of the body. One man named Jack Angel came to his assistance, and they soon covered him up. They then went on the trail of Ladd's flight, and found his boots. All this occurred about twenty miles from Austin, out toward the San Gabriel.

WALLACE said that during his stay around Austin, more than forty people were killed by Indians, and he helped to bury twenty-two of them. Most of these killings were by Bigfoot and his gang, and there were but eight of them. Of these Wallace killed one, Tom Malone another, and Tom Green wounded Bigfoot himself in the knee. Then they left that country and were next heard of in the southwest, around the Frio and Nueces.

On one occasion the saloon keeper, Savory, had some flour on hand and employed Wallace one night to watch it, for fear someone would steal it. Wallace went to sleep and, sure enough, when he waked up about daylight, one barrel was gone. He determined to find the thief and flour if there was any chance, and set out on the trail. Fortune favored him in this, for the barrel had a hole in it, and the flour sifted out as the thief moved along, leaving a thin, white trail on the ground.

Finally, however, he came to a place where the flour had been put into two sacks, the fellow evidently having met a partner there, but still luck was on the side of the trailer, for both sacks had holes in them, and left plenty of sign. This trail led to where an immigrant had stopped a few days before, who had some Negroes. Wallace asked this man if he had any flour to sell. He said no, that he had just bought some himself from a man who had come by with some to sell before it was good light.

When asked if he would know the man again if he could see him, he said yes. The trail of the other sack was then taken, and it led to a saw pit in the edge of town where two men were found asleep. One of them woke up, and he was asked who brought the flour there. He pointed to the other man, whose name was Snelling, and said he was the man. The fellow had his head covered up, and Wallace pulled the quilt off and, taking him by the collar, marched him off to the office of the Justice of the Peace. This official was very ignorant and uneducated. He had been a log rafter, and the gamblers, who ruled the town, had elected him for sport. The case, however, was tried before him, and after patiently listening to all the evidence, he bound Snelling over to keep the peace. Court broke up in an uproar of mirth, and Savory would not have any of the flour back. Wallace said that beat any decision in a court of justice that he ever heard of, binding a man over to keep the peace for stealing a barrel of flour.

ALONG the latter part of 1839, a flux broke out among the people at Austin, and a great many of them died. Wallace said this was caused by a lot of soldiers being sent there, for it first appeared among them, and then spread everywhere. He was afflicted also, and came near dying, but an old French lady named Tetar saved him. She parched flour until it was brown, and then boiled milk, and mixing the two, made a thin mush, and gave him a teaspoonful at a time until the malady was stopped.

Captain Wallace said that at the time he was taken sick he was engaged to be married, but when he began to recover from his sickness, the hair on his head all came out. As he said, "I was a nice looking chap to get married," so he determined, when he got able, to take to the mountains and stay there until his hair grew again. He also tired, he said, of lying on the porch where he lived and seeing dead people carried by, hearing the death march played, and having it remarked about him that, "that fellow toughs it out well; they haven't carried him to the bone yard yet!" People fled town in various directions. General Houston had the soldiers sent away, and then the disease began to abate, and soon died out.

As soon as Big Foot Wallace was able to travel, he told Fox, his partner, to get things ready—horses, guns, blankets, provisions, ammunition, etc. and they would be off. This was soon done, and they wended their way up the Colorado, and made a camp near the mouth of a cave at the foot of Mount Bonnell. Here Wallace said he would stay and hunt, while Fox took the horses back to town, but for him (Fox) to come back every Saturday after the meat, and see how he was getting along.

He soon began to gain strength, and killed three bears before the week was out, besides other game. It was the best place for game, he said, that he ever saw. It was the great crossing and watering place for all kinds of animals, from one side of the river to the other. He moved his bedding and other things inside the cave and slept there, as it was a good place to stand off a bunch of Indians. The cave was cool, and also a capital place to save meat. The bears which he had killed were very fat, and having plenty of bear grease, he greased his bald head every day, after which he would wash it all off with soap in the river.

In a short time he said his head was covered with a fine soft down that looked like a young buzzard, and he would often wonder, as he gazed into the looking glass, if he would ever have any hair again. He kept up his greasing, though, and in a short time the "fuzz" all came off, and then, sure enough, hair began to show. His strength was returning, and he felt that soon "Richard would be himself again."

The Irishman came regularly every Saturday night and brought such things as he was in need of, newspapers and so on. Fox always arrived in the night, when Wallace was in his cave, and his first greeting would be, "Hello! Big Foot, are you dead?" Next day he would pack the horses with meat and wend his way back, never carrying any gun or pistol and Wallace often told him that he would meet his death someday at the hands of an Indian.

One night upon Fox's arrival, after asking Wallace if he was dead, and being answered in the negative, he said, "Well, then Captain, I have got bad news for you. What do you think? Your sweetheart has gone and married another man."

"I am glad she's gone," said Wallace. "A woman that can't wait until a man's hair grows out I don't want."

The writer asked the old Captain if he ever married. "No," he replied, contemptuously, "I never had time."

As near as he ever came to kissing a woman, he said, was while he was a prisoner in Mexico, with his hands tied behind him. He bit an old Mexican woman on the back of the neck for making faces at him.

Captain Wallace said although he had been a powerful man, physically, there were three things he could never do, namely: whistle, sing or dance. These accomplishments were beyond his reach.

After Big Foot had recovered his health, and his black, curly hair had come out profusely again, he returned to town, and he and Fox took up their abode as of yore.

Not long after this Fox hired to Asa Brigham, to help his Negro break up a garden down near Shoal Creek, in the suburbs of town. The Negro held the plow while Fox drove the oxen. The trail of the Bigfoot Indian had not been seen around Austin for a long time, and it was surmised by some that he had been killed somewhere, but this was not so; and he was even now secreted behind the brush fence which enclosed the garden, gun in hand, watching a chance to shoot at Fox and the Negro.

Finally the Irishman stopped the team to take a chew of tobacco, and as the piece of plug was between his teeth, a gun was fired from the fence, and he fell dead in his tracks, shot through the head. The Negro took one look in the direction from whence came the shot, saw the smoke floating above the brush, saw the tall form of an Indian standing behind it, and then leaped the fence and fled.

When the news was carried to town, Wallace at once got his gun and a few followers, and hurriedly went down where Fox lay, took one look at his dead friend who lay with the tobacco still between his teeth, and then took the trail of the big Indian. Long and diligently he followed him this time, but to no avail; he once more made his escape. Fox was shot in the temple, and the ball came out on the other side. He was also scalped, all being taken close behind his ears. No doubt the Indian dressed this scalp and prized it highly, for it was beautiful—thick, long, coal black and curly. It is a little strange that William Fox, the man who gave to Wallace the name of Big Foot, was afterwards killed and scalped by the Bigfoot Indian.

IN 1840, Colonel John H. Moore organized an expedition against the Indians, and had a severe battle with them on the San Saba River, in which they were defeated, many being killed and drowned together in attempting to cross the river. Two Indian boys were captured and brought to Austin and one of them was taken by the French Minister and kept for a servant. The Frenchman had so much confidence in this young savage, that he would let him go alone and ride one of his fine matched carriage horses (beautiful greys) and lead the other to water at the river.

Wallace told him that some day the young Comanche would go back to the west and take the horses with him. No, the Frenchman did not believe this, but said that when he went back to France he would carry the Indian with him and educate him. Not long after this, the Indian took the horses and left. The Minister fumed and sputtered around at a great rate but Wallace told him not to take on, as the young Indian had concluded to finish his education on the Plains instead of Paris and, no doubt, would be promoted as soon as he got back to his tribe with the fine horses.

During the sojourn of Captain Wallace in Austin, he took a trip back to La Grange, and while there heard of the Indian raid near Austin in which Mrs. Coleman and one of her sons were killed, and the house of Dr. Robinson plundered, and some of his Negroes carried off. The doctor and family were absent at the time, and therefore escaped. As soon as the news came to the settlement at La Grange of the raid, Wallace and about twenty others at once started for Austin to assist in routing the hostiles, who were Comanches and in large force.

When they arrived at Mrs. Coleman's place, they saw her dead body and that of her son. The brave boy had killed one Indian in his gallant defense of his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. They were forted up in their log cabin, and he and his mother were firing on the Indians through the cracks between the logs. The Indians also shot their arrows through these cracks. The mother fell first, pierced with an arrow, and died at once. The boy continued the defense until he fell, mortally wounded, and, when dying, told his sister that he would not groan, as the Indians would then not know he was hurt. The savages left without entering the house, and the balance of the family were saved.

Wallace and his party learned here that the Indians had turned and gone in the direction of Brushy Creek, north, and that a force under General Edward Burleson had started in pursuit of them. Being anxious to participate in the battle, if any should come off, they set out on the trail, but were too late. Burleson and his men had engaged the Indians on Brushy twenty miles away and were returning. The two parties met at Wilbarger's house, where quite a number of settlers had fortified themselves. Although the Indians had been defeated in the battle, the settlers did not return unscathed—four of their party having been killed, besides others wounded.

The dead were: Jacob Burleson, brother of the General; James Gilleland, a Methodist preacher; Lemuel Blakey and —Walters. When the men slowly arrived, bearing their gallant dead, Captain Wallace said such a wail went up from the women assembled that he could not stand it, and left the house.

Shortly after, he and his party went on the battleground to see what discoveries they could make. Many signs of the battle were there in the ravine, where the Indians fought. While searching around, Wallace heard someone groaning in a ravine nearby and, on investigating, found one of Dr. Robinson's Negroes who had been wounded in the forehead by an arrow. The spike still remaining fast in the skull, the Negro had been left there when the Indians retreated. He complained very much, and said he thought the wound would kill him. Wallace pulled the arrow out of his head and told him to hush, saying, "Whoever heard of a Negro being killed, shot in the head?" The Negro could not tell much about the fight, as he was shot at the commencement of the action, as prisoners generally are by Indians, and after that he lay close in the ravine and kept quiet until they left. He was carried back home and recovered.

WE COME now to the period in the life of Big Foot Wallace when he began to serve the young Republic in the capacity of a Texas ranger, under the famous Jack Hays, who stands preeminently at the head of that long list of Ranger captains.

In 1840 the situation around San Antonio, which was then on the extreme frontier, was anything but encouraging to those who wished to settle in the country and lead quiet lives and make good citizens. Besides the constant raids of the numerous bands of Indians who roamed at will from the line of New Mexico to the coast region of Texas, horse thieves, desperadoes, gamblers and fugitives from justice who had fled from other states, swarmed around all the border towns, and more especially San Antonio. No one was safe who was in opposition to this element, and to keep horses was almost impossible. They would dig through adobe houses to get to them, and no place was safe from their encroachments.

A strong hand was needed here to awe this class and hold them in subjection. There was one man in West Texas at this time who was equal to the emergency, and that was Jack Hays, a young surveyor, who had already begun to make himself known and felt, especially at the battle of Plum Creek, where Comanche warriors had been defeated after they had made a raid through Texas and burnt and plundered the town of Linnville, on the coast.

General Houston recognized the ability of Hays, and seeing the necessity of an armed, active force at San Antonio, to hold both Indians and lawless characters in check, commissioned Jack Hays to raise a company, to be stationed at San Antonio as headquarters, and to follow horse thieves or Indians anywhere he wished, and to shoot horse thieves on the spot, if necessary, when overtaken.

In 1840 Big Foot Wallace left Austin and went back to San Antonio and joined the company of Hays when it was organized. Captain Hays was very particular what kind of men he enlisted, and that is one reason why he had the best set of Indian fighters on the frontier, and why he was never defeated by the Indians. A man had to have courage, good character, be a good rider, good shot, and have a horse worth $100. Among this first company were Wallace, Woolfork, Joe Tivy, Mark Rapier, Kit Ackland, Jim Galbreath, Tom Buchanan, Coho Jones, Peter Poe, Mike Chevalier, Ad Gillespie, and others not remembered.

Among those who came later, and followed the fortunes of Hays, and helped to fight his battles and gain a reputation for him as an Indian fighter, which is almost world-wide, were Sam Walker, Sam Luckey, George Neill, James Dunn, Ben McCulloch, Henry McCulloch, Ben Highsmith, Tom Galbreath, Andrew Sowell, John Sowell, P. H. Bell, Creed Taylor, Sam Cherry, John Carlin, Noah Cherry, Rufus Perry, Joe Davis, Pipkin Taylor, Josiah Taylor, Rufus Taylor, James Nichols, Calvin Turner, Lee Jackson, and many other gallant men whose names cannot now be obtained. Captain Wallace said that the Woolfork mentioned in the first list of Rangers, was a brother-in-law of Governor L. S. Ross' father, and that Joe Tivy was afterward mayor of Kerrville, and was one of the best men he ever knew.

Not long after Wallace joined the Rangers, one morning he went into a Mexican restaurant and called for breakfast. A woman soon brought him coffee, bread, etc., and a small animal broiled whole on the coals, which looked fat and tempting, and said, "Cara cerrea, Senor?" Wallace did not know very much of the Spanish language at that time, and nodded assent, thinking likely the little animal was a squirrel or rabbit; but he soon found it was neither but being palatable, he made a hearty meal, eating all but the head.

As he was stepping out of the eating house, he met Jim Dunn, another Ranger, who understood the Spanish, and asked him what "Cerrea" meant.

Dunn said, "That means a polecat."

"What!" said Wallace. "Did that derned woman give me a polecat to eat?"

Dunn then stepped in and asked if she had given this man a polecat for breakfast. "O, yes," she said, in Spanish, "he is very fond of them, and ate a whole one, all but the head." This settled it with Big Foot; he had nothing more to say and stepped out.

DURING the years 1840-41, Hays and his men captured many horse thieves in and around San Antonio, and shot several of them. On one occasion they captured a notorious one named Antonio Corao, and four of the company were detailed to shoot him, namely: Wallace, Chapman Woolfork, Sam Walker and William Powell. The execution took place at the head of the San Antonio River above town. Many years after this Wallace was in San Antonio, sitting with a crowd of men at the Southern Hotel, when a Mexican, apparently very drunk, came up and said to Big Foot, "Are you Big Foot Wallace?"

"Yes," was the reply. "What do you want?"

The Mexican then came up close, looked Wallace in the face and said, "You helped to kill Antonio Corao, and he was a friend of mine."

"He was!" exclaimed Wallace, as he sprang to his feet and pulled his knife. "I want to kill all of his friends, too."

By this time the Mexican was making tracks, with Big Foot after him, but the Mexican was not as drunk as he seemed, and outran Wallace and made his escape. He barely missed getting a slash from the long-bladed knife, and likely would have gotten it if some friends had not caught Wallace by the arm and impeded his progress.

The Rangers under Hays, while stationed in San Antonio and vicinity, were very active scouting far and near, and fighting several battles with the Indians. Things went on in this way until the fall of 1842, when the Mexicans under General Adrian Woll made a sudden descent upon San Antonio and captured the place. Prior to this event, however, there was a suspicion that something was wrong, from the fact that all at once no ammunition could be bought in San Antonio by the Americans, it having all been bought up at various times by the Mexicans. And Wallace told Captain Hays that he saw at least a dozen strange Mexicans in town that he had never seen before, who did not live there. The nearest place where ammunition could be obtained was Austin, and thither Hays sent Wallace and another Ranger named Nathaniel Mallon, to get a supply.

When they arrived at Austin, there was considerable excitement there on account of an Indian raid, in which Captain William Pyron and a man named Donovan were killed. The bodies had not been brought in, and some were afraid to venture out of town to get them. Wallace and his companion said they would go, and soon others volunteered, and a hack started out.

Donovan was with a man named Herrill, out after hay, when the Indians made attack upon them. Herrill was armed, and kept the Indians at bay while his team ran into town with him sitting on the load. Donovan had a cart, and was killed. Captain Pyron was interested in the hay, and had gone out there on horseback. The Indians overtook him, and one of them ran a lance in him, but the Captain caught it and wrenched it out of the Indian's hand, and pulling it out of his own body, it seems that he fought the Indian with it, for here the Indian turned back. But Pyron had received a mortal wound, and falling from his horse, died.

The lance, with the blade bent, was lying by his side when Wallace and his party came with the hack to take him up. The Irishman, Donovan, had made a fight, and emptied his gun. He was both shot and lanced. The bodies lay north of town, from one and one-half to two miles distant. Pyron was on his race mare, and could have made his escape, but remained with the others until it was too late. The Indians got his fine nag and saddle.

The two Rangers, after helping to bury the dead men, obtained their ammunition and started back to San Antonio. Wallace had a full keg of powder rolled up in a blanket and fastened to the pommel of his saddle, and Mallon had a supply of caps and lead. As there was no settlement between Austin and San Antonio, they went back by way of Seguin to get corn for their horses, as they had ridden hard and the grass was coarse and dry. In the meantime, the Mexicans had captured San Antonio and it was a fine thing for them that they went by Seguin, for otherwise they would have ridden into San Antonio and been captured and their ammunition taken.

The first ranch on the Austin road in the vicinity of Seguin was that of Antonio Navarro, on San Geronimo Creek, about six miles distant from town. What was their surprise on coming to find two of Hays' men (Rice and Johnston) there, and the Mexican women picking prickly pear thorns out of them.

As soon as Wallace saw them he said, "Hello, boys, what are you doing here?" They now gave an account of the capture of San Antonio, and of the narrow escape of the Rangers, who were badly scattered. These two had been run closely through the pears and thorny brush by the Mexican cavalry, but had made their escape to the Guadalupe River and crossed. Captain Hays and some of the men were on a scout when the Mexican army came into town, and could not enter again, and came on east of the Salado and went into camp and sent runners to notify the settlers at Seguin and Gonzales.

Some of the Rangers who were in their quarters in town were captured, and all of the camp equippage that belonged to the company. When the attack was made they had a fight, and could not do much, but killed General Woll's horse and the bandmaster in the skirmish. One Ranger named William Mason ran out and made his escape by running through a squad of cavalry, who gave way to him as he came flourishing his pistol. As soon as Wallace and his companion could get something to eat for themselves, and feed for their horses, they went on to Seguin.

When they arrived there the town was full of men from Gonzales and other places, on their way to fight the Mexicans. They were all short of powder, and when they found out that Wallace had a keg, they wanted to take it, but he told them that no one got that powder except Jack Hays, or by his order, and the first man that laid hands on it he would shoot him. In a short time, however, Hays and his lieutenant, Henry McCulloch, arrived in town, and taking charge of the ammunition, divided it out. Wallace said to the men, "You are a fine lot of frontiersmen; got a rifle and nothing to feed it on." This powder and lead arrived at a very opportune time, as the battle of Salado could not have been fought without it, so said Captain Wallace. An advance was now made upon San Antonio, led by General Matthew Caldwell, who had arrived with the men from Gonzales.

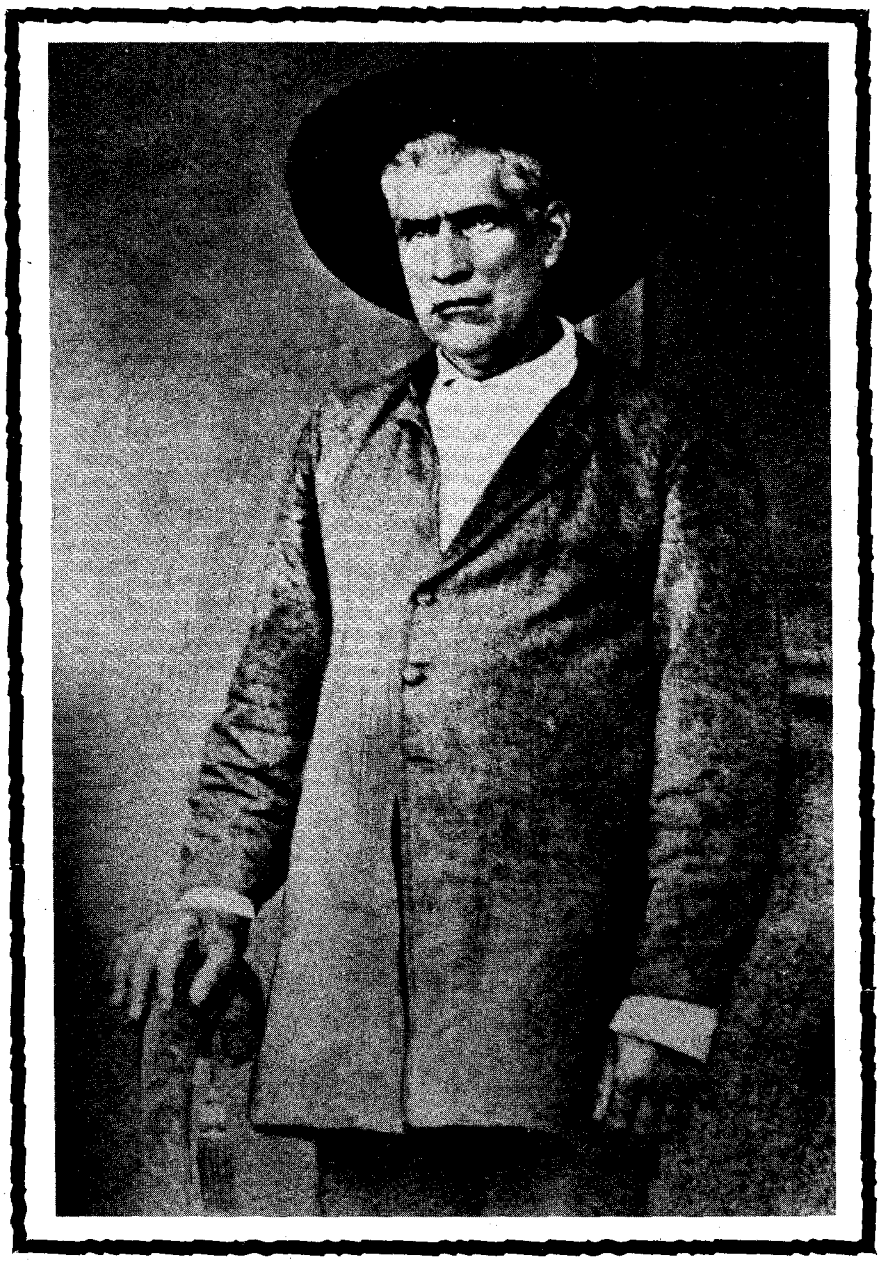
THE NEWS of the invasion of Texas, and the capture of San Antonio by the Mexicans, spread far and near, and men were arming and mounting from the outside settlements on the Guadalupe, to the Colorado Valley, around La Grange and Bastrop and up to the new capital. Men started toward San Antonio as they could prepare themselves, and went in companies, squads and singly. The first large force to arrive in the vicinity of the seat of war, was that from the Guadalupe Valley under General Caldwell, who was called by the men, "Old Paint." He was an Indian fighter, and took a prominent part in the great Indian battle of Plum Creek, fought in 1840, near the spot where Lockhart now stands, in Caldwell County.

The scattered Rangers of Hays' were all collected and went under the command of Caldwell, who went into camp with his men on Salado Creek, seven miles northeast of San Antonio. Daring scouts were sent almost to the suburbs of San Antonio to watch the Mexicans and report any move on their part to Caldwell. Many of the citizens of the town had been captured, including those in attendance on the district court which was then in session. Judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses and all were now in the hands of the invaders. Among the citizens of the town who were taken, was John Twohig, afterward a noted banker and brother-in-law of Jack Hays, Al Shelby and Colonel Thomas Johnson. The latter two were citizens of Seguin, and all four married the daughters of Major Calvert of that place. Mr. Twohig had a store in San Antonio at the time of the Woll Invasion, but blew it up on the approach of the Mexicans. He suffered many hardships at their hands, and bore the scars on his legs to the day of his death, made by chains while in captivity.

The policy of General Caldwell was to draw the Mexicans out of San Antonio and induce them to assail his position, which was a strong one along the bank of Salado Creek. His force was far less than that of the Mexican invader, and he knew that an assault upon the town on his part would be a useless sacrifice of men. The Texans had learned to avoid being caught like rats in a trap by the Mexicans. They remembered the Alamo and Goliad. The Rangers under Hays, or part of them at least, determined to bring on the battle, and boldly advanced to within half a mile of the Alamo. They were all good horsemen, and well mounted, and cut many capers in plain view of the Mexicans, yelling at them and daring them to do battle. Among these were, besides Hays, H. E. McCulloch, Big Foot Wallace, Sam Walker, Ad Gillespie, Kit Ackland, Sam Luckey, George Neill, Rufus Perry, Tom Galbreath, Andrew Sowell, Creed Taylor, Pipkin Taylor, Josiah Taylor, Mike Chevalier, and others not now remembered.

Finally a blast of bugles and the sudden charge of four companies of cavalry upon them caused the Rangers to wheel and put back across the prairie toward Caldwell, and a lively fusillade commenced and lasted, all the way to the creek, the Rangers firing back as they ran. On this occasion Big Foot Wallace was riding a mule, and a good one, but Hays told him to turn back before the charge commenced, as he would be overtaken.

Wallace said, "I can beat them from Powder House Hill to camp," but turned back here and was working in the lead during the chase. Lieutenant McCulloch, with ten men, covered the retreat of Hays and they were fired at almost 200 times during the long run, but neither man nor horse was hit. The infantry, 1,200 in number, under Woll, followed with artillery and crossing the creek below, marched up the east bank and formed in line of battle facing Caldwell's position, and soon a general engagement was on.



Portrait of Wallace in the 1860s

The Mexicans first fired with cannon, trying to run Caldwell from his position, which was in the pecan timber near the bank of the creek, but they only yelled and watched closely the falling limbs from the trees torn off by the cannon balls. Seeing this had no effect, Woll ordered a charge on their position, and they came yelling like Indians. The rifles of the Texans now began to crack, however, and many of them turned back, but others came close, almost up to the muzzles of the guns, and things were lively for a time.

When the Mexicans captured the quarters of the Rangers in San Antonio, they got a pair of pants belonging to Wallace, and when the battle was about to commence, he told some of the boys that he was going to watch his chance and kill a big Mexican, so that he could get a pair of pants to fit him. During this charge when some of them were close, a daring fellow charged Wallace, and presenting his escopet, sang out in Spanish, "Take that, you cow thief," and fired.

The bullet grazed the Ranger's nose, making it burn like fire, but doing no other damage. Wallace fired at the same time, but the smoke from the Mexican's gun blinded him and he missed. Henry Whaling, who was near and had a loaded gun, said, "Darn such shooting as that," and aiming his rifle quick sent a ball through the Mexican's body, who fell against a mesquite tree and soon died. He was a cavalryman, but had dismounted, and his spurs were so large he could not run.

Wallace said he never saw such spurs; that as the Mexican lay on his back his feet were elevated several inches in the air as the rowels which were as long as tenpenny nails rested on the ground. Wallace took them off after the battle, and kept them a long time as a curiosity. The Mexicans were repulsed but Wallace said not as many of them were killed as might have been expected, on account of a ravine which most of the Mexicans followed.

General Cordova, however, and his French interpreter were both killed just across the ravine. Cordova was stirring up the Indians in Texas to fight the white settlers, and this Frenchman was his interpreter among the Cherokees. He was defeated in a battle near Seguin in

1839, by General Ed Burleson and his Rangers.

DURING the next charge one of the Rangers said to Wallace, "Big Foot, yonder is a Mexican with pants large enough for you; look after him." The Mexican in question was assisting some others to carry off the dead and wounded that had fallen in the charge.

Wallace was a conspicuous figure during the fight. His dress, massive frame, and actions when he was talking about the pants, attracted the notice of General Caldwell, and he rode up to him and said, "What command do you hold, sir?"

"None," said Wallace. "I am one of Jack Hays' Rangers, and want that fellow's pants, yonder," at the same time pointing out his intended victim.

He had reloaded his rifle after firing at one, and now watched for a fair shot at the big one, and when it was offered, downed him in his tracks. Wallace secured the pants, which he said were of splendid material and a good fit; he wore them to Mexico in the Mier Expedition the following year.

Wallace said that after the battle, some of the men, while looking at the dead Mexicans, discovered that nearly all of them carried money of small denominations in their ears, sometimes as much as 25 or 30 cents in dimes and 5-cent pieces. The Mexican whom he killed and got the pants from had $2.75 twisted up in his sash, and Wallace said when he found it, "Look here, boys, how much I found in the sash; that fellow must have been a banker."

The Mexicans were defeated in the battle, and withdrew with loss, but how great could not be ascertained. Wallace said there were about twenty-two left in the flats in view. Of the Texans, Jett was killed, and Creed Taylor, Calvin Turner and William Simms were wounded. Wallace was hit with four spent balls—three in the legs, and one on the knuckle of the right hand—but they only made bruises. The Mexicans did a great deal of firing at long range, and when they were close, overshot.

In this battle Woll had about 1,500 men, cavalry and infantry, while Caldwell's men had been variously estimated by those who were in the fight. Wallace said there were 196 white men and one Negro named Tom, who had formerly belonged to General Sam Houston, but had been given his freedom. Tom wounded himself during the fight by the accidental discharge of his gun, badly tearing his hand. The writer once asked General H. E. McCulloch how many men were in the battle, and he said 201.

Just at the winding up of this battle, a desperate and sad tragedy occurred a short distance east of the battleground. A company of men, 52 in number, from Fayette County, and commanded by Captain Nicholas Dawson, were surrounded in the prairie by the Mexican army who had just been defeated by Caldwell, and nearly all killed, including their commander. They fought well, but had no chance. A few were taken and carried to Mexico. The Mexicans then returned to San Antonio, followed by some of the Rangers to watch their movements.

Here are a few of the names of the Texans who fought at Salado: Matthew Caldwell, commander; Jack Hays, captain; Ewing Cameron, captain; H. E. McCulloch, lieutenant; Jesse Billingsly, captain; Milford Day, Creed Taylor, Solomon Brill, Ezekiel Smith, French Smith, Clay Davis, John Henry Brown, William King, John King, Henry King, James Nichols, John Nichols, Tom Galbreath, Ben Highsmith, Wilson Randle, Andrew Sowell, Calvin Turner, William Turner, Hardin Turner, Kit Ackland, Big Foot Wallace, Mike Chevalier, Arch Gibson, James Clark, Miles Dikes, Henry Whaling, Rufus Perry, Sam Luckey, George Neill, Rufus Taylor, Pipkin Taylor, Josiah Taylor, Sam Walker, Ad Gillespie, Green McCoy and Robert Hall. There were many other gallant men in this fight, but their names cannot now be recalled.

IN A FEW days the Mexicans began their retreat back to Mexico, carrying their prisoners with them. The Texans had been reinforced by men from the Colorado and other places, led by Colonels Burleson and Mayfield, until near 500 men followed the enemy from San Antonio. The Rangers hung close on their rear, and came into collision with them on the Hondo. Captain Hays proposed to charge the rear of the Mexicans with his Rangers and capture their cannon, which had been posted on the near approach of the Texans, if the balance of the men would support the charge. This was understood and the onset made, and well did the Rangers carry out their part of the program. They charged to the muzzles of the pieces, and shot the gunners down around them, but the support failed to come, and they had to retreat back to the main body. In this short, desperate dash, Lee Herrill's horse was killed by a grapeshot, and he himself wounded in the foot. Arch Gibson had his cheekbone shot off, and Sam Luckey was shot through with a ball and fell from his horse. This latter incident, however, took place just before the charge was made, the shot being fired by a rifleman in ambush.

Big Foot Wallace was riding his mule in the charge, and when the cannon was reached, was unable to control him, and he dashed almost into a line of infantry which had been formed to support the battery. Wallace tried hard to pull up, but the mule kept on braying at every jump, with the balls whistling by, until one burnt the end of his nose, and then he wheeled quick and went back the other way. Big Foot laid low on his neck to avoid the shots and fired back as he went. It seems the failure on the part of the other men to support the Rangers, was caused by a dispute as to who would lead. Wallace places the blame on Colonel Mayfield, and others on Caldwell. The writer heard General Henry E. McCulloch say that it was a disgrace to Texas history, and as little as could be said about it, the better for all concerned.

The writer has visited the place where this halt of the Mexican army was made, and can trace the route and locate the ground where the charge was made; not so much by signs still visible, but from the old settlers who live there, some of whom went there three years after the fight when the cart tracks were still to be seen, and where banks had been dug down and brush cut. It was, in fact, a plain beaten out road, and remained so for years. There were 1,200 or more Mexican troops, besides mules, horses and carts. There were both infantry and cavalry, and the route of their retreat was about three miles north of the present settlements of Quihi and New Fountain, and nearly a west course from San Antonio, crossing the Medina above where Castroville now is. The fight took place between the Verde and Hondo, on the east side of the latter, and distant about forty miles from San Antonio. The pursuit ended here, and the Texans scattered back to their several homes.

Big Foot Wallace remained in the service of the Rangers with Hays until the famous Mier Expedition of 1843. After the invasion of Texas by General Woll, the people were greatly excited, and an invasion of Mexico was freely talked of. The Indians were also committing depredations within two miles of the state capital, and there was a general restless feeling all along the border.

The Texans were still chafing on account of the bold invasion of the Mexicans, and although they had defeated them on the Salado, they were not satisfied with themselves for letting them escape so easily at the Hondo. Men were continually coming in from the east and concentrating west of San Antonio, and on the 13th of October, 1842, General Alexander Somervell received a special order from the state government to select some point in the west and there assemble the volunteers and drill them.

The place selected was the Medina River, where the forces were drilled and organized. Big Foot Wallace was with these men under his old captain, Jack Hays, who had joined the expedition with his Rangers. On the 18th of November, General Somervell left his camp and marched with 750 men toward the Rio Grande. The command arrived at Laredo, on the Texas side of the river, on the 8th day of December. About 100 Mexicans, who occupied the town, crossed the river into Mexico on the approach of the Texans.

The command now marched three miles down the stream and encamped, and on the next day a portion of the men returned and plundered the town of Laredo. This was against orders, and some say the goods were collected and returned to the owners by Somervell.

AT THIS time there was a good deal of dissatisfaction in camp, and the commander gave permission to all those who wished to do so, to return to their homes. About 200 returned under command of Colonel J. E. Bennett. The remainder of the command moved down and camped opposite the town of Guerrero, on the 14th.

In the next two days the Texans crossed the river and advanced toward the town, camped near by, and virtually had possession of the place; but Captain Wallace says he was the only man that entered, and that was by accident, or necessity. His mule pulled up the stake pin one night and went into town dragging the rope, and he followed as soon as daylight came. This was rather a dangerous undertaking, but he said he was going to have his mule, Mexicans or no Mexicans, so he pursued the runaway down the street until he caught hold of the rope, and then mounting put back to camp quickly. A few Mexican women opened their doors on hearing the clatter of the mule's feet, but on seeing a dreaded Texan, shut them again quickly. The hour being so early, the inhabitants were not astir.

The Texans stayed here a short time, but as no warlike demonstrations were made by the citizens, the command went back to the Texas side of the river. General Somervell had made a requisition on the town for 100 head of horses, but as they were not supplied, Jack Hays was sent with 70 men to demand $5,000 in lieu of the horses. The Alcalde came into the Texans' camp with $700, declaring it was all that could be raised, and that the horses could not be procured, as they had been driven off by the rancheros who had retreated from the town on the appearance of the Texans.

There was some hard feeling on the part of some of the men against Somervell, so about the 9th of December he determined to abandon the expedition, and gave orders for the troops to march to Gonzales, and there be disbanded. When this order was given, five of the captains, with most of their men, refused to comply. These captains were William S. Fisher, Ewing Cameron, Eastland, Reese and Pierson. Captain Hays returned with the Somervell party but some of his company, among whom was Wallace, remained with those who said that they did not come out there to rob houses and women, but to fight Mexicans and that they were going to do it before they returned. Wallace says they had enough men to capture Matamoros.

Officers and privates from other companies came over to them until the force numbered about 300. About 200 men went back, and arrived at San Antonio about the last of January, 1843.

The companies under the five captains who had separated themselves from the balance of the command, marched down the river four miles and encamped for the night. The next day they elected Captain Fisher to the command, and continued their march down the river. On the 21st they encamped opposite the town of Mier. What an ominous name! How the hearts of the readers of Texas history now thrill at mention of it, although at that time it had no significance.

The town of Mier was six miles from the camp of the Texans. On the following morning they crossed the Rio Grande, and marching to the town, made a requisition on the Alcalde for provisions and clothing. He promised that the articles should be delivered the next day at the river, but below the Texans' camp. The Texans, however, when they went back to their camp, brought the Alcalde along with them, as surety for the delivery of the goods. On the 23rd the Texans moved their camp opposite the place where the goods were to be delivered, but the day passed off, and the next, and still the goods did not come.

The Texas spies, who had been kept on the west side of the river, on the morning of the 24th captured a Mexican who reported that General Ampudia had arrived at Mier with troops, and prevented the fulfilment of the Alcalde's promise. The Texans then determined to again cross the river and give them battle. By 4 o'clock in the evening they had all crossed and were on their march to the town. Captain Baker had command of the spies, and first met the Mexicans who sallied out from Mier. Ampudia retreated before the Texans, and at dark again entered town.

The Texans advanced to the Alcantra Creek, east of the town, and halted for some time, as this little stream ran very rapidly and it was difficult to find a crossing in the night; but finally all succeeded in getting over. By this time a lively fight had commenced between Baker's spies and the Mexican cavalry, and five of the Texans had been cut off and captured. Among these were Dr. Sinnickson, Sam Walker, Beasly and "Legs" Louis. Others made narrow escapes.

It was a hand to hand fight, and the Texans who were cut off were compelled to abandon their horses and take off across fences and ditches. Sam Walker was caught by a powerful Mexican and held down while others tied him. One man named McMullins, was caught by the legs while getting over a fence, but his boots pulled off and he made his escape. Wallace was in town, or the edge of it, rather, and told the men they would be caught, as he saw the Mexican cavalry and was getting back himself. He passed Legs Lewis and said, "The Mexicans will get you; you had better run."

After the main body of the Texans had crossed the creek, they advanced to the town and passed down a street leading to the public square, where the Mexicans had planted their artillery. While going into town the Texans were fired on, and a man named Jones was killed. He was the next man in the rear of Wallace as they galloped in single file, and Big Foot felt the wind of the bullet that killed Jones. Captain Wallace says that he was a well dressed man, and his impression is that he was once Postmaster General. The Mexicans attempted to strip his body, and a lively fight ensued, in which twenty of them were killed.

When the Texans got near the cannon, they were halted by a terrible discharge of grapeshot, which swept the streets and caused them to seek shelter behind the buildings. It was now dark, Christmas evening, 1842. The only chance for the Texans to advance was by opening passageways through the buildings, and advance by degrees toward the cannon.

It was dark when the Texans entered the town of Mier and most of them had left their horses in camp under a guard and came on foot. When they took possession of the buildings to avoid the discharge from the cannon, they at once commenced opening passageways from house to house, fighting as they went, and by daylight arrived within fifty yards of the guns.

While engaged in this work, Wallace found a Mexican baby which had been abandoned during the hasty exit of the occupants of the houses at the commencement of the fight. It set up a terrible squalling, and Big Foot took it up, and advancing to a wall enclosing a yard, climbed up, and dropped it down on the other side, at the same time shouting in Spanish for someone to come and get the *muchacho*. He soon heard a woman's voice on the outside, and he supposed it was taken care of.

At daylight portholes were opened, and the deadly crack of the rifle commenced on the artillerymen. The cannons were soon silenced, for it was death for a Mexican to attempt to go near them. During the day three desperate attempts were made by the enemy to storm and carry the position of the Texans, but all failed with fearful loss. Wallace says they came so thick it was impossible to miss them, and the bravest of them was the *presidio ales* (town guards) who wore black hats with white bands around them, and who were nearly all killed.

In one of the rooms occupied by the Texans, and where Wallace was, a strong Mexican drink called *aguardiente* was found and the men at once commenced drinking it to excess, and even one of their officers drank so much that he fell on the floor and was wounded by a bullet which came through a crack. The men were so worn out with the night's work that when they found this liquor they drank it out of tin cups like water. Big Foot, seeing it would render them unfit for service, turned the balance of the fire water out on the floor.

Before the fight commenced, Wallace says one of their scouts named Joe Berry, fell down a bluff and broke his leg, and his brother Bates and some others who were with him carried Joe to an out building and placed him there, but were found during the battle, and their position attacked by the Mexicans. A sally was made in an attempt to reach the position of their companions, but none arrived there except Berry.

Austin, a bugler, who was one of the party, was killed; Lieutenant Alderette, the Mexican officer who was in command of the party who assailed the position of the wounded Berry, went in and killed him with a sword as he lay helpless, and then bragged about it after the surrender and exhibited the sword which still had the blood of the gallant young Texan upon it.

DURING the fight in the night bugles were constantly sounding and it was reported that the Mexicans were being largely reinforced. The Texans, undismayed, continued to load their rifles and fire with such deadly effect that great confusion reigned among the Mexicans who continually uttered cries of rage and pain, amid a constant blast of bugles. After it was no longer possible for the Mexicans to go near the cannon and their charges had been repulsed, they occupied the housetops, and other places convenient to shoot from and kept their bodies hid as much as possible, and many of those killed were shot in the head. Wallace says he loaded and fired his rifle fifteen times, and that he always waited for a good chance, and had a bead on a Mexican every time he touched the trigger. The Mexicans tried to recover their cannons by throwing ropes around them from the corners of the buildings, and succeeding in bringing some of them away.

During the fight after daylight on the 26th, the small guard which had been left on the east side of the Alcantra Creek, attacked about 60 of the Mexican cavalry and routed them, but perceiving a large body of the enemy coming to assail them, they decided to make a desperate attempt to join their comrades in the towns. With this determination they made a charge into the ranks of the Mexicans, firing with fatal effect, but the odds were too great. Out of the nine men who made the attempt, only two of them succeeded in reaching their companions. Four were killed and three captured.

During one close charge of the Mexicans, many were killed and wounded on both sides. Among the wounded was Colonel Fisher. Captain Cameron had fortified himself and men in the rear of the building occupied by Fisher, and had been exposed to a fearful fire during which he had three men killed, and seven wounded.

The bugles of the Mexicans began sounding a charge from different parts of the town, and Cameron hastily entered the room occupied by Fisher and his men, and asked for a reinforcement to help defend his position. About that time a white flag was brought out by Doctor Sinnickson, one of the men who had been captured. He was ordered to do so by General Ampudia, and to tell the Texans he had 1,700 troops in the city and 300 more on the road from Monterrey, and that it would be useless for them to continue to resist, and that if they would surrender they would be treated as prisoners of war, if not, no quarters would be given.

The prospect was gloomy for the Texans, and although they had caused the streets of Mier to almost run with Mexican blood, they still saw no chance to conquer. They were on a foreign soil, hemmed in on all sides by their enemies, their number reduced, and their survivors almost worn out, but still some of them were opposed to a surrender and thought they could fight their way out of the town and back across the Rio Grande.

Many, however, were in favor of a surrender among Fisher's men, and Cameron, who was opposed to it, hurried back to his men to exhort them to continue the fight. Others, under the different captains, favored a surrender and commenced leaving their positions and giving up their guns in the street. When Fisher's men commenced going out to surrender, whom Wallace had been with part of the time, he left them and ran to the position of Cameron. Others now left their commands and came to Cameron, until forty of them stood by him to take command and continue the battle, or make a sally and cut their way out.

At this time great confusion prevailed; some of the men were surrendering, while others were preparing to continue the fight. Every few minutes barricades would be torn away, and men would march out, four or five at a time, and surrender. Cameron held his position with the forty men who had rallied to him until all the balance had surrendered, and seeing that all hope was gone, said to his men, who with stern, but anxious, faces stood around him, "Boys, it is no use to continue the fight any longer, they are all gone but us, and we will have to knock under."

The men stood in silence for a moment, and looked sternly at the hordes of Mexicans who were now making a grand display, cavorting in the streets and carrying away the guns of the Texans, who were now prisoners and bunched together on the plaza. The Mexican soldiers, and the citizens of the town were making a great outcry, and cheering for victory. A gallant officer named Thomas J. Green, who was with Cameron, broke his sword before he would give it up.

Wallace was bitterly opposed to a surrender; he remembered the fate of his brother and cousin after the surrender at Goliad, and expected nothing else for himself and comrades on this occasion, and told them so. The gallant Cameron, however, wished to save the lives of his men, and taking the lead, they followed, and were met by a strong detachment of Mexicans as they emerged from their position into the street. The painful work of handing over their guns, pistols and knives commenced. Wallace stayed back to the last, closely watching every incident of the surrender, thinking likely it might be necessary to kill another Mexican if the slaughter, which he expected would follow, commenced prematurely, but at last handed up his arms, and was the last man to do so at Mier.

He says, as they were being marched to the square, his shoes became red with blood, where the Mexicans bled who were killed during those desperate charges, and also saw blood in the gutters and on the housetops where they had bled. He says a Mexican whom General Somervell raised and educated was killed in the fight on the Mexican side, and that he had Somervell's rifle with him.

THE MEXICAN loss in the battle was fearful considering the numbers engaged, which was 2,000 on the Mexican side, 500 of whom were killed, according to their own report of the battle. The Texans had 260 men, 16 of whom were killed and 30 wounded. The Mexicans had 40 artillerymen killed before they would give up trying to work their guns, which were in close rifle shot of the place where the Texans were posted.

Captain Wallace says he thinks there were more than 800 Mexicans killed and while the results were not so great, it was a harder fought battle than that of San Jacinto. He says that they were carried up to the square, from where the surrender took place; he saw four rows of dead Mexicans lying close together, and . . . that the priests were among them saying mass.

While this was being done, the bodies of the slain Texans, stripped of their clothing, were being dragged through the streets by the cavalry, followed by crowds of yelling Mexicans of all sizes and ages.

On the last days of December, General Ampudia set out with his prisoners for the City of Mexico, leaving the wounded at Mier in charge of Dr. Sinnickson. On January 9, 1843, the captive Texans arrived at Matamoros, and on the 14th set out from that place guarded by a troop of cavalry, and arrived in Monterrey on the 28th, where they remained until February 20. On the march to Monterrey, it was one continual jubilee with the Mexicans. They starved the prisoners and made them go on foot all the way, until they were almost barefoot and haggard. The Mexicans made grand demonstrations in passing through the towns, their approach being heralded with bugle blasts and prancing, charging cavalry. The Texans were marched through the principal streets, followed by yelling mobs of men and boys. The women, however, with few exceptions, pitied the half-starved and half-dead Americans, some of whom were beardless boys, and when they arrived in Monterrey, the women came out with provisions and fed the Americans.

From Monterrey, the prisoners were carried to Saltillo, where they found six of the Texans who were captured at San Antonio the year before, when General Woll visited that place. Big Foot Wallace was still wearing the pants of the Mexican whom he killed at the battle of Salado.

At Saltillo Colonel Barragan took charge of the prisoners, and proceeded with them to the Hacienda Salado, 100 miles farther on, where they arrived on the 10th and were placed in prison. For some time past, the Texans had contemplated making an attempt to escape, and had formulated the plan at Monterrey, but one of their own officers disclosed the plot to the Mexicans and the attempt was not made. Now, it was set on foot again without detection, and carried out. There had been an addition to their number of a portion of the Santa Fe prisoners, who had gone on the ill-starred expedition to New Mexico, and had all been captured and sent over into Old Mexico, and confined with the Mier prisoners. Also, a few survivors of Dawson's Massacre had been placed with them. Among the Santa Fe prisoners were Drs. Brenham and Lyons, who were anxious to make the attempt to escape. When all was ready, Captain Cameron gave the signal by throwing up his hat, and Lyons and Brenham led the charge on the guards. Cameron and Samuel H. Walker, who was captured before the battle of Mier, each charged a guard and succeeded in disarming them. This was at sunrise, on the 11th day of February, 1843.

As soon as the first charge was made, and guards were disarmed at the door of the prison, the Texans rushed into the outer court of the building where there were 150 infantry guarding the arms and cartridge boxes. There were about 200 Texans, and without hesitating an instant, they rushed upon the Mexican soldiers with their naked hands, and a desperate struggle commenced for the possession of the guns and cartridges.

The Mexicans who were stationed inside the court of the prison, fired hastily and surrendered or fled, but the Texans were not yet masters of the situation, as there was another company of infantry stationed at the gate, and a force of cavalry also had formed outside to cut off their escape. Without waiting, the desperate men rushed upon these and a terrible fight ensued. Most of the Texans had secured guns when this second hand to hand encounter occurred.

Big Foot had secured no gun as yet and rushed upon a Mexican to disarm him, but the fellow had a bayonet on his gun, and made a desperate thrust at the big Texan, who seized the bayonet, and a hard struggle commenced for the mastery. The bayonet soon came off in the hands of Wallace, and another disarmed prisoner got possession of the gun, which, however, had no load in it, as the soldier had just came up behind and seized the breach, and fired it.

The fight at this time was fiercely raging, and Wallace went into it brandishing the bayonet which he used until the fight was over. In vain the Mexicans tried to keep the Texans from going through the gate which would give them their liberty. The contest was short, but bloody, and the noise and confusion was awful; the Mexicans uttering yells and screams of terror and surprise as the Texans rushed among them with clubbed guns, after the first discharge, and delivered blows right and left.

The cavalry became terror stricken, and fled, and the infantry began to throw down their arms and try to surrender, but for a time no stop could be put to the slaughter. At length the voice of Cameron was heard, who went among the men and begged for the disarmed guards. Wallace says they ceased to kill any more of them, but would strike them on the head occasionally when they moved to make them stand still. Many Mexicans lay dead on every side, while others were moaning with broken heads, and gunshot wounds.

One Mexican, Lieutenant Baragan, son of the commander, displayed great bravery during the fight, and drawing his sword, backed against a wall and successfully parried five or six bayonet thrusts. Someone suggested to Wallace to get a loaded gun and shoot him, but Wallace said no, that a brave man like him should be spared. The young officer was then called to surrender and hand over his sword, but he refused, saying he would not surrender his sword to a private, but would give up to Captain Cameron. This officer was then called, and the Lieutenant at once surrendered his sword. His father, Colonel Baragan, had quit the field in ignominious flight. Other Mexicans who had surrendered, and were looking on during this episode, said this Lieutenant did not derive his courage from his father, but from his mother, and that he favored her.

The Texans did not come out of the

fight unscratched. Five of their comrades lay still and motionless among their dead foes, and many were wounded and unable to rise from the ground. Among the killed were the brave and fearless Brenham and Lyons, who led the attack at the prison door. The Texans being masters of the situation, dictated terms to the Mexicans, one of which was that their wounded should be taken care of. Those who were able to travel prepared for instant flight, for they knew this was their only chance for safety, as a large force would soon be on their trail.

Some of the Mexican cavalry, who tied their horses, and were not close to them when the onset was made, ran away without mounting, and other horses were found in town. Soon enough were secured to mount the men and by 10 o'clock in the forenoon, they set out for the Rio Grande. Big Foot Wallace secured a fine dun pacing mule which belonged to Captain Arroyo, who had run away and left the mule. By midnight they went fifty miles, made a short halt, fed their horses, then went twelve miles farther, and again halting, slept two hours. Early next morning, they left the main road in order to go around the city of Saltillo. On the 13th they struck the road leading from Saltillo to Monclova, but on the next night abandoned it, and took to the mountains on the left. This was a fatal mistake as events which follow will show.

THE TROUBLE and hardships of these brave men now commenced in earnest. When too late they saw the mistake which they had made. The country was a barren waste of mountains, without water or anything in the shape of food. Six days were spent in trying to get through. The men were perishing with thirst and starvation. Horses were killed and eaten, and their blood drunk by the desperate Texans. Big Foot Wallace killed the fine dun mule of Captain Arroyo, and he and others of his comrades ravenously devoured quantities of it, and quaffed cupfuls of the red blood with a gusto and apparent relish as if they were drinking to one another's health in the saloons of San Antonio.

Sitting around our firesides at home, surrounded by our families and home comforts, we can hardly realize the gravity or horribleness of the situation—the dry lonely canyon, where the horses were killed to sustain human life. The bloody feast, akin to savage orgies, can only be understood rightly by those who participated in it.

They could not long remain here; swarms of cavalrymen with pack mules carrying provisions and water were on their trail. Leaving the remains of the slaughtered horses for the coyotes to finish, the Texans once more plunged into the dark mountains in a vain endeavor to reach the Rio Grande. They were hopelessly lost and once more they began to suffer with thirst. They could no longer keep together as a body. The horses which had not been killed for food were dead or abandoned. Men became delirious, and wandering away died alone in the dry, hot ravines or on top of lofty mountains and huge rocks. They could no longer carry their guns, and they were thrown away, at least most of them, and they toiled on.

Men would sink down with their heads dropped on their breasts, and their feet pointing in the direction they wished to go. Big Foot Wallace had partly dried some of his mule meat in the hot sun, and was carrying it in a haversack, and would from time to time partake of the meat until his thirst became so intense he could no longer do so. His tongue was dry and useless, swelled to the roof of his mouth. Five more days he spent without water, but during that time his legs never failed him. The men now were badly scattered.

Wallace and three companions stayed together and toiled on with faces turned in the direction they thought the Rio Grande to be.

The Mexican cavalry who were on the trail of the fugitive Texans, finally began to come upon those who were behind, and to capture them. When they came up with the main body who had remained together, some of them still carried their guns, and although emaciated and famished until they resembled dead men, refused to surrender except as prisoners of war. This was agreed to by the Mexicans and all were again taken.

Wallace and his three companions, who were Captain Cameron, Tom Davis and James Ogden, were headed off, and captured within 150 yards of a pool of water. They thought from the looks of the country that water was near, and were using their last remaining strength to get to it. The Mexicans doled out the water sparingly to the Texans, fearing they would kill themselves if allowed to drink all they wanted at once. While they were dispensing a small cupful to each man, Wallace noticed a cavalryman near him who had the water gourd which had been taken from him at Mier, and thinking they would all be shot anyway, and rendered desperate by the situation, sprang at him and said in Spanish, "That is my gourd, give it up!"

The Mexican soldier at once complied, saying, "*Pobrecito.*" (Poor fellow.) Wallace turned up the gourd and says that first swallow was the best he ever tasted, and continued to gurgle it down.

Tom Davis ran up to him and said, "Give me some, Foot!" Wallace said he couldn't turn it loose, and Davis was unable to pull the gourd from his mouth.

A Mexican officer said, "Take the water away from that fellow; he will kill himself."

Three or four soldiers then tried to take the gourd from the big Texan but were unable to do so until he had emptied it. After Big Foot had drunk the water, which was near a gallon, he turned and dropped down on his knapsack, and said he never felt so good in his life, and in an instant went to sleep. He had not slept any for five nights. When he fell down the officer said, "See, now he is dead."

It seems that the officers who were in command of this squad were humane, and treated these four prisoners well, even Captain Cameron, and camped here for the night so that the worn men could rest, and occasionally through the night would give them a little more water. Wallace slept all night without moving, and the soldiers thought he would not wake any more, but would die that way. When morning came, Wallace roused up refreshed and hungry, and opening his knapsack, began to make a hearty meal of his remaining mule meat.

Some of the Mexicans said, "Look at that man, he is not dead, watch him eat."

One of them came to him and asked what he was eating. "Mule meat," said Big Foot, as he looked the Mexican in the face.

"Whose mule was it?" was the next question.

"My mule," says Wallace.

"It was not," said the Mexican. "He belonged to Captain Arroyo."

"Why didn't he stay with him then?" said the Texan, as he continued to eat. "He ran off and left him and I got him, so he belonged to me, and when I got hungry, I killed him and ate him. Mule meat is good, better than horse meat."

THE MEXICANS made a diligent search and brought in all they could find in the mountains, but of the 193 who made their escape after the fight at the Hacienda Salado, five died of thirst and starvation, four got through to Texas, and three were never found or heard of.

Stragglers continued to be brought in, and at first all were tied together with ropes, marched in long strings. On the 27th their number had increased to 160, and they were carried to Saltillo, and an order came there from Santa Anna for them to be shot. This the officer in command refused to do, saying he would resign his commission first. The British consul also interfered and had it stopped.

One of the prisoners, James C. Wilson, was a British subject and the consul proposed to set him at liberty, but he refused to accept it, saying he was a Texan and would die with his comrades if necessary. The prisoners were then all ironed and marched back to Salado, the scene of the fight, where they arrived on the 24th of March. Here another order came from Santa Anna, that every tenth man should be shot. The irons were kept on the prisoners, and double guards put around them.

When the prisoners arrived at the scene of their break for liberty, Big Foot and Henry Whaling were near each other, and noticed some Mexicans digging a ditch. Whaling remarked, "That ditch is for us."

These were prophetic words so far as Whaling was concerned, for he drew a black bean, was shot, and put into the ditch along with his unfortunate companions who also drew the fatal beans.

In decimating the prisoners, it was decided by the Mexicans to let them draw lots and each man have a chance for his life. The lots were to be determined by drawing beans. The white beans meaning life, and the black beans meaning death. A pitcher was procured, and ten white beans to one black one were placed in it.

When all was ready, the Texans were marched out a short distance and formed in line, and an officer came up, bearing the fatal pitcher in which were 159 beans and 17 black ones. Few men, even in regular war times, pass through such a fearful ordeal as the men did who drew beans for their lives at Salado.

For a few moments the men stood in silence, and then the drawing commenced. No severer test could have been made of men's nerve than on this occasion. They will rush almost to certain death in the excitement of battle, but to stand and decide their fate in a second by the drawing of a bean was worse than charging the muzzle of a blazing cannon.

The Mexicans were very anxious to kill Captain Cameron and were in hopes he would draw a black bean so they would have some excuse to shoot him. The black beans were placed on top, and Cameron was made to draw first. As he reached for the pitcher which was held high so no one could see into it, one of the captives, William F. Wilson, said, "Dip deep, Captain."

He did so and pulled out a white bean, and then stepped back into line. A look of satisfaction passed over the faces of the Texans for they all loved the brave and unselfish Cameron, but the Mexicans scowled. The drawing went on rapidly, only a few hesitating to pull forth their bean in this terrible game for life. When the time came for Wallace to draw, he stepped up quietly, and reached for the pitcher, but his hand was so large he had some difficulty, and he had to squeeze his hand down to the beans.

Wallace was among the last to draw which made his chances less, as the boys had dipped deep until there was nearly as many black beans as there were white ones. He had to scoop up beans with two fingers on account of their scarcity and crowded position of his hand, but succeeded in getting up two, and held them a few moments feeling of them.

The Mexicans were watching closely, and an officer said to Wallace, "Don't you pull out two; if you do, and one of them is black, you will have to take it."

Big Foot paid no attention to him, but felt of the beans until he discovered that one was a little larger than the other. He let the large one drop, and pulled forth his hand, and between his fingers he held a white bean. He is satisfied the one he dropped was black. The next two men to draw were Wing and Whaling; both drew black beans.

The last three men on the list did not draw, as the 17 black beans were all taken out, and an officer turned up the pitcher and three white beans fell to the ground. Wallace says the vessel they drew the beans from was not a pitcher, but a jar, and that it tapered both ways something like a tenpin.

When Wallace drew his hand out of the vessel, a Mexican officer took hold of it to examine it, and called up others to see how large it was. The prisoners were chained together, two and two, and drew their beans in alphabetical order. The man to whom Wallace was chained was Sensabaugh, and had to draw before his companion. Captain Wallace says if there ever was a Christian, it was this man. He prayed for himself and Big Foot that they might be spared. He drew a white bean, and afterward amid clanking chains in the dark dungeon of Perote, prayed and sang hymns, and thanked God that it was as well with him as it was.

ALTHOUGH the men knew that some were compelled to draw black beans, they could not help showing looks of satisfaction as friend after friend drew beans which gave them life. What keen pangs, however, of sorrow and regret shot through their hearts when the fatal black beans came forth, held by some dear friend or comrade who had stood by them during all the fearful hardships and dangers through which they had passed, but was now compelled to die—shot like a dog, far from home and loved ones.

Most of the men showed the utmost coolness, scarcely a tremor passing over their faces as the drawing progressed. One noted gambler, when his time came to draw, stepped up with a smile, and said, "Boys, this is the highest stake I ever played for." When he drew forth his hand his fingers held a black bean, and without changing the smile on his face, took his place in the death line and remarked, "Just my luck."

As fast as the black beans were drawn out the unfortunate holder was placed in the death line. Sometimes the two chained together would draw black beans, and would not have to be separated, but move together to the fatal line. When one was taken and the other left, the chains were taken off, and the condemned coupled on to one of his companions in distress.

Young Robert Beard was very sick, and had to be held up to draw his bean, but before drawing, requested his brother that if he drew a black bean and himself a white, to exchange with him and he would die in his place, and the well one might live to get back home. His brother would not agree to this, but they both drew white beans and lived to return home.

It is generally believed, and told, that Big Foot Wallace drew two beans at Salado; that one of his comrades, a young fellow, bewailed his situation and expressed his fear that he would draw a black bean in such a way, that Wallace told him to hush and take his bean which he had just drawn, and that he would take another chance.

When the writer asked Captain Wallace in regard to this, he said, "No, I never drew but one, and was terrible glad when I saw that one was white, and had no idea of giving it away." He says this tale likely grew out of the episode of the Beard brothers.

And another thing, he said they could not have done so if they wished, for he heard an officer say that there should be no swapping of beans. M. C. Wing, a young man, was the last man on the list to draw a black bean, and perceptibly affected. He had been very religious when at home, but had left the beaten track of Christianity and had gone sadly astray, and that seemed to trouble him a great deal.

One young fellow, a mere boy, drew a black bean, and giving one appealing look to his comrades, asked them to avenge his death.

"Talking" Bill Moore, when it came his turn to draw, said, "Boys, I had rather draw for a Spanish horse and lose him." He was a lively fellow, and helped to keep up the spirits of the balance. Good fortune favored him, and he drew a white bean. When the drawing was over, and the condemned men stood in the death rank chained two and two together, their roll stood as follows: L. L. Cash, J. D. Cooke, Robert Durham, William N. Eastland, Edward Este, Robert Harris, S. L. Jones, Patrick Mahan, James Ogden, Charles Roberts, William Rowan, J. L. Shepard, (cousin of the writer), J. M. N. Thompson, James N. Torry, James Turnbull, Henry Whaling and W. C. Wing.

Henry Whaling then asked for something to eat, saying, "I do not want to starve and be shot too." Strange to say, the Mexicans complied with his request, and issued him two soldiers' rations which he ate. While the drawing was in progress, some of the petty Mexican officers did everything in their power to annoy and tantalize the wretched men.

When one drew a black bean they would express great sorrow, and tell him to cheer up, better luck next time, when they knew this was his last chance. When all was over, the men stood in silence; not a sound was heard among them. Those in the death line intently watched their captors. When the firing squad was detailed and counted off, some little sign of emotion was visible in the countenances of a few who were to be executed, and so soon had to face the deadly muskets. Their bosoms heaved and the breath came short and quick. Others stood as calm as if on parade.

The irons were taken off of them, and they were led away to execution, bidding their comrades farewell as they marched off. Many tears were seen running down the emaciated and sunburnt faces of their more fortunate companions as they responded to this last goodbye.

WHEN they arrived at the place of execution, the Texans asked permission to be shot in front, but were refused. Henry Whaling tried to get them not to blindfold him, saying he wanted to look at the man who shot him and show them how a Texan could die. This, however, was also refused. The Mexicans stood close to their backs when they fired, and all fell to the ground. The soldiers then stripped them, and piled up their bodies like cordwood. They were all dead but one, J. L. Shepard. He was only wounded in the shoulder, but went through the process of being stripped and piled up without showing any signs of life, and when the soldiers left, made his escape to the mountains. Here he remained ten days suffering with hunger and his festering wound, but was again captured, brought back, and executed.

Some say that James C. Wilson, the English subject, made his escape before the drawing of the beans, but Captain Wallace says it was after. No doubt the British Consul interfered to liberate him, but he would not accept it. He lived to return to Texas and lived many years honored and respected and died in Gonzales County. Wilson County was named for him. His son, Judge James C. Wilson lived in Karnes County, and was district judge of his district.

After the execution of the unfortunate Texans, the survivors were started out heavily ironed for the City of Mexico. All that were able had to walk, and it is impossible to describe what they suffered. They were carried through all the principal cities on the route, driven like so many cattle, and almost starved. They were derided, hooted at, and maltreated all the way by the populace.

The shackles on Big Foot Wallace were too small and cut deep into the flesh. His arms swelled and turned black and, when they arrived at San Luis Potosi, the governor's wife came to look at the prisoners and noticed the condition of Wallace. Her woman's sympathies were at once aroused, and she ordered the chains to be taken off. The officer in command refused to do this, saying only the governor had authority to give such an order. She replied to this that she was the governor's wife and ordered him again to take them off.

This time he complied, and sent for a blacksmith who removed them. The good woman then bathed the black and swollen arms with brandy with her own hands and seeing others of the prisoners suffering also who had gathered around, ordered the blacksmith to take the chains off of all of them. Before she did this, however, she asked the officer in command if he was afraid of his prisoners without chains on and he said, "No!" When all this was accomplished, Wallace told her she ought to be President of Mexico.

On the march to the capital after the chains had been taken off, Big Foot made good use of his long arms as he passed through the towns. He would reach and get cakes and tamales off the stands of vendors of these things. The owners would make a great outcry but the Mexican soldiers only laughed. Sometimes they would meet one carrying a tray or board of good things on his head but Wallace was so much taller than the little squatty Mexican that he could reach down and get a handful of things without the owner knowing it. Big Foot with his gaunt form and long arms was a great curiosity to them. He could pass one of those stands and then reach back and get the article from it.

When they arrived at a little Indian village, 18 miles from the City of Mexico, an order came from Santa Anna to shoot Captain Ewing Cameron. This was kept secret from the balance of the prisoners for fear they would make an outbreak. They took Cameron that night and put him in a room alone, and the balance of the men were huddled together in a small cell where they almost suffocated. They had suspicion, however, from their transactions that Cameron was to be shot, and next morning when they were all marched out to a tank to wash, each man filled his bosom full of rocks determined to fight for their beloved captain, and die with him if an attempt was made on his life.

The guards asked why they were getting the rocks and they were told it was for ballast so they could walk better. They made no attempt to take them away—in fact they were afraid to, as they could see the men looked desperate. The march was at once taken up early in the morning. The prisoners asked about their captain and if he was to be killed, but the Mexicans said no, and for them to go, that he would come on soon. When the prisoners got one mile from this place on rising ground they heard a platoon of gunfire back at the town and they knew that the gallant Cameron had met his fate.

It was a refinement of cruelty on the part of Santa Anna to have Cameron executed after he had drawn a white bean. He met his fate unflinchingly and died as none but the brave can die.

Before arriving at the capital the captives were again put in irons and convict garb placed upon them. In this condition and with grand display they were marched into the historic city of the Montezumas.

BEFORE leaving San Antonio, Wallace had some shirts made which came down nearly to his ankles, and when he wore his pants out until little more than the waistband was left, the Mexicans thought he was a priest and occasionally along the route before donning the convict suit, some of them would call him Padre and run out and give him a piece of tortilla. It was dry and hard, but Wallace would soon mash it up between his teeth and relish it.

While being conveyed up the streets of the capital the populace was unusually noisy, hooting, yelling and offering many insults. One old woman, (squaw, Wallace called her) singled him out for her special taunts and jeers. She was very ugly with a long grizzled neck and would come in front of him, grin, and make all kinds of wry faces. The shackled Texan was almost desperate with the smarting of his chains, and would have struck her if his hands had been loose, but as this was out of the question, he watched his chance, and when her back was turned, sprang at her and caught the back of her neck with his teeth, thinking he would bite a piece out. The old woman squalled like a panther, and jerked loose.

Big Foot says that was the toughest meat he ever tried to bite. He could make no impression on it and his teeth slipped off and popped like a horse pulling his foot out of a bog. The soldiers laughed very heartily at this, ridiculed the old woman and bravoed the tall Gringo.

The British had a good deal to say about the killing of Cameron and talked to Santa Anna face to face, bitterly condemning his action. It must be remembered that Texas did not belong to the United States at that time and was a republic. The United States had nothing to do in regard to protecting citizens of Texas. The new republic was not able to invade Mexico and release her citizens.

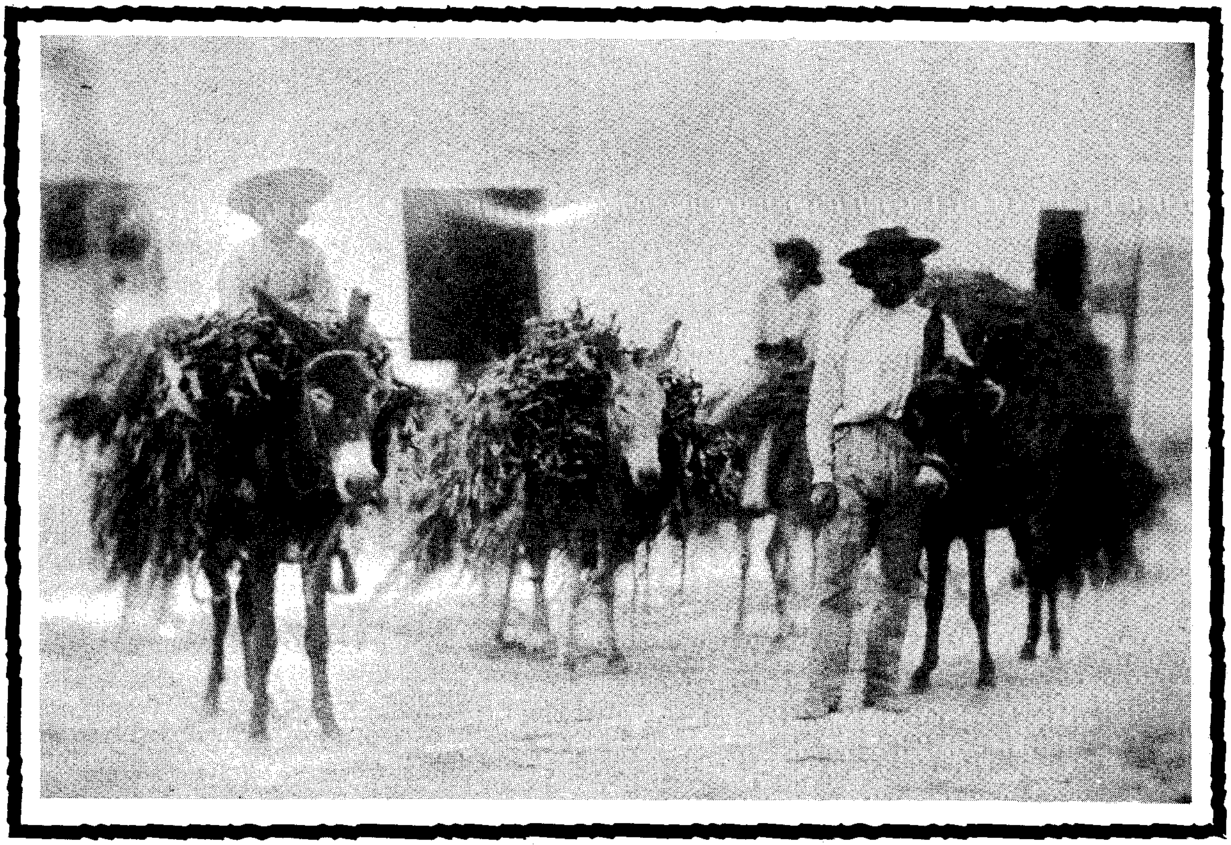
The Texas prisoners arrived in the city of Mexico on the first of May and remained there until the following October. During this time they were confined and closely guarded at night and worked with chains on during the day.

Part of their work was to carry sand in sacks to make a fine road up to the Bishop's Palace where Santa Anna lived. The work was slow and tedious, walking the lock step with chains around their ankles. Even at this, however, the Texans played off a good deal by punching their sacks full of holes and letting the sand run out as they went along so that when they arrived at the dumping ground the load had become very light. Part of the time the prisoners worked at Molino del Rey, one and a half miles from the city, and here four prisoners escaped by scaling a wall. They were Samuel H. Walker, James C. Wilson and one Thompson and Gatis. It was late in the evening just before sundown, and all the prisoners had been brought in for the night and placed in different rooms, but all surrounded by a wall. Before the regular guard was put on for the night (which was always doubled), the four men above mentioned scaled the wall while the sentinel's back was turned.

The man Thompson had played off on the march by wrapping bloody rags, which he had secured some way, around his foot and leg, limping and making the most terrible faces. The Mexicans let him ride all the way and he had not been

Donkey Boys on the streets of San Antonio

Helen Reynolds Collection



able to work much on account of his leg; falling and tumbling about every time he tried to walk. The men all knew that Thompson was putting on, and that there was nothing the matter with his leg, and Wallace said he had rather walk, or work either, than to make faces and contortions that Thompson went through with.

When the sentinel came into the room where he had left the prisoners a few moments before and found it empty, the truth flashed across his mind at once, and bringing the butt of his gun down on the floor with considerable force, exclaimed, "*Caraja.*" He, however, did not report the loss and it was not found out until next morning, then no one knew how it occurred.

What mostly surprised the Mexicans was that the crippled man had got away—scaled a wall when they did not think he was able to step over a rock a foot high. The four all made their way back to Texas. In October the prisoners were sent to Perote, distant about 300 miles from the capital. They had to walk all the way, but without chains on. Here they were confined in the damp, loathsome dungeon of Perote, and the air was so foul that forty of them died. Wallace, with ten others, went wild and had to be tied down. All died but Wallace, and he was tied down fourteen days. The Mexican doctors who were in attendance had their assistants rub Big Foot to bring back circulation, and in doing so, pulled a plaster off his sore back, and he knocked the Mexican who did it clear across the room.

SEEING they would all die if too closely confined, they were carried out to work during the day—Wallace with the balance as soon as he was able. They were hitched twenty-five to a cart and made to haul rocks from the mountains down to town. During this time the Texans let three carts accidently get the start of them and run off a high bluff and smash to pieces. They hitched Wallace to a cart alone on one occasion to haul some sand, and a spirit of devilment coming over him, he pretended to get scared at something, ran away, and could not be stopped until he had demolished the cart. It was a funny sight to the Mexicans to see a man running away with a cart who could not be stopped or headed off until it was overturned, and they gave way to loud peals of laughter.

During this long confinement one of Jack Hays' old Rangers named Joe Davis, conceived the idea of digging under the dungeon wall which was five feet in thickness and twenty-two feet more to get under the foundation. There were twenty-seven confined in this apartment, and all agreed to the plan and they went to work, digging at night and hiding their dirt as best they could. Some of the dirt was carried out in their clothing as they went to work on the streets and scattered gradually so as to escape detection. In this way they succeeded in digging under and out. This made a hole of forty-four feet they had to dig to get under and out but they did it and twenty-four of them succeeded in getting clear.

The plot was discovered soon after they got through. Wallace heard the men were all getting out of that room and he went there to get through also, and found the room full of Mexican officers and soldiers and had to give it up. Four of those who got out were recaptured and brought back and chains put on all again. They were also compelled to work hard and nearly starved. Many weary nights now passed away and clanking chains could be heard at all hours. Many rats invaded their prison den and so near starved were the men, the rats were caught and eaten. The rats would run up the wall to the little cross-barred window where the sentinel stood and going through would drop into the dungeon. When the rat was heard to hit the floor there would be a lively rattling of chains as each man tried to catch him. Captain Wallace says they were looked upon as a extra dish and when several could be secured, they would save them for Sunday and have the cook to make a pot of soup, which was greatly enjoyed by the prisoners.

The captain in command here was a wooden-legged fellow with a long Mexican name which the Texans could not pronounce easily, and the more irreverent ones of them called him "Limping Jesus." He would come in to inspect the cells with a great splutter of official dignity, and one of the men drew a perfect picture of him on the wall which made him very angry and he had it effaced.

If all the minute particulars were written of the interesting incidents through which the captive Texans passed, it would fill a large volume. The main points have been given, and enough of minor details, to give the reader a clear conception of the ordeal. The pathetic incidents were occasionally interspersed with the ludicrous, which broke the monotony of prison life and suffering.

ON ONE occasion while Big Foot was crazed, and fighting, and trying to tear everything in his reach, two young Mexican women of the higher or wealthy class, expressed a great desire to see the wild Texan. They made known their wish to the Padre of the city, and he promised to go with them to the prison. When they arrived at the entrance and the guards threw back the prison door, the damsels drew back alarmed when they heard the clanking chains of the prisoners. The good Father assured them, however, that there was no danger, that trusty guards were at hand, and the "*Mucho Grande Loco Americano*" was unusually docile.

In the meantime some of the Texans who had seen the party enter and caught on to the import of their visit, went and informed Wallace who was lying on a cot. He at once raised up to a sitting position with his feet on the floor and completely enveloped himself in a sheet except his eyes, and looked as much like a ghost as possible. When the party came up in front of Wallace, and the shy maidens were tremblingly viewing *el loco hombre* (the mad man), Big Foot threw off his sheet and uttering a yell that would have made a Comanche Indian turn pale, sprang at them.

With one long wailing scream of terror and despair, the two Mexican girls sank to the floor and Wallace caught one of them by the foot. Great excitement now prevailed. The guards rushed in and seized Wallace and tried to loosen his grip on the girl, but not being able to do so, dragged Wallace and the girl about over the cell in a vain endeavor to pull him loose. The girl still screamed and Big Foot uttered growls and roars like a caged lion. The Mexican soldiers cursed and threatened to cut him loose with their sabres while the priest hopped about and called on all the saints both small and great that were laid down in his catechism. To add to the excitement of the scene, the Texans were rattling their chains and with upraised manacled hands threatening the soldiers if they used their sabres on Wallace.

At last in sheer desperation the priest sprang upon Wallace himself and the tension on his muscles was so great as the soldiers continued to drag them about, that he was compelled to turn loose and was carried to his couch, while the girl fairly flew from the prison with her disheveled hair streaming behind her. The other girl had vamosed. The priest went out with a quick step and flushed face.

During all these tedious months of captivity, friends in the United States were using their best endeavors to have the prisoners liberated. The young Republic of Texas was not able alone to send an invading army into Mexico and strike the chains from her citizens, but did all she could in conjunction with others to have it done by the Mexican authorities. The wife of Santa Anna, who was an invalid and a good woman, pleaded with the stern dictator for their release. He was greatly attached to her and would grant almost anything she asked.

Not long after this, four of the prisoners were released through the intervention of influential friends in the United States. These four were Big Foot Wallace, Thomas Tatum, James Armstrong and Wm. F. Wilson. Wallace was liberated through his father and Governor McDowell of Virginia. Their plantations joined and the two families were friends of long standing.

Thomas Tatum, who was a native of Tennessee, gained his liberty through the influence of General Jackson. William F. Wilson, who was also a native of Virginia, was released through the influence of Governor McDowell. The chains dropped from the manacled wrists of James Armstrong through the good offices of Thomas Benton of Missouri.

On the 5th day of August, 1844, the four men in question walked out from the dark Perote dungeon free men, after twenty-two months. On the same day the wife of Santa Anna died—loved and regretted by every Texan who wore the chains in Mexico.

As to the balance of the prisoners, suffice it to say that soon after the death of the president's wife, the president gave orders for all of the Texas prisoners to be liberated. He had promised his wife on her dying bed that he would do so, and let it go to Santa Anna's credit that for once in life he kept his promise.

WHEN Big Foot and his three companions once more breathed free air they set out on foot in the hot broiling sun for Vera Cruz having one dollar apiece which was given them by the prison officials to defray their expenses out of the country. On the route they passed through the city of Jalapa, one of the cleanest and nicest Wallace says he ever saw.

The Mexicans treated them kindly along the route when convinced that they were not French. One woman gave Wallace water and fanned him when he came to her door nearly dead with heat after a long tramp across a sandy plain.

When they arrived at Vera Cruz the people were dying by the hundreds with yellow fever and they could not find a ship bound for New Orleans where they intended going. One ship had left just before they arrived. Eleven days they had to remain there, and then had to board a condemned ship to get away. The vessel was bound for dry dock at New Orleans and commanded by a South Sea Islands captain. It had been a French merchant ship and was very large. The captain said if they were Mier prisoners he would not charge them anything.

By the time they got aboard and underway, Wallace and his crowd and six sailors had the yellow fever. The old captain of the ship was not alarmed at this, for he said he could cure them if they would take his medicine. His first treatment was an average bottle of castor oil, which he required them to take by two doses a short time apart. His next was a bitter concoction made of red looking roots which he brought from the South Sea Islands. Captain Wallace says the roots looked like radishes. Before they arrived at New Orleans the sick men had all recovered, and were able to eat full rations.

Friends had deposited funds at New Orleans for Wallace and his companions to draw upon, and on this Wallace had contracted for their rations on board during the passage. A man named Young had charge of the commissary department, but failed to issue them sailor's rations as per contract. This so enraged Wilson after they got so they could eat, that he took hold of Young one morning and tried to throw him overboard, and would have done so but for the intervention of Wallace. Wilson had Young nearly over when Wallace caught hold of him and pulled him back saying, "It will never do to be arrested for drowning such a rascal as he is."

When the ship arrived at New Orleans, Young reported them as mutineers and tried hard to have the whole party arrested. When the authorities found out the nature of the case, they said the men ought to have sent him overboard. Wallace gave the captain an order on the prisoners' fund for their passage which the captain did not want to take, but Wallace insisted, and bidding him farewell, they separated in the streets of New Orleans.

Captain Wallace had an old schoolmate in the city named William Morehead, who was a lieutenant in the police force, and through him Wallace also obtained a position on the force. Big Foot only served three weeks in this business, but in that time made $800 catching runaway Negroes that rewards were offered for. He also had some stirring adventures.

On one occasion a desperate sailor, belonging to an English vessel, was doing up the town, and Wallace and Morehead went to arrest him. They soon found one man whose face was mashed into a pulp, and the bloodiest man Wallace says he ever saw. When they came upon the bellicose individual who was putting such ugly faces on people he squared himself for a fight and wanted to know their authority for demanding his surrender. For reply they showed him their clubs.

The police clubs in those days were called colts and different to those now in use. They were heavily leaded and a most formidable weapon. The man went with them a short distance, when they both took hold of him, but suddenly he struck Morehead a fearful blow on the right jaw and knocked him down. Before Wallace could do anything, he received a lick which he partially dodged, but which nearly tore his ear loose from the eft side of his head.

At the same time Wallace brought his club down with terrific force on the fellow's head which cut his cap in twain and brought him to the sidewalk. Big Foot then reeled and fell himself from the effects of the blow which he had just received. This was all done in a few seconds, and the trio was on the ground together. Moorehead was the first to get up, and planted his heels in the desperado's face.

Wallace also got to his feet feeling pretty rickety, but laid hold of him and the two dragged the tough sailor about a block. Here they met a boy who said he was on the same ship with the prisoner and that the man was a deserter. In the office he made an attempt to escape, striking one man in the stomach, knocking him straight up in the air, and he came down on his head. Before the desperado could do anything more Wallace knocked him down with his club and he was dragged in and made fast in the stocks.

Morehead made a complaint for the lick struck him and wanted $75 damages. When Wallace was asked what he would put in for damages he said, "Nothing," and continued, " if two big men like myself and Morehead cannot handle one man I have no complaint to make." The old Captain still wears the sign of this lick.

Officers of the ship to which this fellow belonged were notified of his arrest and six marines, armed with cutlasses, were sent to bring him back to his vessel. It was learned that this man had been a prizefighter and Wallace says he was the hardest-fleshed man he ever had his hands on and his muscles were as hard as rocks.

Wallace says there was one clerk on the force named Everett who gave him an account one day of being cut in the side by a man with a pocket knife in 1837. Wallace knew he was the man who did it, but said nothing.

BIG FOOT soon got tired of the city and once more craved to roam through the woods and over the prairies of Texas, and soon after the episode with the prizefighter, left New Orleans, and again took ship for Galveston, Texas. He arrived without incident this time, but did not remain long, going from there to La Grange in an ox wagon. He was not satisfied to stay here, and got in with a man named Carr, who was going to take a drove of cattle to San Antonio. The trip was made without incident and the cattle delivered on the river below town.

Wallace stayed in San Antonio awhile, met up with old friends and comrades, but finally decided to settle on the Medina River and farm some.

In 1845 Wallace erected his cabin on the banks of the Medina River and once more enjoyed the solitude of the great West. Near Wallace's camp stood an old cannon carriage which had been abandoned by Santa Anna's army when they invaded Texas.

It was no trouble to get game; it was on every side. Deer, turkey, bear, panther, leopard and wildcat, and smaller game without end. Panthers were so numerous that he could not hang up a piece of meat outside of the cabin but they would get it. When Wallace would find a lot of young panthers he would take a club and kill them like kittens. If they were large enough to climb a tree, he would climb after them with a club and knock them out so the dogs could kill them. In one season there, he killed 142 of these animals up and down the Medina River.

Sometimes the Indians were friendly, and at other times they were not, and during their hostile season he had to be on the keen lookout and was in danger all the time, living alone most of the time as he was. On one occasion he was out on foot some distance from home and came upon a band of hostile Indians in a wooded country. The Indians were all on foot also, but at once gave chase. Wallace aimed his rifle and killed one and then fled. After running about three miles and leaving the Indians some distance behind, and his wind getting short, he entered a ravine and loaded his rifle thinking there to make his stand and fight them, feeling he could run no farther. The yells of the Indians, however, as they drew near, put new life into him, and leaving cover, he ran three miles more and escaped them.

Many sick men came from San Antonio to the camp of Wallace to eat wild roasted meat. Some got well, but others died who were too far gone to recover. One Lieutenant Casey of the Army was brought out there in the last stages of consumption. When Wallace looked at him he told his friends who brought him that his case was hopeless, remarking, "I can't bring the dead to life." He died in a few days, and his remains were sent back to New York. One Doctor Foster, however, who was so low and weak when he came that he could not talk above a whisper, recovered and left Wallace fat and in good health and went to California.

At this time the Germans were settling at Castroville above Wallace's camp on the Medina, and Wallace was of great advantage to them as guide and trailer after hostile Indians who carried off their stock. The writer has been among these people a good deal collecting West Texas history, and the old fellows all have a good word to say about Big Foot Wallace, and tell many interesting incidents of their trips with him.

Mr. Peter Jungman, who now lives at Castroville, says that on one occasion himself, his brother John and some others were on a scout with Big Foot. Night came on and they stopped to camp. It was in Indian times and no fire was made.

When night closed down it had the appearance of rain, and Wallace approached an overhanging rock nearby, and expressed his intention of sleeping under there. Others said they would too, and began to gather up their blankets, but about this time the warning sounds of a rattlesnake was heard where they contemplated passing the night, and all drew back except Wallace. He picked up a stick and said, "Old fellow, you have got to vacate, I'm going to sleep here," and rustled the rattler, and with the stick thrashed him off into the brush telling him to "Git! git!" with each blow, and then put his gun and blankets under, crawled under himself, and went to sleep.

On another occasion a young man named Phil Hodge, who now lives in Sabinal Canyon, went out with Big Foot to hunt horses. They carried no provisions along, and hunted all day without dinner. At sundown they were eight miles from the ranch, and young Hodge was terribly hungry and thinking how long it would be yet before they could get anything, when Wallace stopped his horse under a live oak tree and dismounting said, "I guess this will do, Phil. You make a fire while I go and get something for supper."

The horses were staked out, Phil gathered wood, and Wallace, taking his gun, went to some thick timber several hundred yards off. At dusk the crack of the rifle was heard and Wallace soon came back with a large turkey gobbler. This he split open, putting each half on a large forked stick, giving Hodge one to cook and he took the other. When it was cooked the old pioneer ate nearly all of his half without bread or salt, and then lay down on his saddle blanket and slept soundly until daybreak; then was up ready to finish his turkey and be off again. Hodge followed suit in all of these.

AS A FARMER on the Medina, Wallace was not successful. He made several failures. In one crop he got Jeff Bond to go in with him, and planted forty acres in corn, but it was a dry year, and the corn failed except nine nubbins.

One day while Jeff was away, Wallace determined to have the benefit of those nine small roasting ears before they got too hard to eat, and went out and gathered them. He cut the corn all nicely off the cob, then putting some bear grease in the frying pan, cooked it. When he went to sit down to his repast the thought struck him that Jeff owned a half interest in that crop, and should have his part, so he drew a line through the fried corn and only ate his side, and put the balance away for his partner.

The absent man, however, did not get his share at last. Sam Lytle came along hungry and finished it despite the protest of Big Foot, who told him how the case stood. The Lytles had moved in there and settled on the Medina, below. Charley Lytle died and was buried there, and his dog would not leave his grave. Wallace would go from his cabin every day and carry the dog something to eat. The dog would sit by the grave and look at it as if he expected his master to come out.

After the country began to settle, many people got lost, and Wallace would hunt for them, and was always successful. A little girl was lost once, and Big Foot hunted several days, but there was so much prickly pear and chaparral the child was hard to find. One evening, however, he saw a Mexican quihi (eagle) light on the ground on the side of a rocky hill, and going to the spot, found the child, but it was dead. On another occasion Sam Lytle, then a boy, got lost, and Wallace found him.

A man named Jones had a fight with the Indians at his house, and told Wallace that he shot two of them badly, and his dogs tore up another. Wallace took the trail of the Indians, although the trail was old, and found two dead braves covered up with leaves and sticks. Wallace knew Indians ways so well, it was not difficult for him to find their camp or their dead if they lost any in battle.

During his stay on the Medina, Wallace made one fine crop of corn and sold it for a good price. He also served under Jack Hays again as a Ranger and their camp was near the cabin of Wallace, so he was home and in the service, too.

The Lipan Indians were friendly then and lived on the Francisco west of the Medina. Their chief was named Juan Castro, after his father of the same name, who served in the Spanish Army in Mexico and got his name there. The old chief died near Austin.

The chief who lived on Francisco had a daughter named Chepeta who often came with others to the cabin of Wallace, and was very fond of him. Wallace treated her well, and taught her to speak English. She called him "Mucho Grande Capetan Wallaky."

While Big Foot Wallace was a Ranger, a treaty was made with the Comanche Indians at Fort Belknap, and a portion of the men under Hays was sent there to be on hand in case of a rupture. Ad Gillespie, one of the Rangers, was along who had been in the fight at the Pinto Trail Crossing of the Guadalupe and on that occasion had shot an Indian in a hand to hand struggle, and in turn had been lanced by the Comanche. Each thought the other could not survive the wound that had been given when the drawn battle was over, and both quit the field.

While the treaty was in progress, Gillespie laid down and went to sleep. Wallace soon after noticed an Indian standing near and intently gazing on the face of the sleeping Ranger. Not knowing what his intentions were, Big Foot walked up and asked the Comanche why he looked at the sleeping man. The Indian told of the fight at the Pinto Trail Crossing and, showing the scar where he was wounded, said he was the man who did it. He also said he wounded the white man with a lance, and could put his finger on the spot. Wallace told him to do so. He complied and said, "There," as he indicated a place with his finger. Gillespie now woke up, and Wallace said, "Take a look at your old partner, Ad." Explanations followed and Gillespie, laughing, said, "He must be the chap," and showed the old lance wound. The Comanche took off his blanket and showed the bullet wound on his brawny chest.

The treaties which were made with the hostile Indians at that and other times were not of long duration. The Indians would steal horses and that would bring on a collision again between them and the whites, and all would soon be on the warpath again. The treaties really did no good, and only caused the settlers to be off their guard when the Indians came on a raid.

WHEN the Mexican war of 1846 broke out, Jack Hays raised a regiment of Rangers for service in Mexico. Many of his old comrades raised companies for the regiment. Among those were Kit Ackland, Mike Chevalier, Ad Gillespie, Ben McCulloch and others. Samuel H. Walker, who figured in the Mier Expedition, was Lieutenant Colonel. Wallace joined the company of Gillespie, and went out as 2nd Lieutenant.

This regiment of Texas troops did good service in Mexico. Many of them had old scores to settle. Only three years before, some in the regiment had drawn for their lives, and worked on the streets in chains. Wallace recognized several places during the campaign where he had toiled along the dusty road in chains, footsore and nearly starved.

Wallace was in all the fighting around Monterrey, and in the desperate assault on the Bishop's Palace where his captain was killed. Early on that foggy morning, when the demonstrations were to be made on the palace, Captain Gillespie and Lieutenant Wallace went close to the walls of the fort to investigate. While they were there the fog lifted; Wallace fired and killed a Mexican sergeant who was standing near. About this time Gillespie slipped on a rock, fell against the wall of the fort, and was shot by a sentinel. The ball struck the pistol lock of the Captain, and, splitting, one half of it went through his body. Wallace conveyed him to the road, out of the battle which was now coming on.

The Mexicans made a bold fight, but were finally routed, and their cannon all dismounted. They have some superstition about their defeat at the Bishop's Palace, and the old rusty cannons are still lying where the Americans dismounted them. Soldiers are on duty there day and night, and have been ever since the battle.

Captain Gillespie lived twenty-two hours after being wounded, and suffered a great deal, being shot through the bowels. He drank water all the time, but morphine was administered and he died easy.

At the winding up of the battle while the bugles were sounding a parley, and the Mexicans were surrendering, Wallace was seen to aim his gun at a Mexican who had a flag. Officers interfered, and one of them said, "Lieutenant, don't you know a parley when you hear it blowed?"

Wallace said, "No! Not when I am in front of *that* man!" The Mexican in question was the man who held the bean pot when the Texans were drawing for their lives at Salado, and called up other Mexicans to look at the big hand of Wallace, and in various ways tantalized the wretched man. Wallace now accosted him in thundering tones and asked him if he had any bean lottery here now.

"Look at that hand. Do you know it? Ever seen it before?"

The Mexican said, "No."

"Yes, you did," said Big Foot and called the others to look at it. He then cursed the Mexican for all the lowdown cowards he could think of, who only hung his head and, as Wallace expressed it, "looked like a coyote."

Part of the Rangers were sent back to Texas for frontier protection after Taylor's battles were over, and of this lot was Wallace, and when his term of enlistment was out he went back to his old cabin on the Medina.

IN 1848, Joseph Blair Wallace, brother of Big Foot, arrived from the old home in Virginia, and they had a fine time together hunting and scouting. Joseph served three months as a Ranger, but his eyesight being defective, he soon afterward returned to Virginia, leaving a fine flintlock rifle with Big Foot.

Although the Indians who lived on the Francisco had been friendly, the time came when they had trouble with the white settlers who had commenced to settle west of the Medina, and which ended in an open rupture. A fight or two took place, and the Lipans moved into the mountain country toward the Northwest, and made many raids on the whites. In one of these raids they got a mule and horse belonging to Big Foot Wallace, besides many horses and mules belonging to other settlers. This was in 1848.

The pioneers naturally looked to Wallace to lead them against the Indians and were surprised at his delay, for a month passed away before he took any steps to follow and chastise them. He said the Indians soon after a raid would be on the watch out and hard to surprise and that he wanted to wait until they fancied they were not to be followed and were careless, and then "pounce" upon them.

When the Lipans arrived at their camp which was at what is now called "Frio Water Hole," Chepeta, the chief's daughter, recognized the horse and mule of Wallace and was greatly agitated, and warned her people to look out—that Big Foot would be after them sure.

When Wallace thought the time had arrived to go on an expedition against the Indians, the first thing he did in getting ready was to mount his horse and wend his way through the chaparral and prickly pear many miles toward the southwest until he pulled rein at the cabin door of his friend, Edwin Dixon Westfall, who lived the life of a hermit on the bank of the Leona River far in advance of civilization.

Westfall was equal to Wallace or any other partisan leader as guide, trailer or fighter. He was tall, straight, and strong of limb, and had no mortal fear of man or beast. He and Big Foot had been on many dangerous trips together, and each knew the courage and ability of the other.

Westfall saw Wallace as soon as the latter emerged from the brush and entered the clearing of several acres surrounding the cabin. When Wallace approached, he cried out, "Hello, Foot! Git down. Glad to see you."

"Same to you," was the reply. "What's the news?"

As they shook hands, Westfall answered, "Nothing stirring here. What's the matter down the country?"

"Indians!" said Wallace.

The two friends sat up late that night, and Wallace gave particulars of the Lipan raid, his plans for the expedition, and explained the help that was expected from Westfall. The latter was more than willing to go; he had heard of the raid, and was surprised that Wallace had not been after them before now, but said it was all right, that they would "catch them napping."

No great amount of preparation was necessary. A few more bullets moulded, powder horn replenished, and all was ready for the start early next morning. The two pioneers wended their way back a distance of fifty miles to the cabin of Big Foot, and soon began to raise men for the Indian hunt.

Westfall's ranch was on the Leona, thirty miles below the present town of Uvalde, and was completely isolated from the balance of the world. Wallace and Westfall raised about thirty men, and the start was made toward the northwest. All trails by this time had been obliterated, and the Indians had to be searched for.

The route lay up the Medina to where Bandera is now, then across through the famous Pass of Bandera, and over into the Guadalupe Valley, up that stream past where Kerrville is now, and out to the head of the Guadalupe River. Wallace knew that if he could get within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles of the hostile camp he could find it. Hunting parties would be out in various directions, and if he crossed their trails, the main body could be found.

At the head of the Guadalupe, Indian sign was plentiful, some being quite fresh. Wallace secreted his men and horses, and he and Westfall went alone and on foot. An old trail, but large, was discovered going into the direction of the head draws on the Frio River in a southwest course. Numerous single trails were seen going in the same direction and, late in the evening, a lone Indian was discovered riding across the divide south. Wallace, also, with a spy glass, detected a smoke in a valley and the forms of two Indians about it. They were squaws smoking bees out of a tree and getting the honey.

Wallace was now satisfied that the Lipans were in camp at some watering place either at the head of Sabinal River or the Frio. Buffalo still ranged over the divide and across the prairies west of the Llano country, and no doubt the Indians had been chasing and scattering them, hence the numerous small trails which seemed to be converging toward a general center.

Wallace and His Trusted Gun

THE TWO SCOUTS went back to the men and remained there that night, but early next morning got out of the canyon and cut across the rocky divide in a post oak and black jack country toward the head of the Frio, going clear around the draws of the Medina, Seco and Sabinal, which all head close together against the divide which runs between these streams and the South Llano and its tributaries. Also on the south side of this divide, head the two Frios, Nueces and many small creeks.

The divide is undulating, interspersed with timber and prairie, and all covered with rocks. Unmistakable signs of the near approach to an Indian encampment were seen at various places and about noon a smoke was again seen.

The men were now in the timber, and the smoke was a little south of them at the head of the east prong of the main Frio.

Wallace now enjoined the utmost caution on the part of the men, and led them down an open draw with timbered ridges on both sides. Soon a noise of numerous horses moving was heard on the ridge to the south and Wallace, quickly dismounting, handed his bridle rein to a man, told the balance to halt, and lightly ran up the incline until he could look over. Here he discovered a large drove of horses moving through the timber, followed by two Indian boys.

Big Foot took in the situation at once. These horses belonged to the Indian encampment, had been carried out to graze, and were now being driven to water. The camp was close. The smoke was coming out of a draw close by, and the horses were going straight toward it, and even now some of them had begun to disappear into it. Wallace trotted back to his men, hastily informed them of the situation; said this was the time to charge, and mounting his horse, dashed up the ridge, Westfall at his side, and the balance following. His idea was to charge in behind the loose horses so that the clatter they made would drown the noise made by their own horses, and more effectually surprise the Indians.

It was as Wallace had anticipated. Never before were Indians more surprised. The two young Indians fled in another direction without giving the alarm. The Indians' camp was in a draw of the Frio at a large waterhole fed by a spring, and the Indians were all engaged in a feast of buffalo meat which hunters had brought in. Their shields and bows were lying about on the ground or hanging in trees when the onset was made.

The settlers went into the camp on horseback at a full running charge, making a great deal of noise and stampeding the Indians' horses, which greatly added to the confusion.

Just as they entered the camp, the mare ridden by Wallace struck her foot against a rock and fell, throwing him over her head. Big Foot lit on his feet half bent, such was his momentum, and could not check up for several yards. He came near butting an Indian in the stomach with his head, who had commenced to run away. Wallace had brought the gun which his brother had left with him on this trip, a strong, heavy flintlock rifle, and before he got erect, aimed it at the Indian and attempted to fire. But instead of exploding the piece, the flint flew to atoms. In vain the Indians tried to rally and get into position to fight. They were overrun and crushed by Westfall and the balance of the men, and soon scattered in wild flight.

Great confusion prevailed. Nearly 200 head of horses and mules were stampeding around them. Rifles were cracking, Indians yelling, and whistling bullets cut the air on every side. Wallace was furious, time and again he tried to fire his rifle, and almost placed the muzzle of the piece against the Indians who were running by him and ascending the hill in his rear toward the deep gorges of the Frio.

During this wild scene he heard a shrill voice screaming, "El Capetan! El Capetan! Wallaky! Wallaky!" It was the voice of Chepeta, as she came bounding like a deer through the stampeding horses and fighting men, to the side of Wallace for protection. He told her to take hold of the tail of his buckskin hunting shirt and swing on to him and she would be safe. She did so during the balance of the fight, turning and whirling as he did. During this time, however, Wallace said there was one man so green that it was a wonder that the cows had not eaten him ere this.

Seeing the action of Chepeta, he ran up and aiming his gun at her, exclaimed, "Look! Wallace, Look! There is one got hold of your coat tail!" and would have shot her had not the girl with dexterous movement kept Wallace between herself and the deadly rifle. Big Foot turned on the man and yelled, "Dern you, can't you see this is a girl and not trying to hurt me?"

THE FIGHT was not of long duration. The Indians were soon scattered and out of sight, except ten who were killed. At the wind-up of the battle, Wallace saw an Indian on foot some distance off, carrying a gun in his hand, and with a shield between his shoulders. There was one corner of Wallace's flint left, so aiming high, he took a last chance at him. To his surprise, the gun fired and the Indian fell. The ball struck his shield near the top and having a solid brace against the back, went through and broke the Indian's spine, killing him instantly. Wallace got his gun, a very good flintlock, and afterward had it changed to a percussion. Many shields, bows and moccasins were obtained. One shield was decorated with the caudle appendages of two rattlesnakes which had thirty-two rattles each upon them.

The horses and mules, 190 in number, were collected, but Wallace's mule and horse were not there. Chepeta said some of the Indians had them on a buffalo hunt. The Indian maid bewailed the slaughter of her people, but Wallace told her "not to take on," and stay there until some of them came back. She was left in camp with one old squaw.

In 1849, while Captain Wallace was living on the Medina, the cholera broke out and raged fearfully in San Antonio. Wallace had some friends living in town and went twice a week to see how they were getting along. Dr. Cupples, who lived in Castroville and who had been a surgeon in the French Army under Napoleon Bonaparte, went to the afflicted city to treat the patients. He told Wallace that if he would come in during the day and leave before night, there would be no danger.

The cholera germ arose in the air when the sun rose and settled back at night. Wallace says that when he was on his way to town and ascended the hill on the Leon, nine miles from town, he could always see a dense cloud hanging over the place, and when the sun would go down the cloud settled.

On one occasion he went in on Sunday, and more people died on that day than ever before, and it was called "Black Sunday." On that day dogs, chickens and hogs died. People fled in terror toward the mountains, and many died on the prairies before they could reach there.

Captain Wallace said that Dr. Cupples told him the mesquite tree, so plentiful in West Texas, was identical with the gum arabic tree of Egypt. There was no difference in them. Leaves and all were exactly alike.

In this same year Wallace went on an exploring expedition across the plains. They suffered at times for food and had to live on prairie dogs. Had no trouble with the Indians as the cholera had got among them and they had scattered off into small bands with their war spirit considerably dampened.

In 1850, Wallace obtained a contract to carry mail from San Antonio to El Paso, a distance of 600 miles, and frontier all the way. Five hundred miles of the way was entirely unsettled, and it took one month to make a trip.

During the time he carried the mail, which covered a period of several years, he had many exciting adventures with the Indians. He had mounted guards, six in number, who always rode close up to the rear of the stage so there would be no chance for the Indians to make a dash from cover and cut them off and capture the loose mules, which were always carried along in case of accident.

On one occasion, however, in the Devil's River country, one of the guards named Ben Sanford, dropped a short distance behind, and was shot with an arrow by an Indian who was secreted near the road behind a Spanish dagger. He was so close Sanford heard the twang of the bowstring when the Indian turned the arrow loose. The wounded man ran his mule up to the side of the stage and told Wallace he had been shot by an Indian, and expressed a belief that his wound was fatal. The stage was at once stopped, the guards ordered back to kill the Indian, and Sanford taken from his mule and lifted inside the stage. Wallace pulled the arrow out, and perceived that the man was badly hurt.

The hunt by the guards was unsuccessful for the Indian, and the journey was resumed. Sanford suffered great pain, and died in the stage next day. Wallace kept on until he saw the man was dead, and then stopped and buried him.

Captain Wallace says that while he was on this mail route a large outfit came to El Paso on their way to California. They were led by a man named Finch, and had many ambulances and wagons. They broke up in El Paso, and scattered, some going into Mexico. Some of them came back nearly starved, and Wallace helped to feed them.

ON ONE of these trips Wallace encountered very cold weather. The road was full of ice and cut the mules' feet so badly that, crossing the Rio Grande, he carried the mail around through Mexico to its destination. This was the nearest route and the ice was not so bad on the road. On this trip he was twenty-four hours without anything to eat, and when he arrived at a little town opposite El Paso, he stopped at a restaurant and asked the proprietor how much he charged for breakfast. "Twenty-five cents," was the answer.

"All right," said Wallace. "Bring plenty of eggs."

The Mexican only had eight, but Big Foot said he must do better than that. He looked at Wallace, and then went and hustled all he could, making a total of twenty-seven. He was told to go to cooking, now, that would be sufficient. The Mexican, however, hesitated, and seemed perplexed about something. It would near about break him up in business to cook so many eggs for twenty-five cents. Wallace, apprehending the situation, relieved his fears by handing over a dollar, and then told him to "pitch in quick." This had the desired effect, and the steaming eggs and other eatables were soon before the hungry Texan.

Wallace said it was a "pretty good bait," but he managed to get away with all of them. It was quite a curious proceeding, however, to the onlookers who gathered around and looked at the *Mucho Grande Americano* who could eat so many eggs.

Feeling greatly refreshed, Wallace continued his journey to El Paso, and then back on the Texas side, got his stage and returned to San Antonio.

The hardest fight with the Indians which Big Foot Wallace and his guards had while running the mail line, occurred just above the painted cave, at the crossing on Devil's River. The bluffs are high there, and were a capital place for Indians to ambush travelers on the road.

The stage party had stopped for noon, and were just preparing to renew their journey when twenty-seven Comanche Indians attacked them from the bluff. Wallace and his party of six, including himself, at once commenced a defense, but the Captain soon told them to hold their fire and save bullets, as the Indians were so well protected among the rocks that it was a waste of lead to shoot at them. It was hard for the men to keep from shooting, when being fired on both by bullets and arrows, but Big Foot said, "Keep cool, they will show themselves directly, when they find out we will not shoot." This state of affairs was kept up some time, and the Indians, thinking the white men were cowards, began to partially show themselves.

"Now, boys!" exclaimed Wallace, "run and tumble down under the stage like you were nearly scared to death." This was done quickly, and the Indians yelled, called them cowards and squaws, and the chief told his men that they could go down there and scalp all of them, as they would not fight. The men lay quiet and the Indians still continued to fire on them, and to heap vile epithets. Many arrows were shot, and three hit the stage and remained fastened there, while others went over and some fell short, sticking in the ground in a few feet of the wheels. One bullet hit a tire on the stage, split, and half of it wounded Adolph Fry in the breast, but not seriously. The names of some of the other men of the party were McAllister, Gideon Scallaron, Louis Oge, and also one Mexican, name not known.

Soon after the wounding of Fry, the chief and four of his braves came out in full view to take a good look at the situation, and Wallace said, "Now boys, every man for his Indian, take good aim, fire!" The rifles almost cracked as one and every Indian in sight fell.

The Indian chief dropped near the edge of the cliff, and his arm hung over. Wallace yelled, and exclaimed, "There now, you are done eating horse meat!"

For some time nothing was seen or heard of the Indians. Presently a lasso was seen to come over the rocks and fall among the dead men. "They are going to leave, boys, they have got enough of us," said Wallace, "but they don't want us to get those fellows' scalps. They are afraid to come to them, and are going to rope, and pull them behind the rocks." It was a slow business, and many failures were made, but loop after loop came until all were caught and dragged away except the one which hung over the cliff. Many failures were made at him, but at last a big loop came which dropped below his hanging arm, and he was quickly pulled out of sight.

The Indians failed to show themselves any more, and Wallace hitched up the mules and started, but not for El Paso. He knew the Indians would ambush him somewhere, and likely with a larger force, and he put back for Fort Clark.

The three arrows which stuck in the stage remained there a long time, and were quite a curiosity to newcomers, who looked at them when the stage would arrive in San Antonio.

IT WAS the intention of Wallace to get an escort of soldiers at Clark, and take his mail through, but failing in this, he had to come on to Fort Inge on the Leona, four miles below the present town of Uvalde. Here he failed again, the commander at that post saying he was afraid his men would desert if he carried them to El Paso. Big Foot then wrote a letter to the Department at San Antonio, and telling the officer at Fort Inge that they could all go to the devil, hired an escort on his own hook, and went back with the mail.

General Kirby Smith, commander of the Department of Texas at that time, arrived in San Antonio about the time Wallace's letter reached there, and being mad at the way things had been managed, ordered the troop at Fort Inge on a long scout, nearly to the Mexico line. On the return trip, Wallace met them and they looked as if they had, as he expressed it, "been through the rubbers." They had no tobacco, and had been living on poor turkeys for several days. Wallace never failed to deliver his mail but once—on an out-going trip to El Paso. On that occasion however, he lost all of his mules, and his whole outfit had to leave the stage and walk to El Paso, a distance of 80 miles.

The circumstances were, he had gone into camp at "Dead Man's Hole" and the mules had been turned out to graze with a guard to watch them. Wallace was sitting down near a big rock mending some of his harness, and hearing a slight movement over him, looked up and around quick and saw an Indian on the rock in ten feet of him, just bringing his gun around to shoot.

Big Foot threw up his pistol to shoot and the Indian dodged back out of sight. He now also perceived that the guards had strayed off and a band of Indians were driving off the mules. In vain he yelled for them to save the mules, but it was too late. They could only fire at them at long range as the hostiles ran away with the stock. The only chance was to walk back to El Paso and get more teams and come back after the stage.

Dead Man's Hole derived its name from the circumstances of two United States soldiers being killed there by Indians. Wallace found their remains and torn uniforms there when he first began to run the line.

On one occasion, on Devil's River Wallace found a track in the road that greatly puzzled him. He alighted from the stage and closely examined it. It looked something like a bear track, but it was too long and wide. "It is not an Indian," said Wallace to the guards. "They have some shape and symmetry to their moccasins. It steps like a Negro, but what the devil has he got on, and what is he doing out here in this wilderness if it is one?"

Not far from there Wallace camped for the night, and the strange individual came to them. He was a Negro and a runaway at that, and nearly starved. The Negro was crawling up to the camp and one of the mules snorted at him, and Wallace ran around a rock to see what it was, and came near shooting him. The Negro sprang to his feet and said, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!! Fo God, Master, I's glad to see you."

Wallace said, "Come here, what sort of a Negro are you, anyhow? Want to steal my mule, don't you?" The strange man expressed his entire innocence of any such intention, and was soon relating his checkered experience.

He said that he had run away from his master in Louisiana and was trying to get to Mexico. He had been captured by the Indians, but made his escape, and was almost naked and barefooted. The strange footgear which he had on was made out of a piece of mule hide which the Indians had killed. It was stitched together and run to a point twice the length of a man's foot and had corners to it.

Wallace took him on to El Paso, where he furnished him clothing and blankets and also wrote to his master to come to San Antonio after him. Wallace brought him back and put him in jail until he was turned over to his master, who had to pay for the clothing and blankets and $200, which was allowed for all fugitive Negroes taken up west of the Medina River.

ON ONE return trip, and when near Fort Inge, Wallace discovered something in the road that he was very familiar with, but which he had not seen for a long time. This was the track of the famous Bigfoot Indian, and he had six followers with him. Wallace knew that his presence meant that all the horses in the country that he could round up would be carried off.

When the stage arrived at Fort Inge, Westfall was there and was told about the Indians by Wallace, who advised him to be on the lookout, that the country would be cleaned up of horse stock, sure. Wallace had some mules that he always left at Fort Inge until he returned from San Antonio, but on this occasion ordered them carried east of the Frio and kept there. Before leaving, he told Westfall where his mules would be and in case the Indians got all the horses, and men could not be mounted to follow them, to go and get his mules and use them. He also told Westfall if he killed Bigfoot he wanted his moccasins.

As Wallace expected, the settlers were careless and the Indians got nearly all the horses in the country and got off with them. Westfall, however, followed out the instructions of Wallace, and was soon on the trail of the redskins, on the mules. The trail led up the Nueces Canyon, then not settled, to the divide and then turned across toward the head of South Llano. Westfall and his men followed on, and one evening camped in the cedar brake, being satisfied of the near proximity of the Indians, and the utmost caution and silence was preserved. Westfall only had three men and one boy with him making five in all. The boy was named Preston Polly, and one of the men was Gideon Scallaron, the names of the others cannot now be ascertained. Westfall spent a wakeful night, for he was satisfied the Indians were near and a fight would come off in the morning.

Just at the break of day, a smoke was seen ascending above the cedar tops in the thickest part of the brake, not far from the settlers' camp. Westfall, who had stepped away from the camp a short distance to listen for any sound that might be heard in the still early hour, hastily retraced his steps, and telling his companions what he had seen, took the boy Preston, and went to reconnoitre the vicinity of the smoke.

The Indians had no thought that white men were near; in fact, they did not suppose they had left horses enough for anyone to follow them on, and such would have been the case but for the keen sagacity and forethought of Big Foot Wallace in having his mules hid, and telling Westfall where they were in case he needed them.

Wallace always craved to kill the Bigfoot Indian, more especially after he had killed his friend and companion, Fox, and while the end of the wily chief was near, and he was to fall by the hand of Edward Westfall, it was at least through the instrumentality of Big Foot Wallace.

When Westfall left his men, he told them in case they heard his rifle, to come at once. He then went down a steep bluff, and carefully picked his way through tall coarse grass, high as his head, to a point opposite the Indian encampment which was on high ground in a dense cedar brake. There was also a pool of water there, and Westfall noticed a trail leading from it up the hill toward the point where he had seen the smoke. He was just about to start up this trail when he saw an Indian's leg through the brush, and soon discovered a large fellow coming down toward the water leading a horse.

Westfall was a man of strong nerve, but his heart beat quick when he saw the noted Bigfoot Indian before him. Making a silent gesture for the boy behind him to be still, he aimed his rifle through the tall grass, and took a careful aim at the big savage. About this time the horse which Bigfoot was leading suddenly stopped and snorted as he detected the presence of Westfall.

The Indian turned his head quickly to look at the horse, presenting a side view of his body to the marksman in the ravine, who instantly fired, and this scourge of the frontier fell hard on the ground. The three men at the camp, when they heard the keen whip-like crack of Westfall's rifle break the stillness of the early morning, came yelling and almost tumbling down the embankment, giving assurance to their leader that help was near if he needed it.

The boy Preston stood by Westfall with a gun in his hand during this exciting scene with the utmost coolness for one of his years, while the old pioneer hastily, but steadily, reloaded his gun and when his men joined him, led the way, and rapidly advanced into the cedar brake, past the body of the dead chief to attack the Indian camp. The shot, however, and the answering yell of Westfall's men had struck terror to the band, and they had fled, leaving their chief to his fate.

Everything about the camp indicated they were about to leave. A bear was killed, barbecued and packed, ready for traveling. Blankets, buffalo skins and one bow and quiver of arrows were left in camp. The stolen horses were also left except those the Indians went away on. It is surmised that Bigfoot was carrying his horse down to water before making the start. Westfall's men had eaten nothing since starting on the trail, and did ample justice to the well cooked bear meat.

When the body of the fallen chief was approached it was found that the bullet had struck him in the left arm without breaking the bone, passed through the heart and body and came out through the right arm. In his right hand, tightly clutched, was a bow and some arrows, while the left held the rope attached to the horse and such was the strong grip on both it was with difficulty that they could be released. The horse reared and plunged when the Indian fell but such was his weight the frightened animal could not move him. The horse belonged to Adolph Fry and had been stolen near Fort Inge.

Westfall had promised Big Foot Wallace the moccasins of the Bigfoot Indian and secured them for that purpose, and when everything was collected up they wished to carry, they went back to where they left the little mules of Wallace, and were soon on their way back to Fort Inge, where they returned the stolen stock to the settlers.

Wallace had gone on to El Paso with the stage, and Westfall left the moccasins at the fort to be delivered to him on the return trip. They were a great curiosity and many people came to look at them on account of their size, being nearly fifteen inches in length and beautifully decorated with beads. A man named James Wilkinson, who had been around Fort Inge for some time, got possession of them by saying he was going down to San Antonio and would deliver them to Wallace there. Big Foot was told about the Indian being killed on his arrival at the fort and that he could get the moccasins as soon as he arrived at San Antonio. He was, however, disappointed, for Wilkinson had left and gone to the Brazos carrying them with him. Wallace wrote several letters in regard to them, but to no avail. The man carried them on to the States with him.

AS THERE were a great many rattlesnakes in West Texas, the writer asked Captain Wallace what was the largest one he ever saw. He said while running the mail line one time in Devil's River country, he saw a trail of a snake cross the road, and told some of the guards to follow it up and kill it as he wanted to look at him. The old residenter was soon found coiled up under a large cactus, killed, and dragged back to the road. He was not so long but very large, about the size of an ordinary man's thigh. Wallace told one of the men to cut him open, as he believed there was something in him. This was done and a full grown jackrabbit exhumed, which he had just swallowed apparently.

On the next trip Wallace made, after the big Indian was killed, he and his guards had a fight with the Indians. Early in the morning when the start was made from the Pecos country, Wallace told his men to brace themselves for a ninety-mile drive that day. Many signs of Indians had been seen the evening before. Signal smokes far away in different directions, uneasiness of the mules at night, all combined, convinced the experienced frontiersman that on the following night an attempt would be made to capture the stage. His object in making this long drive before camping another night, was to scatter the Indians who would follow them through the day.

He knew that all of their horses could not hold out on such a trip, and would only have part of the band to fight if any. All day the stage rattled along at a lively rate, the guards following, at times in a gallop.

A short halt was made at noon, mules fed, and away again. At sundown it was ninety miles back to their last camp. During the day Wallace saw signs of pursuit in the distance, but knew nothing would be attempted until night.

In selecting a camp at night, he never stopped in high grass, or very near thickets. The Indians would have no cover to advance close upon him unseen. The place selected for the night halt, was in an open glade with short grass, but sufficient for the stock.

On one side, and reaching partly around the camp, was a thick chaparral sixty or seventy yards away. When night closed down, Wallace had all the mules placed or staked on the side of the stage farthest from the brush, and putting George Hubbard on guard, told the other men to lie down around and under the coach, having their guns and pistols ready. Wallace himself lay down but, with ever vigilant eye, scanned the dark circle of the brush so as to detect the least movement there.

Hours passed on, and all was still as midnight on a desert plain except the cropping of grass by the hungry and tired mules. At length a raven arose from the chaparral with a startled "caw!" and, with broad flapping wings, flew toward the mules, and alighted on the head of the guard who was standing in the rear of the stage, motionless as a post. With a quick motion George ducked his head, and uttered an exclamation which sounded in the dark like "Ellen Damnation!" and some might have thought he was calling the name of his sweetheart, as he stood the lonely vigils of the night, if he had not said it so quick and energetically.

Now George was of a slightly superstitious nature and the cold chills chased each other up and down his spine when he discovered that it was a raven which had lit on his head, and at once went to Wallace, informing him of the circumstance, and asked him its significance.

"It means," says Wallace, "that the d--d Comanches have overtaken us, and are now in that chaparral brush over there, and have scared that raven off his roost which, in its flight across the open ground, mistook the top of your head for a stump, and lit on it. That's all."

Wallace had one mule that would never eat when Indians were around, and this one now raised her head, blowed and looked straight toward the brush and refused to put her head to the ground anymore, but would walk to the end of the rope, then turn quick, snort and look toward the brush again.

"They are here, boys, handle your guns," said Wallace, as he pulled two long barrelled brass dueling pistols, and crouched close to a coach wheel, one in each hand and pointing toward the danger point. The men were all on the alert and ready, but still the Indians did not show up, and hours passed away again.

THE GUARDS began to relax and hunt easy braces for their backs and heads against the stage wheels, tongue, etc. Peter Weble stretched out at full length on his back, his head resting between two spokes of the vehicle. Wallace remained immovable with the pistols still in hand and with constant moving eye surveying the dark rim of the brush from one point to another. The mules were all uneasy and stamping.

Presently three dark forms became detached from the brush and started across the opening. Others were then seen in quick succession emerging from the chaparral at different points and gliding silently toward the stage.

Big Foot gave one short command to "nip them quick," and leveled his pistol at the three foremost Indians and the whole band, who seeing now that they were discovered, began to yell and come at a charge with uplifted shields and sending a flight of arrows and bullets ahead of them.

Wallace had an eight shooting rifle which he caught up after throwing his pistols down, and began to pump lead into them with that.

The men took shelter behind the stage, firing under and around it, and the Indians could not get to the mules without passing them. Their idea by this onset was to run them away from the stage, out into the prairie and then secure the stock.

One Indian fired a large musket called a blunderbuss, which carried nearly a handful of powder and the same of buckshot. Wallace says it looked like a bushel of fire came out of it, and the shot struck the stage like a sluice of hail.

About that time a terrible commotion was heard under the stage, and the old vehicle rocked and rattled like it was in a hurricane. Peter Weble, who had laid his head between the spokes, and gone to sleep, started to spring up when the fight commenced and not remembering the position he occupied before going into the land of dreams, had his head fast between the spokes, and was making frantic efforts to disengage himself.

Big Foot said at one time he thought Weble was going to run clear off with the stage. Peter was brave, however, and as soon as he could get out of his predicament, joined in the fight, and helped to repel the Indians, but his neck was sore for two or three weeks afterwards. The battle was over in less time than it takes to write it. The Indians made one charge, and meeting such a fire, scattered and went back to the brush as quick as they came.

How many were killed is not known. The night was not very light and only the outlines of their forms could be seen. None of Wallace's men were hit but the stage caught it heavy, both with bullets and arrows.

Wallace did not propose to give the Indians another chance at him that night, but at once harnessed up when the Indians were gone, and securing his pistols which had fallen by a coach wheel, hit the road again followed by the guards and when daylight came was many miles from there.

During one of his trips the Apaches and the Mexicans had a good deal of trouble above El Paso. The chief of the Apaches was named "Blue Beads." His camp was near town, and one night when the old chief started back from town drunk, he was followed and killed by the Mexicans. Then the slaughter of the Mexicans commenced by the Apaches in revenge, and they would have killed them all but for the United States soldiers, who put a stop to it.

The Apaches at that time were friendly with the whites. Wallace had started back on a return trip, and had a Mexican aboard who lived at San Antonio. The stage was met by a large body of Apaches who surrounded and stopped it, and tried to kill the Mexican who was on the seat with Wallace. They made repeated thrusts at him with their lances which were warded off by Wallace with his gun. Big Foot told them if they did not leave he would order the guards to fire on them as they were delaying the United States mail. The chief understood English, and soon galloped off with his men.

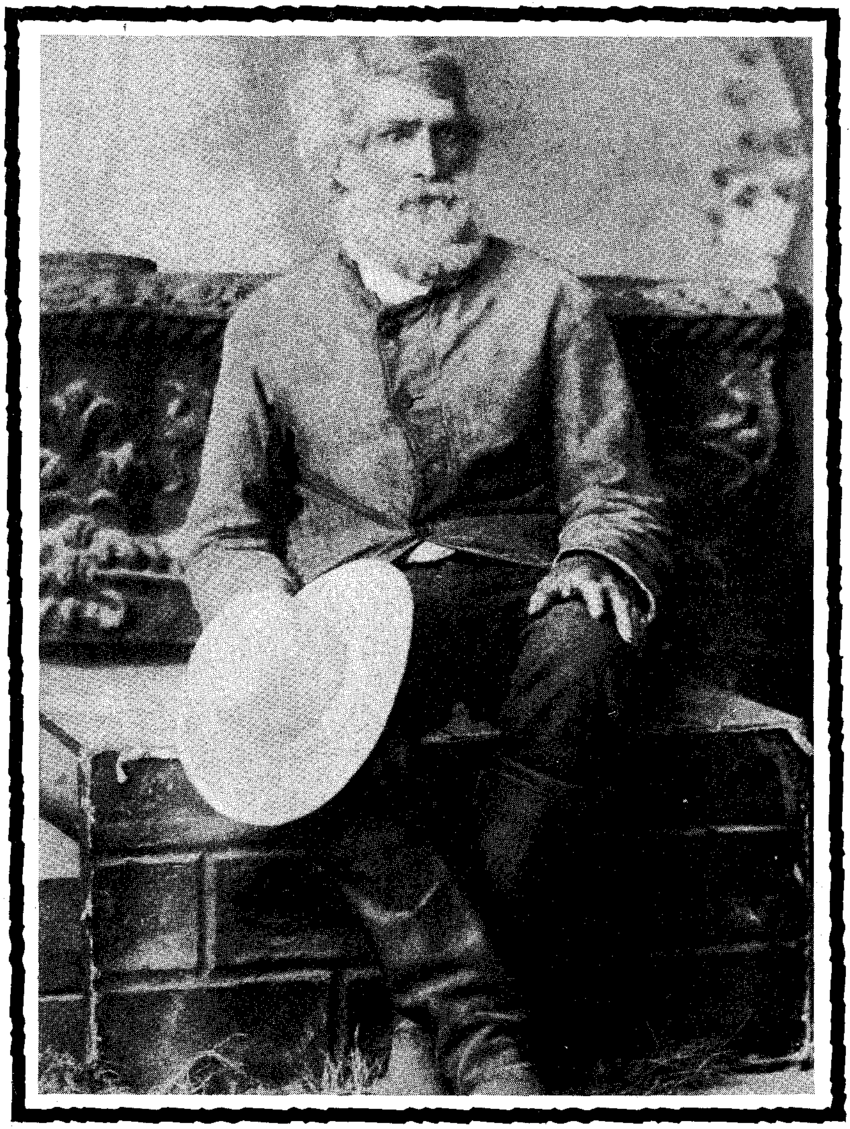
WHILE Captain Wallace had many more incidents connected with his stage driving on the long frontier line from San Antonio to El Paso which would be of interest to the reader, the main facts have been given in the preceding chapters.

He tells one instance of killing a black-tailed deer at the "Wild Rose Pass." It was an extra large buck with powerful horns, standing on the cliff, and gazing down at the moving stage below. He was a fine mark to shoot at, but a long distance off, and a doubt was expressed of anyone being able to bring him down. Wallace said he could do it, and taking careful aim, and making allowance for the distance, fired. The big buck reared at the shot, and then plunged headlong into the abyss below. His body made evolutions in the air as he descended, and as Wallace expressed it, was mashed into "sausage meat" on the rocks at the bottom.

After Captain Wallace quit the mail service, he went back to his old cabin on the Medina, but he did not remain long. People were moving in fast, and settling around him, so one morning he packed up such things as he had and wanted to carry, got his rifle, and whistling up his dog, set out toward the southwest carrying all of his earthly possessions on a pack mule.

Captain Wallace always had plenty of money to purchase such things as he needed, and was not encumbered with much personal effects. In a wild and lonely spot on the Chicon Creek east of the Hondo River, and now distant about five miles from the present thriving little city of Devine, Big Foot unloaded his pack and there built him a cabin.

People were settling along the Hondo, Sabinal, Seco and other streams, and the Indians were constantly raiding upon them. The people soon found out where the cabin of Wallace was, and looked at him as a leader in pursuit of Indians.



Wallace As He Appeared in the 1880s

During one raid a messenger came and notified him that the Indians were going down the Hondo Valley. Big Foot got six men together, or five men, rather, and a boy, for Lon Moore was of the party, and was only twelve years of age. The trail was closely and rapidly followed and the Indians were overtaken near San Miguel Creek, and a fight ensued in which two Indians were killed and the balance scattered and turned up the country. Wallace had one man slightly wounded with an arrow.

One of the closest shaves Big Foot Wallace ever had in his life, was while he was in pursuit of a band of Indians. On this occasion he had gathered a few settlers, and was following a trail through a brushy country. The Indians, finding that they were pursued, laid in ambush. Wallace was in the lead trailing when suddenly an Indian rose up in front of him not more than a few steps distant, with his gun aimed squarely at the Captain's breast.

It took quick thought and action to avoid the discharge, but Wallace was equal to the occasion. He had his gun in hand ready to shoot at a moment's warning, and the minute the Indian threw up his gun Wallace threw himself backward from his horse and the bullet went over his head and he at the same time shot the Indian from the ground where he lay.

J. M. Smith, who lives near the Miguel Post Office, and who was one of the party, said it was the quickest work he ever saw done. The fall of Wallace from his horse, the fire of the Indian, and the shot from Big Foot almost occurred simultaneously. Several Indians showed themselves, one of whom was shot by Smith, but not killed. The Indian Wallace shot fell in his tracks, breathed and struggled a minute, and was then dead.

While P. H. Bell was Governor of Texas, he commissioned Wallace to raise a company of Rangers for the protection of Southwest Texas from incursions of hostile Indians. Seventy-six men were raised, among whom was Edward Westfall who afterwards served as lieutenant in the company. They were almost constantly in the saddle, riding on many long scouts, and chasing, and sometimes having a skirmish. But the Indians avoided a conflict as much as possible dreading to meet Wallace and Westfall in battle, and so well did they know them that the picture of Westfall was found on a rock in the mountains, drawn by the Indians, and which bore such a resemblance to the slayer of the Bigfoot Indian that it was recognized by the men who found it. Westfall was one inch taller than Wallace, but of slighter build. He had light hair and blue eyes.

THE hardest fight that Wallace and his men had while he was captain in the Ranger service, occurred at a place called Black Hills, sixteen miles from the present town of Cotulla, in La Salle County. Wallace had been on a long scout down the country with nineteen men, and was coming back. It was a very dry year in the month of August in the early '50s and the men were suffering intensely with thirst, as the waterholes had dried up where they expected to find water.

Wallace and Westfall knew where all the watering places were, and went from one to the other, only to find hard mud or glistening white rocks. To add more to their discomfort, one of the Rangers named Jackson was very sick, and unable to ride his horse and had to be carried on a stretcher, which necessarily made their progress very slow.

All this time the sky was like brass over their heads, and the August sun poured its scorching rays upon them day by day as they toiled along. Finally Captain Wallace said he knew where there were waterholes on the "Todas Santos" (All Saints) Creek in the Black Hills that certainly had water in them, as they were never known to be dry.

Across the Black Hills the Rangers turned, and finally came in view of the coveted spot, and were eager to advance, but Wallace held them back, and ordered a halt. There were many horses there, and he did not like the looks of things.

The surmising did not last long. The water was in possession of a large band of Comanche Indians, and as soon as they discovered the approach of the Rangers, swarmed out toward them, about eighty in number, yelling loudly. Captain Wallace supposed he would be charged at once, as the Indians were so numerous, and gave orders sharply, and quickly.

"Dismount, men, secure your horses, place Jackson under this mesquite tree here out of the way, and stay by your horses quick! Now quick! Here they come!"

It seemed at first that the Indians were going to come at once, and engage the Rangers at close quarters, but when they saw the leveled rifles, and the two conspicuous leaders, they weakened, and soon came to a standstill, despite the fact that their chief, who seemed to be brave, waved his hand and urged them on, coming nearly within gunshot himself before turning back.

Captain Wallace said, "Boys, they won't fight. They are cowards." The chief went among them, talked and gesticulated a great deal, and then charged at full speed.

A few followed a short distance, then wheeling, went back to the main body. Captain Wallace advanced forward with a few men, and took a position, and again waited.

"Now, boys," said he, "when that chief comes again we must kill him, and the battle will be over. Three of you stand ready, and I will kill him before he can get away. One of you shoot at his leg and break it if you can, and then we will be certain of him."

Wallace had a large heavy rifle which once belonged to Colonel James Bowie, who was killed in the Alamo. One pound of lead only made sixteen bullets for it.

UP TO this time no shots had been fired. The chief would drop behind his horse when charging and ride back in that way when his men failed to come. The chief again harangued his warriors, and came to the charge, not even looking back to see if they were coming. This time the brave old chief came within gunshot, and seeing some of the Rangers about to fire, dexterously threw himself on the opposite side of his horse.

Three rifles cracked, however, about the same time, and the horse fell dead in his tracks. The chief quickly regained his feet, not being hit himself, and looked for his braves to see if they were coming to his assistance. About this time Captain Wallace shot the chief through both hips, and he fell. As he struck he uttered two loud peculiar whoops which were answered by his cowardly men, and this time they came to him.

The Rangers met them with a charge and a fight took place. Captain Wallace noticed the Rangers had left their horses and Jackson too far in the rear, and told them to get back as the Indians would make a dash and get them.

While this was being done the Indians thought the Rangers were giving way, and charged, and for a time things were mixed. The Rangers got their horses and a good many of them mounted, and charged among the Indians using their pistols. While this was going on, an Indian ran close to Jackson and looked at him, thinking he was dead.

The sick Ranger was somewhat nerved up on account of the battle and, turning his gun toward the Indian, fired at him.

The chief died on the ground where he fell, and the Indians went back to the waterhole, some of them on foot, as their horses had been killed. Captain Wallace told his men they must follow them to water, and fight them again as the men were nearly ready, some of them, to sink with thirst.

The Indians had for some purpose built a brush fence around the water, and when the Rangers came to it at a charge, had to again dismount and tie their horses. Wallace and Westfall were the first at the brush, and Wallace shot an Indian who was trying to run away, and hastily reloaded his gun while others were crossing the brush, and firing at different points.

When Captain Wallace rammed his ball down, and capped his gun, an Indian sprang up a little to one side, and he quickly turned his hand, not having time to replace it. It happened that Westfall at that time ran in close to the side of Wallace, and the end of the gun stuck him in the eye, and nearly put it out. The pain was so great, and he was so badly blinded for a time, Westfall held his head down with his hand clapped over the injured optic.

Another Ranger came by at this time, and asked Westfall if he was wounded. "No," he said, "Captain Wallace has put out one of my eyes with his gun stick at a time when I needed them the most."

One Ranger in the fight, named William Johnson, who always killed an Indian in a close place, shot one in the back as he was running up the bank of the creek, and when the Indian fell, several pieces of tobacco fell out of his rigging somewhere. Captain Wallace passed by that place in a trot, but seeing the tobacco, stopped and picking it up, crammed some of it in his mouth. The Rangers had been out of tobacco several days as well as water, and the captain was an inveterate chewer.

There was another waterhole above the camp, and all the Indians went to that. The famished men, after routing the Indians, made a rush for the water, but what was their horror to find that they could not drink it unless it was a life and death case. The Indians had been there a week or more, making lariats, and had soaked rawhides in the pool which was already low, until the water was one seething mass of putrefaction, hair, maggots, etc.

Wallace saw it was impossible for the men to drink that water, and ordered a charge after the Indians at the upper waterhole. Captain Wallace and Westfall led the charge, and when they got there, found the Indians with their forces together, and waiting to give them battle. Wallace waited awhile for the other men to come, but as only ten made their appearance, it was not safe to make a charge and a return was made back to the waterhole. Some of the men were still there. Two of them had been wounded, and others were nearly dead with thirst and exhaustion. The sick man had high fever, and constantly called for water. The captain informed them of the situation and all who could, went back to fight the Indians.

Wallace said he was going to have a drink of water if he had to fight Indians all day for it. When the Rangers got back to the water, a battle commenced at once, but a close charge led by Wallace and Westfall drove the Comanches away and mastered the situation. When the men had quenched their thirst, canteens were filled, and they hastened back to their wounded and sick companions, and those who had remained with them.

While the men were drinking water from the canteens, one of the Rangers told Captain Wallace that Luce Henyard, one of the Rangers, was badly wounded, and wanted to see him. The captain at once went to him, and asked if he was badly hurt. He said, "Yes, I'm killed, Captain." He lay beside a tree, two Rangers sitting down by him, and his pale face was turned in a wistful look to that of his stalwart captain, who bent over him and began to examine his wound.

The ball had struck above the left hip, and ranging a little down, had lodged in the right loin. The captain took a sharp knife, and saying, "Cheer up, my boy, I can fix you all right," proceeded to cut out the ball, and then making two poultices of prickly pear, put one over each wound.

The other Ranger, Adolph Fry, had been hit by an arrow, but was not so badly hurt. He was also treated to a pear poultice.

NEXT morning after the fight, Captain Wallace collected all the blankets, shields, bows, arrows, mules and horses, and set out for Fort Inge, where his sick and wounded men could get medical attention. The camp of the Rangers at that time was at Westfall's ranch, twenty-seven miles below the fort. In a few days news came to Captain Wallace that his men, especially Henyard, who had been wounded in the fight, were not doing well.

Wallace went up to the fort, and found that the surgeon at the post had ignored his poultices of pears, so he took his men away, carried them to the Ranger camp, and said he would cure them himself. He continued to poultice with prickly pears, which he said kept out all fever, and was the best for a wound of anything ever tried. His men at once began to improve, and rapidly recovered.

When Captain Wallace quit the Ranger service he went back to his ranch on the Chicon, and engaged in raising cattle and horses. His time, however, was divided in hunting, scouting after hostile bands of Indians, and trailing runaway Negroes with his dogs. Slaves belonging to planters along the Brazos and Colorado Rivers were continually escaping, and trying to make their way into Mexico.

Wallace being in the woods so much of his time with his dogs, a Negro could seldom pass near his cabin without being detected. He lived on the main route from San Antonio to the Rio Grande country, and was as much on the lookout for Negroes as Indians, and he made considerable money apprehending Negroes and getting the reward offered for them.

So famous had Big Foot Wallace become as a Negro catcher, their owners would come to him from two hundred miles east, and employ him to take his dogs and hunt them.

On one occasion two planters named Beck and Caldwell, who had lost Negroes on the Colorado not far below Austin, came on southwest in search of them, and when they arrived in San Antonio, and made their business known, were advised to proceed on out to where Wallace lived on the Chicon about fifty miles from San Antonio. This they did and after a good deal of trouble in finding the way, finally rode up to the door of the lonely little cabin in the wilderness, and made their business known.

Wallace agreed to go with them, but expressed some doubt as to finding them, for said he, "I think you are ahead of them or else they have gone around my range." This some of them did, when so many of them were caught by Wallace and carried back. They would tell the other Negroes of the tall man who lived in the woods beyond San Antonio, and had dogs that could do everything but talk, and they began to avoid this route, and go through the mountains farther north when running away.

Wallace took his dogs, and going out with his wealthy guests, made a wide circle, but no trace could be found. Not wishing, however, to give up yet, he told Beck and Caldwell of his friend Westfall, who lived a hermit's life still farther to the southwest of the Leona River, and if they would go and see him, as he was out a great deal, they might get some information.

Westfall also had a lot of good dogs, one of which (and his favorite) was named George Washington.

At this time, however, Westfall was not without human companionship. A Frenchman called Louie had wandered away from the "pleasant land of France," and taken up his abode in the wilderness with the Leona hermit.

ON THE way to the ranch Wallace killed a big fat deer, and carried it along, and no stop was made to eat anything since they left the place where they camped the night before, intending to rest and eat with Westfall. When in the neighborhood of the cabin, Wallace scanned the ground closely, and remarked that he "did not like the looks of things." When asked why, he said Westfall generally walked about in the vicinity of his place every day moving his horses to grass or looking for Indian sign, and that he could see no fresh tracks. At last they emerged from the chaparral, and came out into the clearing in the center of which was the cabin and corn cribs.

The first thing that attracted their attention when arriving at the yard fence, was a dead man and a dead dog lying in the yard in front of the door. Wallace at once exclaimed, "Hello, the Indians have killed Westfall!" and springing from his horse, approached the body.

The dead man had tolerable long hair, and very black, and his face was swollen, and as dark as that of an Indian. Wallace then said, "No this is not Westfall; it is an Indian he has killed." On closer inspection, however, it was found to be the remains of the unfortunate Frenchman, Louie, and the dead dog was George Washington.

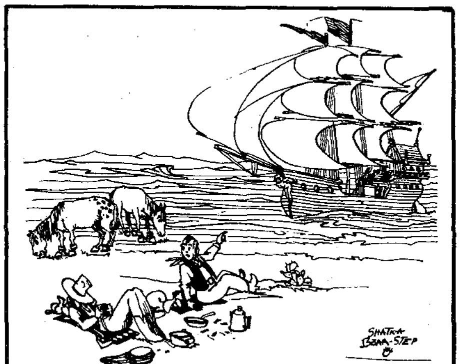
It was evident there had been a terrible fight here. Everything was torn up, and the inside of the cabin was covered with blood, but Westfall was nowhere to be seen. Wallace went down to the river, and gave some loud whoops, but no answer came. Everything was as still as midnight on a desert plain.

The two planters stood around in silence, and with scared looks, surveyed the bloody scene. They were not used to these frontier tragedies, and were now for their first time gazing on the bloody work of the savages. Wallace threw the deer from the horse, telling them to start a fire and cook some of it while he took a round to see if he could find the trail of Westfall. About a mile from the house, he found Westfall's track where it came into a trail, and then led off toward Fort Inge, distant about thirty miles.

Wallace followed the trail far enough to learn that his friend was badly wounded, that he had a small dog with him, had on a pistol and water gourd, walked with a stick, and had no gun. Some would like to know how Wallace knew these things without seeing Westfall. To him, with his knowledge of woodcraft, it was plain.

That Westfall was badly wounded, he knew from the short steps he took. The tracks of a small dog was following, and the imprint of a stick was seen in the ground beside the tracks. He frequently laid down which was another sign of a severe wound, and he also left the imprint of his pistol and water gourd in the soft soil of the trail where these halts were made. That he was without a gun, Wallace also knew as he could see no imprint of it where he laid down, as he would have placed it on the ground beside him when lying down.

Wallace returned to the cabin, and telling the two men all these things, said he would follow on after Westfall, and help him. They had, however, cooked nothing, saying they were not hungry. Wallace said, "I'm a man. Cannot go without eating when I can get it." He at once made a fire, broiled a good slice of venison on the coals, hastily ate it, and prepared to start on his journey.



"Wake up, Slim. Here's one for the books!"

His two companions sat in gloomy silence, their eyes constantly wandering to the still form of the dead man in the yard.

Wallace was puzzled about Westfall's rifle. He could not find it anywhere. A shotgun was in the house, but this was all in the way of firearms. That the Indians did not enter the house after the fight he knew. If they had they would have carried off the shotgun, and also killed Westfall, for the bed was bloody where he lay after being wounded.

Wallace told Beck and Caldwell that the "Negro hunt was off," and that they could go with him, or wend their way back to San Antonio. They chose the former, and all three set out on the trail of Westfall. Many halts had been made by the stricken man, and he would build a small fire in the road occasionally. It was afterward learned that he did this to make a little strong coffee in a can, which was all the nourishment he had during his painful journey of three days and nights, to the fort. Wallace trailed Westfall to the very gate of the enclosure around the barracks, and found that he had just arrived, and was in the hands of the post surgeon.

Westfall was struck with a ball quartering on the left side just above the collar bone, grazing the jugular vein, going through the right shoulder blade. Wallace said the jugular vein was exposed, disclosed by the ball, and badly swollen, so much so that it seemed a touch would burst it. He said Westfall was shot from ambush while coming from a steel hand mill near the house, where he had been grinding corn.

The course of the ball having a downward tendency was from the fact of his having the meal on his shoulder, and in a stooping position. He managed to reach the house, and went in, and the Indians charged and fired many shots. The Frenchman was brave, and seizing the shotgun, fired, and killed an Indian.

The wounded Westfall tore a board from a crack in the log structure, and aimed his gun, but the Indians quickly ran away from in front of it. The Frenchman attempted to fire the other barrel of his gun through the door which had not been shut, but was hit by a ball and instantly killed. The ball struck in the breast, glanced a little on the breastbone, and then went deep into the body. He turned when hit, and sat his gun against the wall in a leaning position, almost ready to fall over, and then sank down beside it and died. The gun was in this position, and one barrel loaded when Wallace first entered the cabin. During this time Westfall had sunk upon the bed, and thought he was dying. He was very weak, and at times he was almost unconscious.

The dog, George Washington, joined the fight, leaped the yard fence, and tore all the rigging off one Indian, even the quiver from his back, but was mortally wounded and came back to the house, and died close to the Frenchman. Westfall let his gun still protrude through the crack, and the Indians, not knowing the situation inside, went off without making another charge.

Westfall lay the balance of the day, which was about noon, all night, and part of the next day, before attempting to get up, and part of that time, knew nothing at all.

Seeing he had some chance for life, Westfall got up, and with great pain, succeeded in getting the dead Louie out of the house by pulling at him with his left hand a little at a time. The dog was also gotten out in the same way, as he did not want them to decay in the house. Not being able to carry his gun, he hid it in some weeds. He had two horses tied in the brush, but supposing, of course, the Indians got them, did not go to look. He was not able to ride even if he had the horses.

Wallace and some others went back, and buried the Frenchman, and also the dog. The horses were found nearly starved to death, the Indians failing to see them. The poor animals had eaten all the grass and bushes around them, and even the grass roots in the ground.

Wallace could not find Westfall's gun, and it was not found until Westfall himself was able to go and get it, and it was then badly rusted. Westfall was a long time getting well, and in fact never did entirely recover from that fearful wound. It always hurt him. Wallace brought him books and papers to read while he was lying up, and often came to see him.

One of Westfall's brothers came to Texas, and lived with him some time at the ranch after getting up from his wound, and they raised a good many cattle. When it was no longer a frontier, however, Westfall sold out, and moved down on Calaveras Creek about fifteen miles southwest of San Antonio and opened up a farm. Here he married, but had no family except his wife. He died in June, 1897, at his home two miles from the town of Elmendorf on the Aransas Pass road. His property, valued at $500, he willed to his wife to be used by her until her death, and the money to be invested in the purchase of a free library and reading rooms in San Antonio for both whites and blacks, but to have separate reading rooms.

IN 1859 Captain Wallace concluded he would take a trip to the old home in Virginia, and go to see all his kinfolk. He got up all the money he needed for an extended trip, and set out. He was too sharp to carry his money in a common pocketbook in his pocket, and thereby got away with a pickpocket in New Orleans. This light-fingered gent managed to relieve him of his purse, but it makes the old man smile till yet to think what a look of disgust and disappointment must have come over his face when he examined the contents. It was full and heavy, but consisted of needles, thread, bullets and buttons.

By this time his name was famous in Texas, and his people had heard of his exploits, even in Virginia. Some of them treated him with the greatest consideration, while others, who were wealthy and aristocratic, were shocked with his rough garb and unique ways. They did not refuse to claim relationship with him, but tried to dress him up and refine him. But Big Foot got away with them in all these things.

While stopping with one of his aunts, Elizabeth Hoffman, who was 102 years of age, John Brown made his famous raid on Harper's Ferry. Big Foot at once began to get ready to go with some cadets, who were ordered to the scene of the trouble. His aunt, however, persuaded him not to go as she was uneasy about the Negroes rising. Big Foot kept posted in regard to the latest news, and would at once inform his old aunt of everything of importance that was transpiring. She would ask him everytime he came in with news, if the Negroes had risen yet.

Wallace finally said, "No, I wish they would, so that if they come fooling around here we can have Negro soup for dinner."

The good old lady believed he meant all he said, and holding up her hands in horror, said, "William! William! What have you come to since you went to Texas?"

Captain Wallace concluded while he was on a trip, he would go over into Canada. So after looking at the Niagara Falls, he went over, but was soon stopped by an official who said his valise would have to be examined before he went any farther.

"What do you want to examine it for?" said Wallace.

"To see what is in it," was the reply.

"Oh, if that's all you want, I can tell you what is in it. There are two shirts, one pair of pants and a plug of tobacco."

The fellow then informed him that his son, who was the inspector, would have to look into it, and that he was at breakfast, and to put his valise down and wait.

"That's a devil of a note," says Wallace, "having to wait here until your son fools around and eats his breakfast. I'll not do it," and with that, went on up the hill with his valise. The man followed, yelling at him to stop, that he would be arrested. Quite a crowd collected to see what the row was about.

One red-faced Irishman came through the crowd shouting, "Let me at him. I know what he is. He is a d--d old Fenian." Wallace then laid down his valise, pulled off his coat, and waving his long arms at the Irishman, said, "Come here, honey, I want to hug you. Whoop-pa! Come into my arms. I ain't had no fun since I left Texas."

The red-faced fellow stopped and a tall Englishman with the longest neck Wallace says he ever saw, came up, and asked him what the row was about, and if he was from Texas. Wallace answered in the affirmative, as to the latter, and to the other, he thought the Irishman wanted to fight. He then asked Wallace if he was from near San Antonio, and if he knew John Twohig, banker.

"Yes," said Big Foot, "What do you want to know about him?"

"Nothing, only I had a business transaction with him once."

Suffice it to say, things were arranged without damage being done, and Wallace went on his way. Not liking the looks of things on that side, however, he soon came back on the American side without taking much of a trip toward the interior.

SOON after this, Wallace said he "wouldn't give Texas for the shootin' match," and set out on his return to the Lone Star State, and finally arrived at his log cabin in the Chicon.

After getting settled again on his ranch, Captain Wallace resumed his old habits of hunting, trailing Indians, and seeing about his stock, glad to once more tread his favorite haunts with dogs and gun.

In 1861, about the commencement of the Civil War between the North and South, the Comanche Indians made a most daring raid through the Sabinal and Hondo country, killing a great many people and carrying off a large drove of horses. Runners were sent far and near to notify the settlers, and one came on a swift horse to inform Big Foot Wallace and ask him to take command of the men who were gathering to fight the Indians. Captain Wallace lost no time in getting to the scene, and soon between thirty and forty men were together, and on the trail.

The Indians moved quickly, and started back to the mountains with their booty before the settlers could collect enough men to risk a battle. The trail went out up Seco Creek, and struck the mountains where the ranch of John Rheinhart now is. The men were eager to have a fight, but a great many of them were young fellows, and hard to control. They would break away, half a dozen of them at once, from the main body, and gallop forward, or to the right or left to look at something they thought might be an Indian. Wallace would scold and expostulate, telling them they would run their heads into a hornet's nest directly, but it did not have much effect upon them.

Among the men who were in the crowd, and some of them good Indian fighters, were Judge Davenport and his young son, William, John Kennedy, Ross Kennedy, Jack Davenport, Frank Hilburn, Lewis McCombs, George Robins, Lon Moore, Bill Mullins, Manuel Wydick, F. G. Finley, Nathan Davis, Malcolm Van Pelt, and many others whose names cannot now be recalled. One young fellow named Harris, who lived at Ben Duncan's, was also one of the party.

At that time there was a small settlement in Sabinal Canyon, and also on the Medina where Bandera is now, but no road connecting the two places through the mountains except a bridle path. When the party of white men struck this trail where it crossed the Seco Canyon, Captain Wallace halted the men, and rode up the trail a short distance toward the Bandera side, and reported that four of the Indians had left the main body, and had run someone along this trail.

It was afterward learned that it was the tax assessor of Bandera County, who was coming over to Sabinal Canyon to make assessments. The Indians killed him, and got his horse, saddle and six-shooter. The Comanches had out spies watching for pursuit, and seeing them coming up Seco Canyon, stopped at the head of the creek in the rough gorges to give them battle. They also tied a horse on the side of the mountain for a decoy, and hid themselves nearby in the rocks and bushes. When Wallace and his party rounded the point of a mountain, the horse on the side of the mountain was in plain view.

A lot of the young fellows raised a shout, crying, "My horse, my horse," and dashed up toward him. Wallace shouted to them to hold on, that it was an Indian trick, but it was of no use, on they went. Before they reached the horse, a volley from guns met them, and Indians showed themselves in various places, and continued to shoot, and yell, and charge down among them. Bill Davenport and his horse were both wounded, as was also young Harris and his horse.

Some of the men in the rear had partly ascended the hill, and the boys in front, who had been fired on, ran back into the second squad, who in turn gave way, and all come down on Wallace and the others, and the whole business got into confusion.

In vain Wallace shouted and cursed, and had to slide down a bluff himself to avoid a general rush of the Indians. Some few of the men commenced firing, and some went to the assistance of Judge Davenport, who had run almost in the Indians to assist his wounded son back down the mountain. Captain Wallace was in an exposed place, although he was under a ledge of rocks. The Indians were close, and not being able to see him, began to hurl rocks down there, one of which struck Wallace's gun.

JUDGE DAVENPORT brought his son to where Wallace was, and laid him down under a cedar tree. Most of the men by this time had dismounted, and tying their horses, began to fight. Among these were Lewis McCombs, Lon Moore, John Kennedy, Hilburn and others. Hilburn killed one Indian and others were hit, and they took refuge behind the rocks so the men below could not see them but were exposed to their fire.

John Kennedy and others who had long-range guns, ascended the hill in the rear, before mentioned, and then opened fire again, shooting over the heads of the men in the gap below. Kennedy killed one Indian, and they moved back from this fire. Frequently a man would break from cover, and run through an exposed place and join Wallace and Davenport at the upper ledge. Among these were Jack Davenport, Malcolm Van Pelt, Nathan Davis and George Robins.

The Indians then made a charge on these coming around a point where they could see them, and several shots were exchanged. Captain Wallace knocked one Indian down with his fist, and George Robins fired a load of buckshot at one not more than twenty steps distant, but he caught the charge on his shield, and they rattled harmlessly to the ground. This, however, drove the Indians back, and they soon after quit the fight, but they carried the horses with them. The horses were in a cedar brake in the rear of the Indians.

The tax assessor's pistol was found on the ground where the Indians had fought, and also six shotguns and one hat. The guns belonged to men whom the Indians had killed on the raid. One of these was Mustang Moore who was killed on the spot where Moore's Station is now on the International Road.

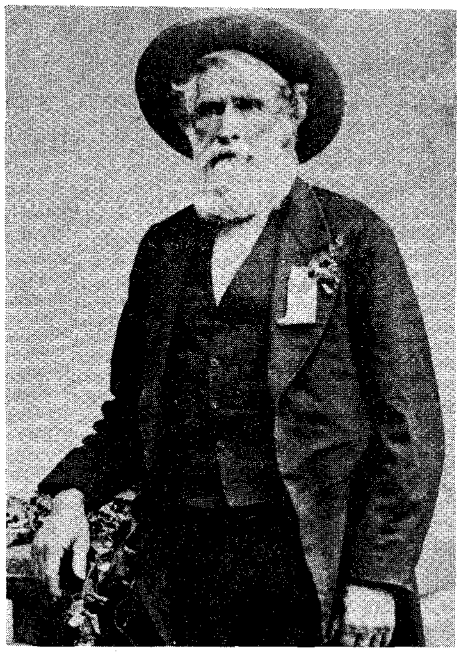
Young Davenport was suffering considerably with his wound which was clear through the thigh, and made with a bullet. Malcolm Van Pelt asked if there was any man in the crowd who had on a linen shirt. No one showed up, but one man said he had linen wristbands on his shirt sleeves. Van Pelt said that would do, and they were torn off and carefully picked to pieces, and twisted into a string. This was then run through Davenport's wound and left for the time being. Someone wanted to cut the leg of the boy's pants off, but Van Pelt objected to that as he was the doctor, saying it would freeze, as it was then nearly night and had begun to sleet.

From the battleground Wallace and his men went over into Sabinal Canyon to the Ware settlement, where they could get treatment for the wounded. The wound of Harris was not severe.

Next day Wallace took his men and some new recruits and went after the Indians again. His idea was to get ahead of them and lay an ambush. This was well executed by traveling up Sabinal Canyon, which could be done more rapidly than the Indians could cross the mountains and gorges with stolen horses.

Wallace knew the whole country and where they would strike the divide. It was not far from the Frio Waterhole, where he and Westfall fought the Lipans n 1848.

As soon as Wallace was satisfied the Indians had not passed, he placed his men in secure ambush directly in their path, and if all had obeyed orders, they would have given them a total defeat.



The Old Pioneer

The force of the Indians was supposed to be about equal to the whites, but some who were along think there were seventy-five of them. Wallace gave instructions for no man to fire until the Indians were in short range of their ambush. They were heard coming long before any of them came in view. The horses made a great deal of noise coming over the rocks.

The first Indians to come in sight were two riding abreast, two hundred yards away. At sight of them, Hilburn raised his gun and fired, and spoiled the whole thing. The Indians scattered everywhere, and although pursued, none of them was killed. Captain Wallace ran one some distance and saw him throw something away that looked like a pair of saddlebags and about as large. Not being able to catch the Indian, he turned to see what he had lost. It proved to be two chunks of beef tied together with horse hair. This was secured and eaten that night for supper.

The horses were collected, nearly two hundred in number, and carried back to the settlement. Hilburn said his gun went off accidently.

DURING the Civil War Captain Wallace remained on the frontier to help protect it, and see to the women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the army. Provisions could be had easy enough, but the great cry was for coffee. They tried everything for a substitute, such as parched potatoes, peas, okra, meal, bran, etc. Nothing, however, would answer, and whenever Wallace went among the people to see if they needed help, all their cry was for coffee, until finally he told them if they would quit making so much fuss about it, he would go to Mexico and bring them a mule load of coffee.

Wallace made his word good, riding one mule, and leading another across the Rio Grande to the nearest Mexican town. There were plenty of Texans across there whom Wallace knew, and among others, was Licurgus Ward who helped Wallace get the coffee, and he came back with his mule loaded. They had a fine time among the women when Wallace went about over the settlement, and divided the coffee. Wallace says the women would sit up all night, and parch and make coffee, and drink and talk. It did him good to see them enjoy it.

When the country began to settle up around Captain Wallace, there was one Methodist preacher named Irvin Jones, who was a near neighbor, and who complained, among others, of the depredations of the lobos among their stock, catching nearly all of their calves.

Wallace concluded he would try and kill them out. He first killed a deer, and then cutting some of it up into small pieces, put poison in it and dragged the balance far into the night, distributing his small pieces every half mile. He finally stopped upon the creek to spend the balance of the night, and then take the back track, and see how many he had killed.

There was a large drift near where Wallace had lain down to sleep, and the coons kept such a racket in the drift, that he could not sleep, and finally he got up and, procuring a pole, yelled and beat on the drift until the coons ran out. Three of them went up one tree, and remained there.

On the back track where he had dropped his baits, Wallace found nine dead lobos, about all there was in that neighborhood. Going over to the preacher's house, he said, "Brother Jones, you need not be uneasy about your calves anymore for awhile," and then told him of his successful raid. Rev. Jones was well pleased at this, and told the Captain whenever he wanted a bushel of potatoes to come over and get them. Rev. Irvin Jones now lives in Sabinal Canyon above Utopia.

NOT much remains to be told of the eventful career of Big Foot Wallace. Speaking about eating things, Wallace says he has eaten a little of nearly everything—mule meat in the mountains of Mexico, prairie dogs on the plains of Texas, polecat in a Mexican restaurant, and a piece of Comanche in a Lipan camp. The latter he says was the worst he ever had, and did not know what it was at the time. He came into a Lipan camp when they were friendly, and asked a squaw for something to eat. She ran her hand into a sack, and pulling out a round looking piece of meat, handed it to him. Wallace thought it was buffalo meat, and at once commenced on it, but it was tough and sweet, and he soon found out it was not what he thought it was, but concluded to finish it anyhow.

When he got through, the old squaw looked at him and said, "Comanche good?" Wallace now realized what he had eaten, and told her no, and if he had known what she was giving him would not have taken it, that he was not aware he was eating a Comanche, but now that he had got him down, would try to keep him down. The old Indian then gave him a piece of buffalo meat.

In the Mexican War during the siege of Monterrey, the Texas troops forced the upper part of the city, and fought their way to the Hidalgo Hotel, and there made a halt. The Mexicans had all left except the cooks, and they were nearly scared to death. The men, however, told them that they had nothing to fear, as they wanted some cooks about that time of the day. The men were very hungry, but there was nothing there to cook. Everything had been removed.

Some sheep, however, were soon found in an enclosure and thirteen of them were killed and skinned. The cooks were then put to work and soon had the meat cooking nicely, but there was no bread to eat with it.

A dried-up looking man who did not seem to think anyone would hurt him, was hanging around, and said if they would give him a dollar he would bring them a blanket full of bread. Wallace handed him a dollar and told him to skin out quick, and get it. The Mexican was good as his word, and soon came back with as much bread as he could carry in his blanket.

One of the men said he was afraid to eat the bread, that it might be poisoned. Wallace said he would soon see whether it was or not and going through the bread, picked out a loaf that looked cracked and calling up the Mexican, told him to sit down there and eat it. He demurred at this, but the big Texan pulled his pistol, cocked it and the Mexican went to work on the bread. The bread was tough, but he finally worked it all down. Wallace then selected another loaf, and told him to try that one.

The Mexican walled his eyes and made signs that he was choking to death. A quart of water was handed him to wash it down with, and when that was all swallowed, more bread was placed in his hands. He took it, and went to work on it quick, but soon choked, and Wallace handed him more water, and encouraged him to proceed by pointing his pistol at his right eye.

This loaf was finished, and the Mexican looked glad, and even smiled at the little pleasant joke of Big Foot. His countenance changed however, when Wallace handed him another, and motioned him to proceed.

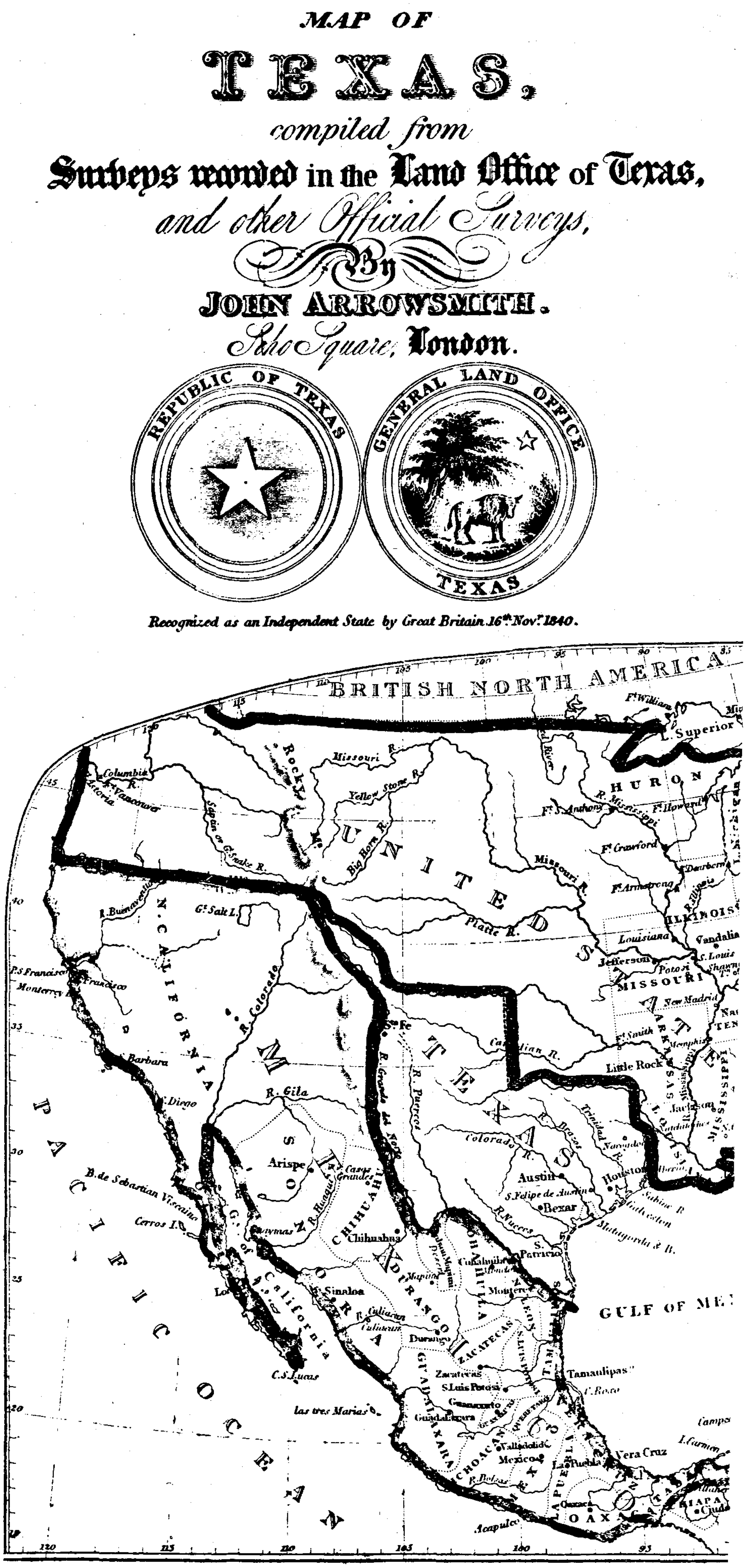
Before taking the bread the Mexican made the cross and called on the saints. When he choked, Wallace would give him more water and he would look in despair toward the muzzle of the pistol. When the third loaf was eaten, he was told to sit down and see if it would kill him. As he did not show any signs of toppling over in two minutes, and as the mutton was cooking and steaming hot before them, the Texans concluded to risk it and pitched in.

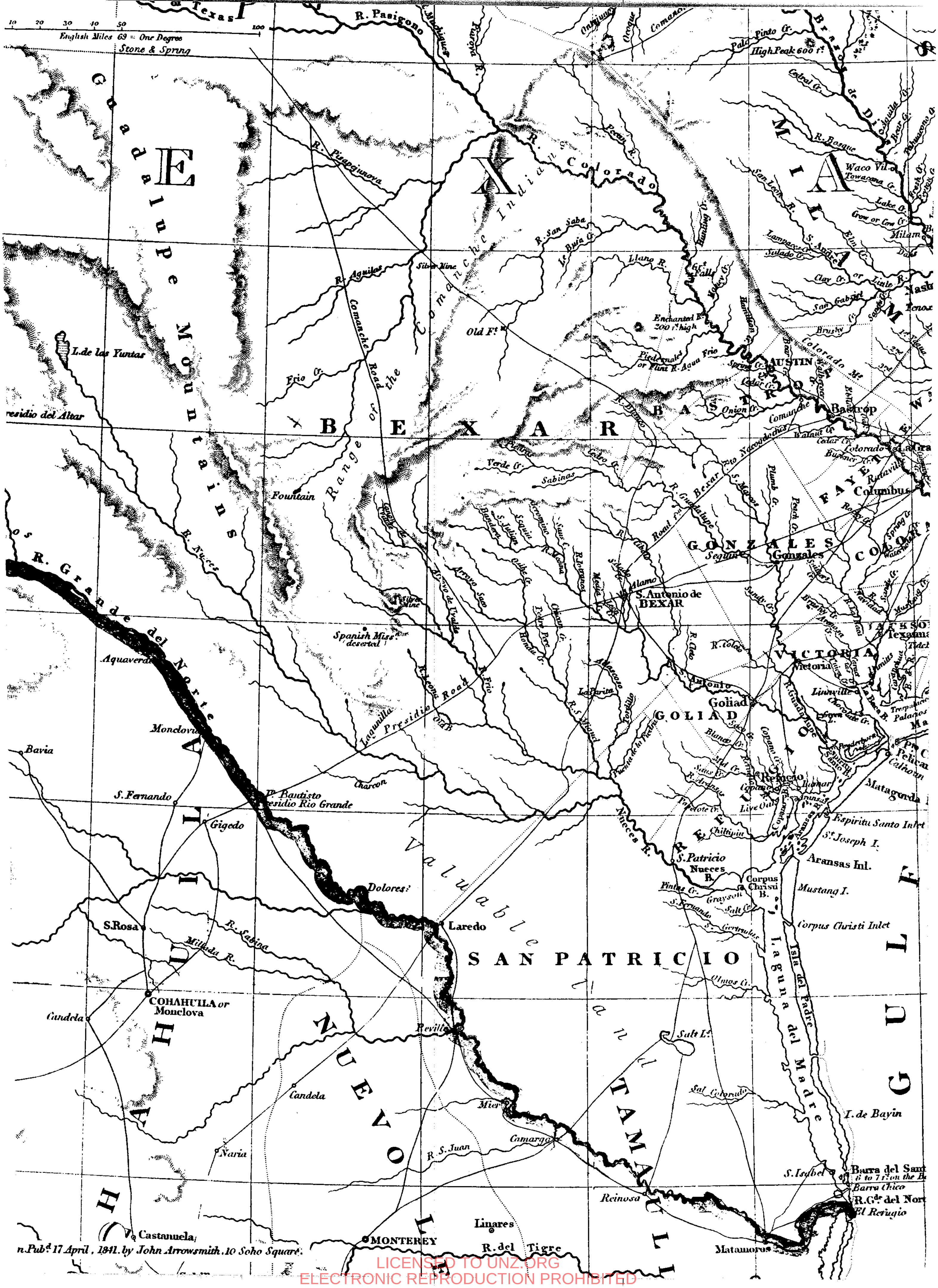
While this dinner was being eaten, which was not on the bill of fare of the Hidalgo Hotel that day, the cannons were booming, and men cheering in the lower part of the town where General Taylor was slowly carrying one street after another towards the center.

The little Mexican sat and rubbed his stomach while the hungry men were eating and said, "Yo sentir yo comer no mas por semano." (I could eat no more in a week.) When told he could go, no grass grew under his feet.

Captain Wallace is now in his eighty-second year, and very nervous, so much so that he cannot wait upon himself at table. He has not lived alone for ten years. Part of the time has been spent with Mr. Bramlett and Mr. Thomas. His permanent home now is with Mr. W. W. Cochran and family, who live in Frio County five miles from Devine, south, and three miles north of Big Foot Post Office. He is a typical old Texan, free-hearted, and has a good temper for a man who has passed through as much as he has.

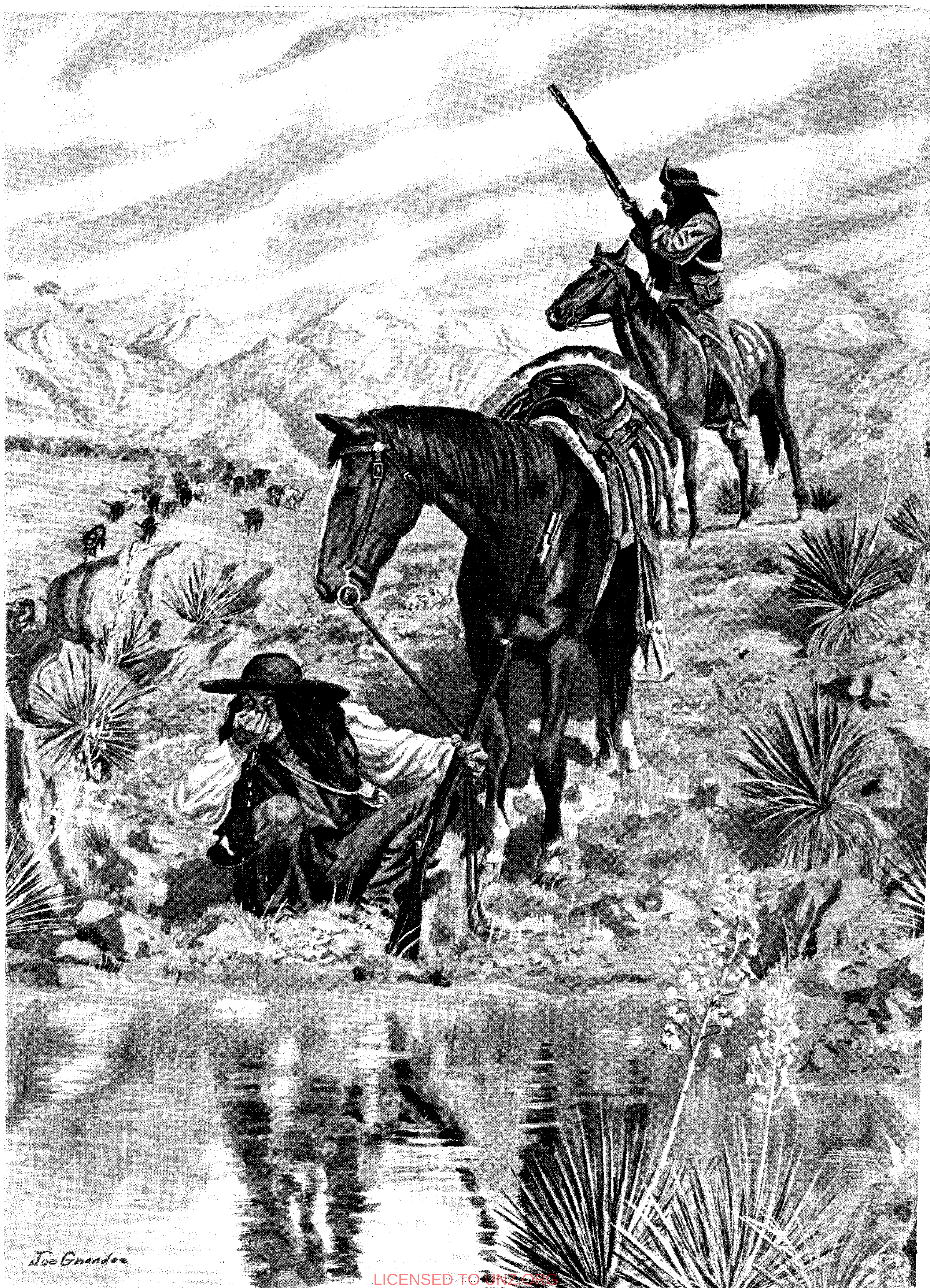
This extraordinary collection of the old frontiersman's photographs was taken from *A Life of "Big Foot" Wallace*, courtesy of The Steck Company, Austin, Texas.


MAP OF
TEXAS,
compiled from
Surveys recorded in the Land Office of Texas,
and other Official Surveys,
By
JOHN ARROWSMITH.
Soho Square, London.
REPUBLIC OF TEXAS
GENERAL LAND OFFICE
TEXAS
Recognized as an Independent State by Great Britain 16th Novr. 1840.
BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
UNITED STATES
TEXAS
MEXICO
CALIFORNIA
PACIFIC OCEAN
GULF OF ME
Austin
Bexar
Houston
Chihuahua
Durango
Mexico
Vera Cruz



10 20 30 40 50 100
English Miles 69 = One Degree
Stone & Spring
Texas
R. Pasigono
R. Colorado
Comanche Indians
High Peak 600 ft
Brazos de Dios
R. Bosque
Waco Vil.
Towacana Cr.
Milam
R. San Saba
Llano R.
Enchanted R. 200 ft high
Old Ft.
Silver Mine
R. Pisapajunova
R. Aguilas
Comanche Road or the Range of the
Guadalupe Mountains
L. de las Yuntas
Presidio del Altar
Frio Cr.
AUSTIN
Bastrop
Colorado Mts.
Colorado
Columbus
Fayette
BEXAR
Fountain
R. Nueces
R. Guadalupe
Road fm. Bexar to Nacogdoches
GONZALES
Gonzales
Seguin
Colorado
S. Antonio de BEXAR
Spanish Miss. deserted
R. Frio
Presidio Road
R. Leona
Laguanilla
Texana
VICTORIA
Victoria
Goliad
GOLIAD
R. S. Antonio
Linnville
Matagorda
Pelican
Calhoun
Espiritu Santo Inlet
St. Joseph I.
Aransas Inl.
Refugio
Lamar
Live Oak
S. Patricio
Nueces B.
Corpus Christi B.
Mustang I.
Corpus Christi Inlet
Nueces R.
R. Grande del Norte
Aquaverde
Monclova
Bavia
S. Fernando
Ft. Bautisto
Presidio Rio Grande
Charcon
Gigedo
Dolores
Laredo
SAN PATRICIO
Valuable Land
S. Rosa
R. Sabina
COHAHUILA or Monclova
Candela
Revilla
NUEVO LEON
Salt L.
Laguna del Madre
Isla del Padre
Sal Colorado
I. de Bayin
Mier
Camargo
R. S. Juan
Naria
TAMAULIPAS
S. Isabel
Barra del Santiago
Barra Chico
R. Gde. del Norte
El Refugio
Reinosa
Linares
Castanuela
MONTEREY
R. del Tigre
Matamoros
GULF

n.Pubd. 17 April, 1841. by John Arrowsmith, 10 Soho Square.


Joe Grandee